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Founded A. D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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SEPT. 6, 1919

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In This Number

Joseph Hergesheimer — Samuel G. Blythe — L. B. Yates — Will Irwin
Ring W. Lardner—William Hamilton Osborne—Stephen French Whitman

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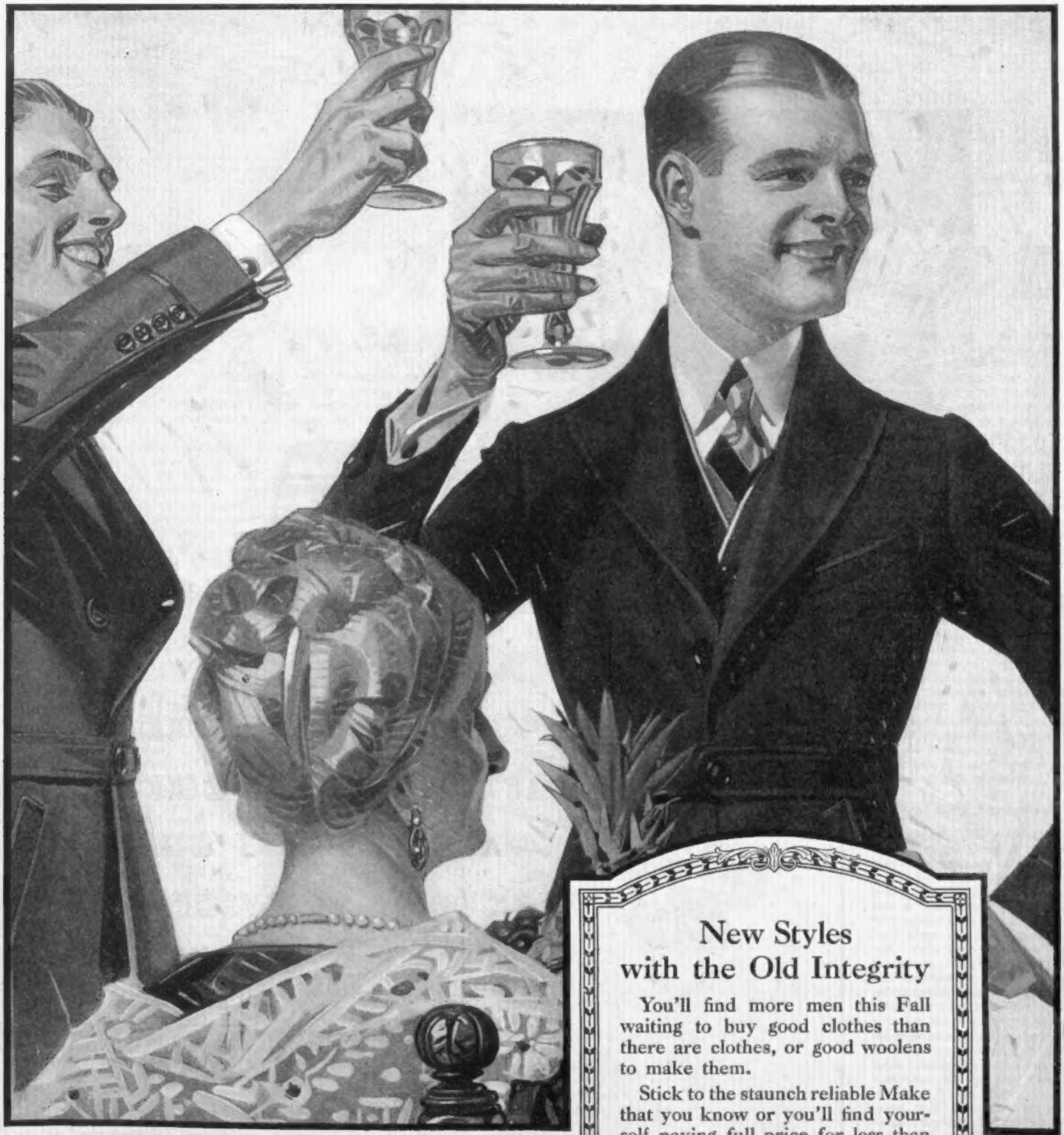

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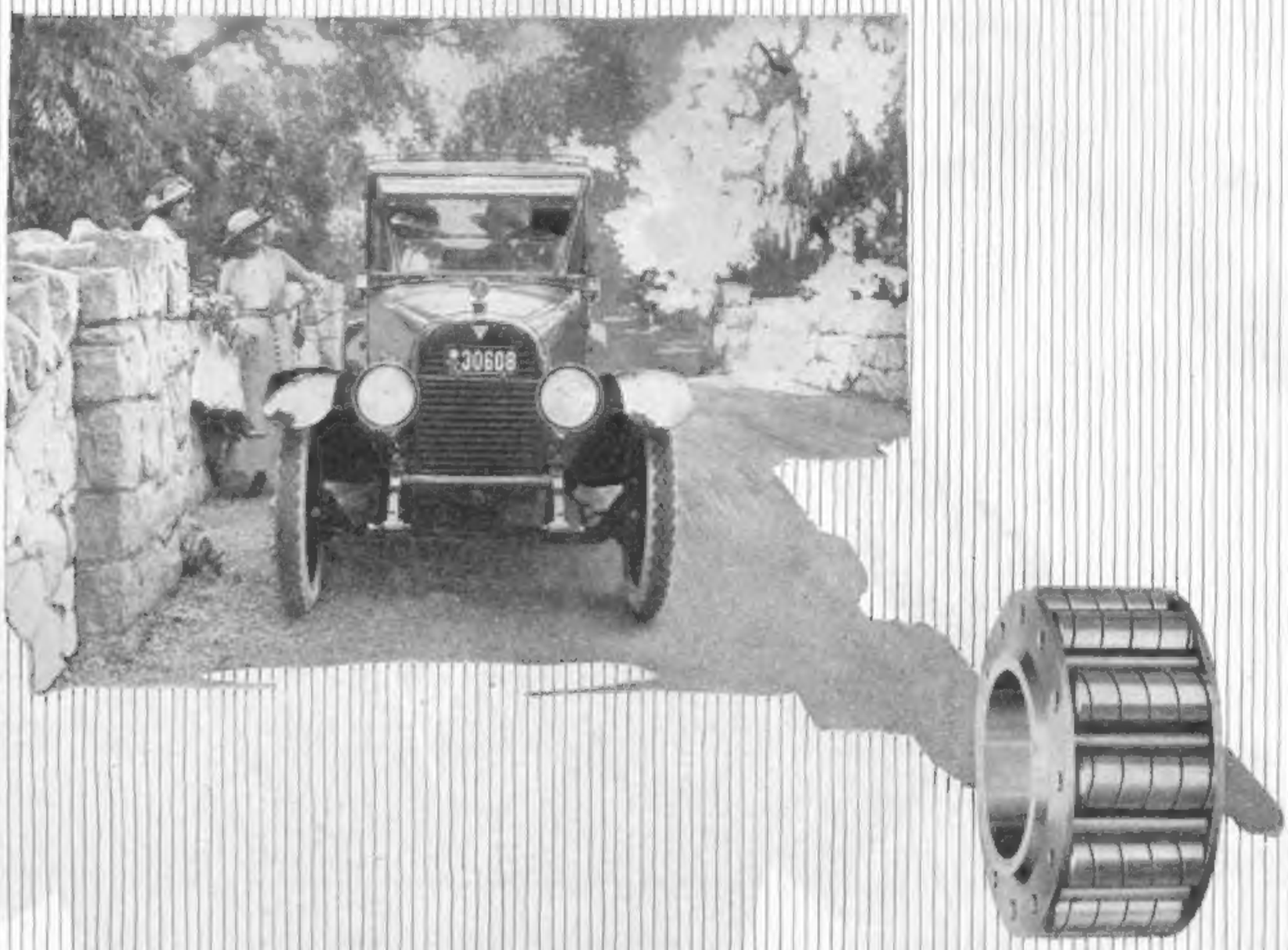

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HYATT QUIET BEARINGS

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MANY ARE CALLED

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

IT IS deplorable that the forthcoming presidential election does not forthcome this year instead of next. Here we are, liberally, even extravagantly, supplied with presidential candidates, and the conventions will not be held until next June, nor the elections until the November following; and by that next June most of the candidates that have burgeoned so happily will have been bludgeoned most cruelly, and great will have been the devastation thereof.

The truth of it is that the candidate inciters have overdone the business a bit, and expert as they are in the other side of their trade, which is candidate killing, it is more than probable that with the election this year they couldn't kill them all, and the conventions would have had a ghost of a chance of expressing the free and untrammeled will of the delegates, to a modified degree; but as 1920 is the year there will be plenty of time for the slaughter, and the slaughter will be done, as usual. At that, the bosses will be rather busy getting all these aspirants into the political abattoir. In their anxiety to prevent any one man from getting too far to the front by the time-worn expedient of encouraging every man to start in the race, they have created such a congestion on the track that it will take a battalion of executors to eliminate them all instead of the ordinary firing squad of exterminating bosses.

The Republicans are in more difficult case in the matter than the Democrats, because no Democrat can be a candidate more than tentatively, while each Republican is encouraged to be a candidate circumstantially. That is, each Democratic candidate knows that there is a string tied to his ambition—a hawser, indeed—in the way of whatever decision President Wilson may make about his own candidacy. No Democrat is more than an if candidate—if the President does not run himself. If the President does decide to run, that decision obliterates the whole outfit, and they all know it. If the President decides not to run, then some other Democrat will have a chance for the nomination, and those who are in are in on that basis, and none other. Conversely, no one knows what Republican will be most available for the job, and until that knowledge is obtained all Republicans of Constitutional age and statutory sufficience are fully privileged to cut whatever candidatorial capers they can get into the newspapers through the medium of their publicity organizations.

Con But be Not Conned

WHEREFORE we enter the open season of presidential candidacies with a greater gross tonnage of candidates than a rather detailed knowledge, on the part of the writer, of such enterprises extending for some years back has ever before discovered, and, shall we say a smaller net tonnage? Yes; we shall say it. It is said. Con the subsequent list for yourselves, but do not allow the list to con you. The zero in accomplishment of a June nomination in a presidential year is being a candidate for that nomination a year before that important June. Still, there is a certain interest in these aspirations, however futile they may be, and they deserve recording as matters of contemporaneous political historicity. Broadly speaking, the Democratic candidacies, in the mass, represent the influence of hope, while the Republican candidacies show the operations of experience when bulked against the present political background. That is, each Democrat and every Democrat is a candidate because he hopes President Wilson will not run again, and knows acutely that he isn't a candidate at all if the President does decide to run; while each Republican and every Republican is a candidate because the astute if somewhat archaic gentlemen who attend to such things for the Republican Party desire to have many candidates rather than one candidate at this juncture. They know, these ancient and recently galvanized gentlemen of the Republican Party, that, accustomed to slaughter as they are, some of the candidates they benignantly allow to bloviate about will kill themselves off and save them the trouble, and that those who do maintain themselves will perform the useful task of dividing the delegations into many allegiances instead of allowing any one man or any two men to gather enough support to make them troublesome when the days of real dealing come next year. One preponderating candidate may become a danger to the bosses, but many candidates are a delight. One candidate might get a majority in the convention. Consider the consternation and the enormous inconvenience to the bosses if that candidate happened not to be the particular candidate of their desire. Many candidates make for minorities in the convention, and minorities are subject to compromise; which statement, it may be remarked in passing, goes two ways.

First and Foremost

IN COLLATING and classifying the candidates at the beginning of this open and autumn season I have set down one rigid and inviolable rule: I shall mention or illuminate no candidate who has not been proposed by at least three others besides himself. Otherwise the list would become too long, for since I last had occasion to capitulate the entrants numerous aspirants have marched to the front with reasons for the selection of themselves prominently displayed and loudly enunciated. All of these have been noted, and a reasonable time allowed for popular acclaim. Those who have secured only their own popular acclaim are excluded. Therefore, it may be certain that each of those who are herewith disclosed has a following that at the minimum has a total voting strength of four, not counting press agents or other aids secured by the process of hire—all except one.

Of course the most important candidate of the lot, who may not be a candidate at all, is President Wilson, and there is no vitality to any other Democratic endeavor until his decision is known. Hence the attitude of the President comes first for consideration. I am in receipt of a large amount of inside information as to the mind of the

President on this matter, but the weakness of all that inside information is that none of it comes from the inside of the President himself. The President may have the most definite and detailed decision as to what his course will be in 1920, but I have not met any person who knows what that decision is, and I doubt if anybody else has. Indeed, the probabilities are that the President is as much in the dark about the matter as his intimates and his party fellows. It is more than likely that what he will do in the matter of seeking a renomination in 1920 depends on what happens between now and convention time far more than on what has happened since the latest convention. That is, the President's future, as to a renomination, depends on the future, and not upon the past.

There is no question that he can have the nomination if he wants it. His position is far different from that of his political adversaries. He is ninety-eight per cent of his party, while their party is ninety-eight per cent of the men who are seeking the Republican nomination. On the face of things the President's future as a candidate and as a possible President to succeed himself is in large part comprised within the success or failure of his League of Nations and his peace determinations and treaty necessities as he developed them in Paris. If he wins, either completely or passably, he need not run again unless he wants four years more of power for the working out of his plans; but if he loses he seems in duty bound, both as a matter of personal exemplification and as a matter of party expediency, to run again. What he will require in case of failure is a modicum of his own brand of self-determination.

Pending this we observe a considerable number of Democrats who are forehanded enough to set themselves forth as contestants for the nomination, always with the understanding that they are not in earnest in case the President comes out as a candidate. They are contingent candidates—contingent on the plans of the President. They seek to assure themselves that the President will not violate the precedent that no man shall aspire to be President three times hand running; but all the time, deep in their hearts, is the undeniable knowledge that precedents do not mean a tenth so much to the President as postulates, and that he'll run if he feels like it, and there is no precedent or unwritten law or tradition or political fetish that will stop him.

So far as the Democratic nomination in 1920 is concerned it would appear that President Wilson is himself personally and without outside delegation considered the Democratic Party in national convention assembled. If he wants the nomination he will get it. If he does not want it someone else will get it. Probably that someone else will be of his selection—probably but not positively. Though there is no dispute, and will be none, over the power of the President to get what he wants for himself there may be opposition to his getting what he wants for another.

Hope Balanced by Fear

THAT is the way the other Democrats talk at present. They are inclined to be independent of such domination—now. Probably they will shrivel if the President says to them to name such-and-such a man, but they protest vigorously at the moment that if he does not take the nomination himself he must keep hands off and let the others fight it out to a finish. They are whistling against the wind. Every last one of them will jump through the hoop at the presidential demand. The fact of it is that the President will nominate himself or somebody else, unless he magnanimously decides to let the convention do the nominating, and that will be very difficult for him to do, because even if he does decide to allow free and untrammeled action by the delegates and the politicians there are certain others not disassociated entirely from his personal following who will undertake in his name to do a little trammeling themselves.

The Democratic leaders hope that he will not run, but fear that he will. They are convinced he will, in fact; not by what they know but by what they reason. It is an interesting exemplification of the mental sustenance to be derived from optimism to hear one of the avowed candidates talk—any one. To illustrate: On a recent occasion I spoke with a Democrat who has been a candidate for the 1920 nomination for a considerable time and has made progress in that direction—provided, always, the President does not decide to take the nomination himself.

"Oh, no," said the candidate with lofty assurance, "the President will not be a candidate in 1920."

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

"Some things I know," he answered, affecting great wisdom of the intimate presidential mind.

"Did he ever tell you so?"

"No; I can't say that he did."

"Did he ever tell anyone else?"

"Not that I know of."

"What makes you so certain, then?"

"A remark I heard him make."

"What sort of a remark? Did it have a direct bearing on the fact of his candidacy?"

"Not exactly, but one is justified in making conclusions when a premise is stated."

"Did he state this premise?"

"Well, perhaps not; but what he said had a bearing on the subject, as you might say."

"What was it?"

The candidate became portentous. He led me aside and said: "I heard him discussing Colonel Roosevelt one day. He said that in his opinion Colonel Roosevelt made a great error of judgment when he decided to become a candidate for the Presidency in 1912. The President felt, he said, that Colonel Roosevelt was in a position before the people, as ex-President and great leader of his party, to assume and maintain a powerful and dignified position as leader of his party, the great directing mind and influence of it, by remaining out of the active contest, and that he could easily have maintained that position, which he sacrificed in a measure by becoming an active participant in politics again. There; isn't that conclusive?"

"Conclusive of what?" I asked.

"Conclusive that President Wilson will not run again. Don't you see that the analogy is perfect? If he thinks that Colonel Roosevelt would have been wiser to remain out of active politics and be the great leader, doesn't it follow that in similar circumstances the President thinks that course best for himself?"

Attempts at Mind-Reading

"ARE the circumstances similar?" I asked him. "I can't see any particular resemblance, except that President Wilson has a dominating place in his party just as Colonel Roosevelt had."

"That's just it," this candidate said eagerly. "The analogy is perfect. Can't make anything else out of it."

"And is that what you base your candidacy on, so far as the President is concerned?"

"Of course. It's a sure thing, I tell you. That is what is in his mind—the inside stuff."

There is nothing to do with a man like that except to pat him on the back and wish him well. Nor is he unique. Every Democratic candidate has some such interpretation of some casual remark the President has made as a foundation for his candidacy; that and his personal ambitions. One man knows the President will not run because the President is reported as saying that he desires to return to private life in order that he may write history, and it follows that he cannot write history and remain in the White House, where he is making it. Another has it, on undeniable authority, that it is the plan of the President to become the first head of the League of Nations and thus descend to history as president of the world if the league works out. And so on. None of them knows anything, but each hopes everything. Their presidential ambitions are predicated on a prospect, not on a pay streak.

Furthermore, the Democrats who aspire to run are tortured by what they claim are evidences of a plot, a horrid plot, by their Republican opponents to force the President to take the nomination, and thus eliminate them all. The details of that plot are these, as set forth by the Democrats: The Republicans feel sure that the protest against a third term for any man is so deep-seated in the American people that even President Wilson cannot withstand that protest, and will be defeated on that ground if on no other if he makes the third contest. Thus, to make it easy for the Republican nominee, all this opposition to the President in the Congress by the Republicans is primarily to force the President to make the race to defend his work at Paris and to uphold the virtues of his treaty, and his league and his other accomplishments—as a matter of self-justification, in other words.

The Democrats see nothing in the opposition to the works and policies of the President but this political plot, and they fear that it will be successful—that the President will run for an indorsement from the people; and the frightfulness of it all is very depressing to those who hope the President will retire to his history writing or his leadership or to his presidency of the world or to anything else he desires to retire to. They call the Republican opposition an example of the utter lack of political conscience, morals, duty and patriotism such as this country has never witnessed.

Passing that with the comment that it is a bit early in the game for candidates to have reached the stage of political D. T.'s, because it is plainly apparent that the Republicans in the Senate and the House who were so eager to force the President to return to this country and are now of the opinion that it would have been just as well if he had stayed away for another six months, might find themselves in the same position if they force him to run in 1920—passing that, it only remains to be said that all there is to the Democratic presidential situation in 1920 is Woodrow Wilson. If he wants to run in 1920 nobody can stop him, and nobody in his own party will even try. The nomination will be his for the asking. If he doesn't want to run there are plenty of Democratic patriots who will assume the obligation, and these various and sundry persons shall now be listed and classified, with the understanding, as previously set forth, that no one of them, except one, but has the undivided support of three others besides himself, but that, so far as known, none has as yet succeeded to the eminence of attaining the support of Woodrow Wilson, which is a prop that may be needed when the time comes—the contingent citizens of the coming contest.

First of all comes Citizen William Gibbs McAdoo, who became a candidate while he was in office and went out of office to continue as such. Citizen McAdoo bears intimate family relations with the President, and the betting is even whether that will help or hinder him—even money and take your choice. Since he left the Treasury and passed a billion-dollar deficit in the operation of the railroads to Mr. Walker D. Hines—who, by the way, has not yet secured his three others and is thus debarred in the listing of candidates—Citizen McAdoo has made one great stroke: He has had a moving picture made of himself in chaps, sombrero, neckerchief and high-heeled boots, astride a cayuse while galloping through the greasewood, and this, it is expected, will secure and hold for him the movie vote. To be sure, other candidates have utilized the movies, but none in the popular Bill Hart and Tom Mix stuff. It is confidently expected by Mr. McAdoo's many friends that he will presently develop along other movie lines, and that being the case he will be irresistible. Meantime, it is believed by many that he has a large and enthusiastic railroad-employee following behind him, and Dan Roper is not overlooking any little organization tricks that may come with the vastly expanded revenue bureaus. Of the lot, Mr. McAdoo may be said to be in the lead.

Of the strictly administration circle there are also Citizen A. Mitchell Palmer, now Attorney-General, who comes from Pennsylvania and combines the austerity of the Quaker with an Apollonian pulchritude that needs no cowboy scenery to enhance its appeal. Citizen Palmer acted as Alien Property Custodian before he went into the cabinet, and thus became widely known to the proletariat, and unfavorably known to the alien enemies, which disfavor, his friends hope, will continue until after the nominations are made, and which is now being brought to the renewed attention of the public. Attorney-General Palmer served for some years in the House of Representatives, and became a member of the Ways and Means Committee therein. The President urged him to become Secretary of War in his first cabinet, and was much disappointed when he found that Citizen Palmer's creed as a Quaker would not allow him to accept the place.

Possibilities in the Cabinet

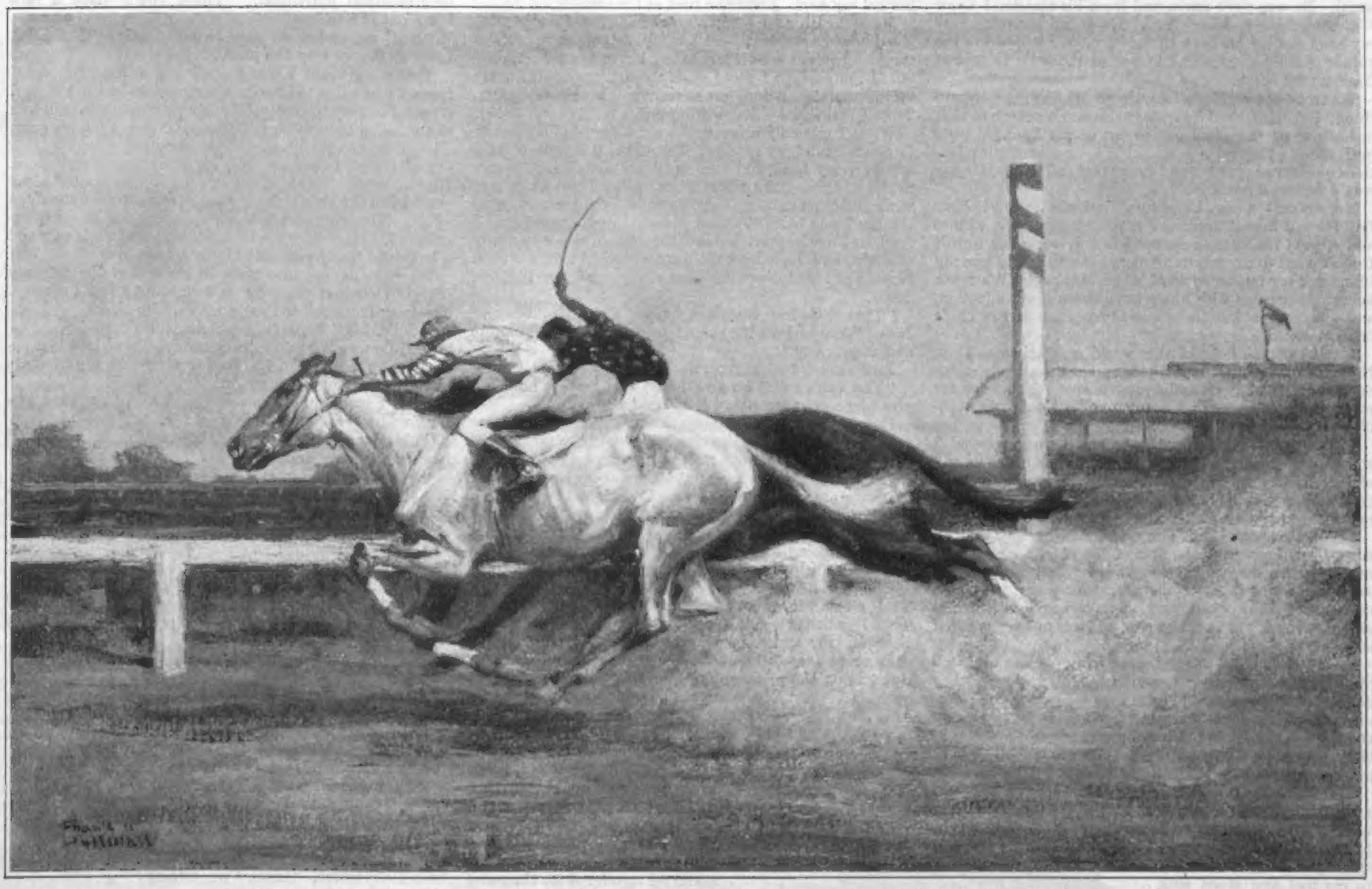
TWO others who have complied with the requirements are Citizen Thomas R. Marshall, the Vice President, who thus detracts considerably from his fame as the only Vice President we ever have had with a sense of humor; and Citizen Samuel M. Ralston, former governor of Citizen Marshall's state, which is Indiana. Both are entered on the ground that if the local politicians can bring it about Indiana will continue in her ancient rôle as a pivotal state and thus get recognition, and each hopes to be the medium for that recognition. Two other gubernatorial candidates are Citizen James M. Cox, now governor of Ohio, and Citizen Alfred E. Smith, governor of New York. Each is a Democrat. Each is comparatively young and lively. Both will be older before November, 1921.

It would be quite contrary to cabinet procedure to allow any one cabineteer to usurp the candidatorial prerogatives of that important body, and no one has. Without desiring to miscall any of these eminent gentlemen the statement must be made that all of them are in the running, placed there by their friends—or mayhap by their enemies. Who shall say? That is, all but Secretary Lane and Secretary Wilson, who are calmly and constitutionally outside. We hear that Citizen Baker, now Secretary of War, is the anointed of the White House, and we hear that Citizen Daniels has anointed himself. We have even been assured that Citizen Lansing, now Secretary of State—or he was as this was written—has been called into available being by the fact of his political residence in New York State, but fear that geography will not be so great a determinant in the matter as some other attributes. Perhaps Citizen Houston—who knows—who knows? This Secretary of Agriculture is both Texan and Missourian. And there stands the solid South, as his friends assert.

And speaking of the solid South, hark to these candidacies: Citizen Champ Clark, who still hankers for it; and Citizen James A. Reed, senator from Missouri, who honks for it; Citizen Oscar Underwood, senator from Alabama, who specializes in conservatism; and Citizen A. Owsley Stanley, senator from Kentucky, who recalls to the recollection of his countrymen that the only President we ever had who was born in Kentucky was Lincoln, which may or may not be germane to the situation. And to continue the senatorial roster we have urged upon us Citizen Charles S. Thomas, of Colorado, and Citizen Atlee Pomerene, of Ohio; the first by his admiring constituents, and the second by his constituent admirers coupled with a

(Continued on Page 62)

The Autobiography of a Race Horse



I Had No Idea There Was So Much Speed in the World as the Gray Horse and Chestnut Mare Showed That Morning

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

YESTERDAY the old dog went out; but he did not come back again. I wonder why! And this morning when I went out to play in the paddock that adjoins my stall I noticed a little mound of fresh-turned earth over in the corner. It got me thinking.

You see, he was a pretty old dog as dogs went; older than most of them, because day before yesterday he had seen sixteen winters and summers. And, though in the life of a man this would not amount to so much, it is more than the allotted span for a dog.

Happy was an English setter; and when I look back it seems only yesterday since he was a little round white cotton ball, always getting in the way of my hoofs or trying to climb up my hind leg and tie my tail into a bow-knot. I tell you I had a lot of trouble raising that puppy, because since he joined our little company he always slept in one corner of my stall—that is, when he did not make a bed out of my back when I lay down at night; which he usually did, especially when he was younger.

Now, as I said, he went out and did not come back.

Perhaps I should tell you who I am, because I believe that is the correct way to commence a story.

My name is Valor. My father was named Valient and my mother was called Fairy Queen. I am a thoroughbred race horse. My master says you can trace my pedigree back to the Pyramids, because I come in direct line from the Byerly Turk and the Darley Arabian, which, as everybody knows, laid most of the foundation for the sport of kings and the superlative in speed.

I hope you won't think I am egotistical in mentioning my lineage. But in my travels I have often heard men say that pedigree didn't amount to anything. They were talking about humans, and perhaps in their wisdom they were right so far as men and women are concerned; but you can't apply that theory to race horses or hunting dogs. It seems to me, of course, that good blood and gentle breeding have to be considered wherever one finds it.

Happy, my partner and dearly beloved companion, was also of aristocratic beginnings. I think that helped to make the bond of union between us stronger. It was just as you see well-bred men and women usually seek out their own kind, because one can't be happy unless one consorts with those who are congenial. I have heard a good deal of talk about socialism. It is all right as long as the socialists stick together.

I am getting to be a very old horse now. To be exact, I shall soon celebrate my twenty-seventh birthday. And when I eliminate the altruistic ideas born of the vivacity of youth I find some results that are absolute. The potency of good blood happens to be one of them. During my career on the turf I won more than a hundred races. I was campaigned from Maine to California and from Montreal to Texas. I have run races at all distances and for all amounts from ten dollars to ten thousand.

It has been on my mind for a long time to make a note in some tangible form of my travels and experiences, because I saw a good many things and under many conditions. Being observant I filed them away in the pigeonholes of memory. People talk about horse sense, but I think in most cases the words are spoken without a realization of what they really mean.

My master paid me a visit this afternoon. He is now a stout middle-aged man and does not look at all like the slim boy of twenty-five years ago, when we commenced our life of adventure together. When he came I knew that something had happened, because he sat down in the corner of the stall and did not say anything for a long time. It was a way he always had whenever calamity of any kind overtook us.

He sat there a long time and then rose and put on my bridle and saddle. Whenever he comes home he always takes me out for a gallop. We are a peculiar couple. I am sure he does this to prove to me that he remembers the days of our pilgrimages.

Of course things are a little different now. Candidly I am not so spry as I used to be and sometimes I have to smile when he puts his foot in the stirrup and mounts me. There is such a big difference between a hundred and eight pounds and close to one hundred and eighty.

These occasions are the great events in my life now, because we go off down the road together just as we used to in the old days, the only difference being that we always come back to the same stable. In the early part of our career once we left a place we kept on going. Those were the days of the magnificent adventure, of triumphs and defeats, of poverty sometimes, and unbelievable affluence at others. It was a wonderful partnership. He could ride and I could run. There is no combination like that of youth and ability.

So we went out on the little sand road back of the stable, and I broke into a canter, as I usually do; and I bowed my neck and reached for the bit just as I would have done years ago when we had real work ahead of us. When I did that I could feel my master's fingers creeping along the reins for a better hold, and I sensed that his knees were gripping the saddle flaps. I knew what that meant; so I gave one mighty lunge forward and away we went. I really flatter myself that I can run a short distance yet as fast as I ever could.

This is not a vainglorious statement, because I won races up to the time I was seventeen years old, and in fast company too; in fact, I won the last race I ever ran, and might have continued had not my master retired me. Since that time I have had a big box stall and a large paddock to play in on sunny days. Perhaps that is best; but if you ask me I really believe I could have lasted two or three years more. We may lose a good deal in this world, but never our vanity. That attribute seems to remain with all living things to the end.

My master allowed me to breeze only about a sixteenth of a mile; then he pulled me up. He dismounted and led me to the fence corner and sat down. We were both puffing just a little. I reached over and pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket. It was one of the tricks he taught me in the early days. . . . I say one of the tricks because I knew a great many. Why, do you know, if my master touched me with his whip on the right pastern I could go so lame that any observer would think I could not hobble back to my own stall, let alone race!

My education was a liberal one. Candidly I think that, between us, my master and I were the original inventors of camouflage. I will tell you more about this later.

My master pulled the handkerchief out of my mouth, making believe that he was very angry.

"You damned old pirate!" he exclaimed. "You never forget anything. Well, it's a blessed thing for me that you can't talk!"

But, for all that, he was hot in so pleasant a mood as usual. He was very grave and from his manner I knew that something had happened. He pulled the reins over my head and led me back to the barn. We stopped at the corner of the paddock and looked at the little mound of fresh-turned earth.

We stood there quite a long time. He did not say anything; but he did not have to, because I knew then that one of our partners had passed out of our lives. We are both too old to form new friendships or center our affections on strange people; so I knew that, after this, Happy would be but a memory.

He was only a dog, to be sure; but what a dog! How faithful and honest and sincere, possessing all the virtues and none of the vices so common in this workaday world! I don't want to say anything more than this: He was my friend and my master's friend, which is enough. Wherever he went he carried with him a large share of our affection, and was one that can ill be missed from the narrow circle of those we love.

I first saw the light of this world on Christmas Day. Now you might say that if I had searched the whole calendar I could not have found a more auspicious occasion for my advent; but really my coming on that date was nothing short of a tragedy.

If the general order of things had been preserved I should probably have been born somewhere near the end of the January following, but as things were I occupied the peculiar position of being called a yearling when I was really only five days old.

Let me explain this: The rules of racing say that all colts date in age from the first of the year in which they are born. It doesn't matter whether they are born in January or December of any particular year; their ages date from the first of January. So when my brothers and sisters were sent to the sales ring as yearlings I was listed as a two-year-old.

In other words, I was debarred from entrance into all the big stakes given for juveniles by the various jockey clubs. In my two-year-old form I carried the same weights and shouldered the same penalties as if I had been a three-year-old. That wasn't a very good start, was it?

My first recollection goes back to a man who peered into the semidarkness of the stall my mother called home. It was breaking day, and I just staggered weakly to my feet and stood with my little spindly legs wide apart, blinking at the strange apparition. Very few babies have been accorded such a reception; because this man was swearing in a soft monotone—cursing the luck that brought me into the world a few days ahead of official dictum. Then I remember he called to someone down in the barn:

"Say, Jack, looka heah! Ole Fairy Queen has gone and foaled a colt, an' it's Christmas Day! Ain't that an all-fired shame?"

The man addressed was nicknamed Sunday because of his religious leanings. In after years I came to realize that he was a very sincere Christian.

"Look at him!" resumed the first speaker. "He ain't as big as a jack rabbit."

Sunday studied me for a few moments.

"You don't read the Bible, colonel," he replied, "or you would know what it says about the stone the builders rejected."

"The Bible is all right," retorted the big man acidly, "but it hasn't got anything to do with the rules of a jockey club."

"It's got something to do about everything," enjoined the other; "and you can't tell. He might make all the speed marvels eat his dust some day."

Such were the circumstances surrounding my début. This man Sunday was my good friend until I left the farm. He was as gentle and kindly a soul as I ever met in the course of my travels.

There isn't much to relate about the first year of my existence, except that shortly after my birth my mother died, and consequently I did not have the full benefits of maternal care accorded to me. So it was that when my brothers and sisters on the farm were sleek and husky I was a little stunted somebody from lack of natural sustenance. My coat grew long and harsh, and instead of lying in satiny abundance it mostly curled toward my ears. I was the runt of the family.

But out of it all I learned much that stood me in good stead in after life, because I knew how to fight my way to the feed trough; and if any of my larger companions disputed the passage I could slash them broadside with my teeth or handle my fore feet as readily as a trained pugilist. Then I had speed—that was born in me.

When I was only a few weeks old I used to love to run in circles round my mother. I would curl my stump of a tail over my back and race until my little heart beat a rataplan against my ribs. Then, when I got older and when the other colts galloped at night from the pasture to the big home barn, it was my glory to outstrip them. I used to love to start behind the bunch, work my way through, and lope into the yard several lengths ahead. Impromptu contests of this kind always made the big man swear.

"That little imp certainly can run!" he would say to Jack. "And he isn't big enough to carry a sack of peanuts and win a race!"

Jack always took my part.

"You can't tell," he would say. "If he was mine I'd give him a chance. Size doesn't make speed."

But the colonel was obdurate and I should never have even been sent to the sales ring had it not been for the fact that there was an empty stall in the express car in which we were shipped; and I was put aboard at the last moment.

I certainly was the prize joke. My original owner had a reputation for breeding the best. When we got to New York and were led one by one into the sales ring we found ourselves facing for approval all the big owners of race horses who helped to make the turf history of their time.

The bidding on my brothers and sisters was exciting. They all sold for more than two thousand dollars apiece. Then I was led in last. Beside them I looked like a Shetland pony and my appearance created a round of laughter. I shall never forget the auctioneer's introduction—how he dwelt upon the pedigree and performances of my father and mother, and laughingly exhorted those who wished to purchase a real race horse to bid on me.

This man was widely known for his wit. He eulogized my poor little self as if I had been the most kingly thoroughbred that ever passed before him. And men stood round enjoying his talk and laughing heartily at each sally. But no one bid.

In a spirit of jocularity he asked for an offer of ten thousand dollars and scaled it down gradually until he got to a hundred. Even then there was no responding voice; and finally he shrilled:

"Won't some gentleman present give thirty dollars for this bundle of speed?"

Then a quiet young fellow who was standing on the edge of the sales ring said:

"I'll give you thirty dollars for him."

Bang! Down went the hammer. I had found a new owner. There was nothing very auspicious surrounding my beginnings, was there?

"What are you going to do with him?" queried a rough, loud-mouthed individual. "Think you'll make a race horse out of him—eh?"

"No," responded my new owner quietly; "I'm going to teach him to play the piano."

That same night I was loaded into a box car; and I found I was going to have two companions on my journey. One of them was a pretty little chestnut mare that looked every inch a thoroughbred. The other was a dapple gray. I think he was the prettiest horse I ever saw.

I afterward found out that his name was Grasshopper. He had a white tail and mane; the former trailed along the ground as he walked and was just like so much shredded silver. When he raced it blew out behind him like a squirrel's tail. He also had a long arched neck, little ears and a beautiful head, with soft kindly brown eyes.

We were backed into stalls in the end of the car; my traveling companions were in their stalls when I arrived. The gray horse saluted me genially. He said:

"Hello, kid! Where'd you come from?"

And I was not bashful, because, as I have told you before, up to that time I had had to fight with my brothers and sisters for everything I got. So I just said:

"Oh, I just came from over yonder. Where have you been and where do you hail from?"

This talk of mine made the gray horse laugh. He turned toward the mare and said:

"I guess he'll do in any company."

And the lady nodded her head and laughed back. She was always very choice of her words, as all young ladies should be; and she said:

"Oh, yes; his education certainly has not been neglected. He should be a valuable addition to our little circle."

Just think of my being a valuable addition to anything! But, just the same, I felt mighty proud and sensed that I should not lose my place in the conversation; so I asked again:

"Where have you folks been and where did you come from?"

"Oh," said the gray horse, "we came from—er —— Let's see, Jane. Where did we come from?"

And she said:

"Oh, yes; what was the last town?"

And he nodded his head solemnly and replied:

"Oh, hush! I never was good at names anyway."

"You could make it easier for us," volunteered the lady, "if you asked where we hadn't been."

"Oh!" said I.

"Yes," she continued with an air of superiority; "we've been everywhere. Haven't we, Grassy?"

And he said:

"Oh, yes, if you want to put it that way. I guess we have."

Of course afterward they told me all about their travels up and down the country; and how they had raced in every town worth while from coast to coast. But that was later, when I got their confidence.

You see, a horse has just as much wisdom as a man in matters of this kind—sometimes more, in fact. He never shows or tells you all he knows at once.

After a while an engine came and we were shunted to the main track. There was a lot of hay and a few sacks of oats in our car; and I must not forget to mention the fact that our stalls were bedded deep with straw. I did not know then what the significance of this was; but the gray horse voiced the opinion that we were booked for a long journey. And the mare agreed with him.

I ventured to ask where they thought we were going; but the lady said that didn't make any difference so long as we were on our way. She said we generally traveled with the birds. I did not know what that meant just then, but subsequently I found out it meant that our stable usually traveled with the season, going to places where the weather would be propitious for racing all the year round. So, as I said before, we were hooked on to a long train; and away we went.

Now I must stop and tell you something about Barney, because he was the boy who took care of us. And he made his home in the car while we traveled.

Barney was a slender young fellow, with a bright complexion and a whimsical cast of countenance. He did not look a bit like my friend

"Look at Him! He Ain't as Big as a Jack Rabbit"

It is Safe to Assert That Ninety-nine Per Cent of the Jockeys Ride to Win

Sunday, back on the farm; but the gray horse told me he was a prince.

Of course this was a figure of speech, because Barney did not look like any prince and didn't have a crown. But I found out as we went along that he had as good a heart as any king.

Barney was not very particular about his dress. He wore an old slouch hat and a flannel shirt open at the neck which, added to the fact that he usually slept in his clothes on a pile of straw in a corner of the car, meant he would not have been exactly presentable in polite society—that is, of course, among cultured people who didn't know what Barney really stood for.

First, he hung a lantern in the center of the car and guyed it out with ropes so that it would not sway with the motion of the train. Then he pulled the big doors to, leaving just enough space for fresh air to course through. Next he hung a large cooling sheet on the bar in front of our stalls, so the wind would not strike us.

I tell you we were pretty comfortable. He was always petting us. And I think he gave me more than my share. His pockets seemed to be a regular mine of lumps of sugar. The gray horse told me that whenever Barney went to a restaurant the first thing he did was to empty the sugar bowl. It seemed to me he must have emptied every one there; and I asked my informant if that wasn't stealing, and he said:

"No; oh, no! There are three things you can't steal—sugar for horses, or dogs, or game chickens."

I asked him how he knew that. And he replied that Barney always did it; and nothing the prince did could be wrong.

At first I did not want to take the sugar Prince Barney offered me, because no one on the farm had ever given me any; but he bit a lump in two and forced it in between my lips. Then I tasted it. Pretty soon I was like the rest of them—always trying to steal some out of his pocket when he got close enough.

Whenever we stopped at any place long enough he would always bring back carrots or some kind of green feed. He also put a little pine tar on my tongue. I did not like that; but Grasshopper told me it kept away lots of diseases that horses are liable to catch in traveling round the country.

Of course I don't want you to run away with the idea that Prince Barney was a saint, by any means. One of his failings was that he loved to gamble. It seemed to me he found people to gamble with everywhere. Whenever he won any money he would come to the car and separate it into two piles, one of which he would put in an envelope; and the other he would put back into his pocket.

I asked the gray horse why he did this; and he said that Barney always sent half of what he made to his mother and the rest he just gambled away. He wouldn't buy himself clothes or anything; in fact, my master had to keep him supplied. Barney did not care particularly what he bet on, so long as he was gambling. Otherwise I suppose you might have called him a Christian, though he never went to church or quoted pieces out of the Bible, like Sunday. I found out afterward that most men and women have some particular weakness. If it isn't one thing it is another. The best people I ever met had little failings; and I think the only way to do is to take folks at their best and remember all the good things you can; so whenever I think of Barney I just remember his kind heart and his gentle ways with us horses and forget the fact that he was an unkempt happy-go-lucky gambler and sometimes got drunk. I do know that he would have shared his last cent with anybody; and you can't tell me that won't count for anything when the final reckoning is added up.

Perhaps I should have told you there were two other occupants of the car. One was a black-and-white greyhound called Mayflower and the other was a gamecock called Bill. They both belonged to Barney. According to all I could gather, the game chicken was a pretty tough citizen. I understand he had won some important battles.

The gray horse told me that, once when they were down on the Mexican border, Barney got into some trouble and they were going to put him in jail; but the chief of the rurales was a great chicken fighter and Barney told him about the wonderful bird he had. So they made a match with a bird owned by the alcalde; and when they won it the chief turned Barney loose as a mark of his esteem. This is, of course, another anecdote, which I shall relate at length farther along. I learned, too, that the greyhound had won several coursing matches. So we were what one might call a pretty sporty crowd.

One evening the train on which we were riding was shunted to a sidetrack. They told us that there had been a wreck ahead and that we should be delayed several hours; so Barney started off "to look the town over," as he expressed it.

I guess he must have taken a pretty good view of it, because along toward midnight I heard somebody singing outside the car.

The gray horse laughed and said:

"Here comes Barney, all lit up!"

Of course I did not know what that meant; so I asked him, and he thought I certainly was a very ignorant young person. He explained to me that there were several other names for the term he used, but that in a general way it meant that you had been looking upon the lights of the city and taken on a cargo of joy stuff. He said joy stuff made one feel very happy.

I confess I did not exactly catch his meaning, except that I knew Barney was feeling happy. He was singing a song he always sang when he was in this mood. I got to know it after a while. I think he must have made it up himself, because I never heard it any other place. The name of the song was Got to Get a Livin', and the chorus of it ran like this:

You've got to get a livin'; you need it all the time.
You've got to eat and drink and sleep and smoke.
With prices soaring nowadays, the public is the goat which pays.
You buy a modest meal and you are broke!
And folks which listen to me sing
Know every little, little thing—
Know everything I say is truly true.
You may be black or white or red;
But if you ain't reported dead
You've got to get a livin'; yes, you do!

The joke of it was that Barney seemed to worry less about getting a living than anyone I ever met. Barney's great motto was: "Live horse and you'll get grass."

Barney climbed into the car, looking rather more disreputable than usual. He started to lie down, but he seemed to remember that we might want water; so he took the bucket and went out and got some and brought it back. Drunk or sober, Barney never forgot to look out for us.

And, speaking about water for a horse, you can always take off your hat to the person who has been thoughtful enough to erect a fountain where horses may be watered. More horses suffer from thirst in the summertime owing to the neglect of inhuman drivers than any other of our dumb friends.

On the morning of the second day of our travels Barney spread a lot of straw in the other end of the car from where we were standing and led the gray horse over there. He tied a rope crossways and threw a blanket over that. Pretty soon the gray horse lay down, and Barney appeared to be very much pleased.

He used to talk to us just as if we were people; so it was never any trouble to find out what Barney was thinking about. He told me all his troubles in the course of our travels, because, he said, you have got to tell somebody, and if you confide in a horse he can't go and spill it to somebody else; and you've got it off your chest just the same.

Barney had a crude way of expressing things, of course; but if you figure it out there was a good deal in his philosophy of life.

The gray horse appeared to be used to this; and he told me afterward that it was one of the greatest things in the world for a horse traveling a long journey. He said that sometimes, when he used to travel alone, Barney would fix it so that he could lie down most of the way. And sometimes he would be entered in a race the very day they took him off the cars. He said probably he was going to race at the next town.

It was on this trip I got my first lesson and real training. Barney taught me to lie down myself. He commenced gentling me by rubbing his hands along my legs and lifting my feet one by one. Then, when we stopped at a station he led me over to the other end of the car where the gray horse had been lying down. He was very gentle with me. He lifted one of my front feet and held it up against the elbow; then he twisted my head round. He did this two or three times just a little way; and when he saw I was not afraid he pulled my head just a little farther round than it had been before. First thing I knew I was lying broadside on the soft straw.

Of course I struggled and tried to get up; but Barney held my head down and kept petting me and talking. Pretty soon I ceased to struggle; then he let me sit up and pulled my legs under me, so I should be comfortable. He still kept on soothing me; and I found it was a mighty nice way to ride instead of standing up. After a while he let go of my head and took some carrots out of his pocket. He split them lengthwise with his knife and gave me little pieces at a time; so I forgot all about how I had been forced down and commenced to enjoy the trip that way.

Then Barney got up and left me and went over to the other horses, and I just lay there quite comfortable. That was the only lesson I ever needed in the art of traveling. Afterward whenever I was turned loose in one end of the car I would lie down just as soon as the car commenced to rock.

It is a good thing for a horse or a man to lie down and rest occasionally—even if it is for only a few minutes in the middle of the day. All the great horses I ever knew lay down a good deal, because nervous horses or nervous men, who are always moving round, frequently wear out their surplus energy before they really need it for a supreme effort.

We traveled two days and nights; and on the third morning we arrived at a small town in one of the Southern States. I can't remember the name of it just now, but I know there was a fair of some kind going on. We were unloaded and taken out to the race track. That was the first time I had seen my new owner since my purchase. I imagine he arrived on an express train ahead of us, because he came to the car and led me out to the fairground. Barney led the two other horses. They looked very swell in their pretty hoods and blankets. I guess I must have cut a sorry figure walking behind those two royal personages; but my new master didn't seem to mind. He petted me a good deal and talked to me most of the way out.

I might say here that a horse loves to be talked to, and most horses will be very gentle so long as their riders sing to them. The reason of this is that we have great confidence in the human voice. Instinct tells us that as long as a man sings he is not afraid of anything; so there is no cause for us to worry. It is the same way with cattle on the range. The cowboys always sing to them.

Before I tell you about our first real adventure in the racing world I should like to say something in a general way about the turf, because I don't think any sport or pastime has been more misunderstood. I speak particularly about criticism upon the way in which it is conducted. This has been the great stumbling block ever since racing was patronized in this country.

I regret to say that a great many unthinking people are loud in their denunciation of racing. They are too prone to allege that everything about the race track is crooked

(Continued on Page 178)

THE COURTSHIP OF T. DORGAN

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I Have Kind of Got a Idear That This Here Tom Dorgan Is Stuck on Miss Mulvihill

CHI, May 22.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I suppose you seen what I done to the N. Y. bunch yesterday and when it was over Gleason called me to 1 side in the club house and says he thought it was about time I was getting the real jack so if I would bring my old contract over to the pk. today he would give me a new 1 calling for $3000.00 per annum. So today I took my old contract over to the pk. and Gleason told me to take it up in the office and I took it up there and the old man give me my new 1 and says now go ahead and show me you are worth it. Well I will show him Al and when a man gets fair treatment from a club why you work all the harder for them.

Well Gleason told me to not say nothing to none of the other ball players about the matter as they might maybe take it in their head to hold up the club for more jack so I didn't tell nobody only Tom Dorgan that rooms with me when we are out on the road and the best pal a man ever had and they's no danger of him asking for more jack as he is just a 3th string catcher and all the closer he ever gets to the ball game is down in the bull pen warming up somebody but he is a regular guy and I only wished he could get in there and show them something.

Well when I told him about my new contract he said I was a lucky stiff to be getting all that jack and besides that have a beautiful wife and a couple kiddies and a nice home where all as he has got is 1 dinky little rm. over on Grand Blvd. that he can't squeeze in or out of it without barking his ears. So I told him I said "I can't get you no more jack old pal but the next gal that looks X eyed at me I will turn her over to you and welcome as 1 wife is about all as I can handle and then some."

At that I would like to find him some nice gal Al as a man don't know they are liveing till you get married and I can't help from feeling sorry for a bird that has to go home nights after the ball game and open up the close closet and talk to his other suit.

Well when I told Florrie about me getting the $600.00 raise she asked me what would we do with it and I said I didn't know yet and she says why not buy a car as we could have some time rideing around old Chi in a car evenings and take in the different pks. and etc. and take our friends along and show them a time. So I said "You have got a fine idear of what cars costs these days and for $600.00 you can't even buy a tire rench." So she begin telling me about the 2d hand car the Dumonts which is her new pardners in the beauty parlor down town and they got it for $700.00 and its a 1917 5 passenger Peel and runs and looks like new and they must be a whole lot more bargains if a person would just get out and look for them so just to stall her I said I would keep my eyes open and if I seen a real bargain I would grab it off but what and the he—ll is the use of us blowing our jack on a car when the Dumonts has all ready got 1 and all as we half to do is call them up and ask for the correct time and they would probably invite us out for a spin.

Personly Al I don't see no use in anybody buying a car now as they won't be nowheres to go after the 1 of July and besides when I am out on the road with the club Florrie would want to drive it herself and we would half to hire a steeple jack to get she and the car down off in the top of the Boston store.

Well Al I won't half to work no more vs. the N. Y. club this serious but will probably work vs. the Washington club which comes next and he will save me for the game Walter pitchs as Walter is going pretty good now and a man has just about got to shut them out to beat him.

Your pal, JACK.

CHI, May 27.

FRIEND AL: Well Al the way some people runs a ball club its a wonder we can stay in the U. S. let alone 1st place. Well yesterday Griffith started Jim Shaw against us and Gleason thought it was a good spot to try out big Lowdermilk so the 2 of them went to it but pretty soon they was both out of there and it come along the 8th inning with the Washington club a couple runs ahead and he stuck me in there to stop them and next thing you know Johnson was in there for them to try and hold the lead but we knocked his can off and beat them out.

Well of course I hadn't no idear that Gleason would send me back at them today after the work I done so the Dumonts was out to the game with Florrie and after the game I come out and the Dumonts had a mighty sweet looking doll with them named Miss Mulvihill or something so Dumont made the remark that it was pretty dry in Chi on a Sunday so why didn't we all hop in his car and go out to Lyons where they was plenty to eat and drink.

Well then Florrie said it didn't seem right for Miss Mulvihill to not have no man along when her and Mrs. Dumont both had their husband so Dumont asked me if they wasn't 1 of the ball players that was single that would like to go along. So I happened to think about Tom Dorgan so I went back in the club house and got him and you ought to seen his eyes pop out when he got a look at the Mulvihill trick. Well we went out to the car and it was the 1st time I seen it and Florrie had told me it looked like new but if it does why Jack Lapp has got a pompador. And when they said it was a 5 passenger car they meant 4 people and a weather strip.

Well the next thing was how was we going to set and Mrs. Dumont said she always set in the front seat to keep her husband from driveing to fast so that left I and Florrie and Miss Mulvihill and Tom for the soap box in back so Florrie said it looked like Miss Mulvihill would half to set on Tom's lap. Well both partys had a hemorage to the cheek when they heard that and Miss Mulvihill said she guessed not and why didn't Florrie set on my lap and Florrie said she had tried that to many times so any way the way we went was with Florrie and Miss Mulvihill squeezed along the side of me and Tom on my lap and I don't know how far it is to Lyons but by the time we got there I thought we must be all of us in the Coast League.

Well we set out on the porch of the joint out there and ordered up a few drinks and everybody acted like they had came to the morgue to identify a body till finely I begin pulling some of my stuff and I wished you could of heard Miss Mulvihill split her sides only I kind of felt sorry for poor Dorgan as he acted like the cat had his tongue or something and the gal must of thought she had been pared off with Dummy Taylor. Well we had some more drinks and a chicken dinner and when the check come around Dorgan was still speechless and Dumont was danceing with Florrie so I was elected on the 1st ballad and Miss Mulvihill made the remark that I shouldn't ought to pay for everything and just joke-ing I said I was tickled to death to pay for being in her company and she blushed up like a school girl and give me a smile and I couldn't help from feeling sorry for Dorgan but I can't help it if that's the way the gals feels Al and I only wished I could be just friends with them and nothing more.

Well when it come time to go home I made the remark that I wasn't crazy about holding Tom on my lap again along with the extra load he had picked up in the

mean wile so what does Miss Mulvihill do but say that if Florrie did not mind she would just as leaf set on my lap and Florrie said go ahead so that's the way we come home and even with Dumont zig zaging all over the road and hitting her up about 12 miles per hr. all the way it didn't seem more then 5 minutes when we come to where Miss Mulvihill lived and dropped her off and I seen her to the door and I said to her how did she like my friend Mr. Dorgan and she said "Why don't you speak for yourself John?" How is that Al she calling me John the 1st time she ever seen me and I didn't know they was anybody realy knew my name was John as they all been calling me Jack ever since I was a knee high grass hopper you might say.

Well when I and Florrie got home I got the silent treatmunt but she will get over it Al like they all do and anybody would think it was my fault that I wasn't born with a hair lip or something.

But wait till I tell you what come off today. It wasn't till pretty near 6 this A. M. when we rolled in this A. M. and I got up about 11 this A. M. and finely got over to the ball pk. and I felt like the supper dishs and finely it come time for batting practice and Gleason said you work today and I said what was he talking about as I worked yesterday and he said yes but it wasn't only 2 innings just long enough to warm me up so I had to get in there and try and pitch and of course it had to be the day when Weaver and Collins and all of them went to he—ll behind me and the Washington club went mad and got 4 runs which is more then they usually get all through May and Harper shut us out with 3 hits though he didn't even have a nightgown on the ball and after the game Gleason asked me where I was last night and I told him I was out and he said yes and you are out today again to the amt. of $50.00. Well Al if he makes that fine stick I will quit baseball and go in some business where a man can get fair treatmunt and sometimes I think I better get out of baseball any way as a man that is a star in the game if he has got any looks at all why the gals all loose their nut about him and bother you to death even if you turn your back every time they look at you and a man hasn't no business being before the public in a position where the gals can look you over and make a fool out of themself when you have got a wife and 2 kiddies.

Your pal,
JACK.

"Why Don't You Speak for Yourself John?"

CHI, June 1.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I just come back from the pk. and Cleveland give us a trimming but it was about time as we win the 1st 3 we played with them. We leave for Detroit tonight and go east from there and won't be back in old Chi till the last of the mo.

Well Al they was some excitement out in the old ball yard yesterday but beleive me it wouldn't of never came off if I had of been in there pitching or even down there on the bench. The way that it come off was that I pitched the P. M. game Decoration Day and give them a good licking and Gleason called off the $50.00 fine he plastered on me last wk. and said I didn't need to dress yesterday but could set up in the stand with Florrie. Well the Dumonts and Miss Mulvihill was also out to the game and we all set together and I kind of explained the game to Miss Mulvihill and I kept talking fast for the fear she would bring up something personal. Well the game wasn't much of a game as we had them licked to death but along in the 8th inning the Cleveland bunch was sore on acct. of the way we was makeing them like it and Speaker hit a ball down towards Gandil and Chick made quite a stop of the ball and run over and stepped on the bag long before Spoke got there but Spoke was kind of sore so he slid in to the bag and that made Gandil sore and they begin barking at each other and next thing you know they was at each other and the rest of the boys was all scared and left them go to it and finely Gandil had his shirt tore off and the umps put them both off of the field. Well Al it wouldn't of never of happened if I had of been in there as the minute Speaker had of started anything I would knocked him for a gool and it would of been good night Mr. Speaker. Just like I told Jack Graney out there on the field today I said "Speaker better not never try no monkey business like that on me or Fohl will be scarring the bushs for a new center fielder."

Well Miss Mulvihill was setting next to me when the fight come off and I could feel her kind of tremble so I guess I must of kind of squeezed her hand and I told her to not worry because if I seen that either 1 of them was realy going to get hurt I would run down there and knock them both for a gool. So she give me a smile and made some remarks about how nice it must be to be so big and I kind of laughed it off and then I seen Florrie kind of looking at us so I cut it out.

Well the fight must of kind of went to Dumont's bean and any way he asked us all down to the Dearborn for supper and Mrs. Dumont said we better get Tom Dorgan along so as Miss Mulvihill would have somebody to play with and she kind of made a face but didn't say nothing so I got a hold of him and we went down there. Well Tom is a pretty fair dancer and he kept asking Miss Mulvihill to dance and of course she couldn't say no though I guess she would of rather set at the table and talk things over but I was glad he kept her danceing at that as I was afraid things might get to personal if her and I was left at the table alone. Well finely we started home and on the way she managed to ask me where we was going to stop in Detroit and I told her so I suppose she will be sending me a post card or a night letter or something and if she does why all as I can do is just pretend like I didn't get it. But any way we are on our way tonight Al and if we can come back from this trip in 1st place why the race is as good as win you might say as the way I and Cicotte and Williams is going they's no club in the league can catch us in the stretch. Personly Al wile I don't never like to leave home I am kind of glad we are going this time for Miss Mulvihill's sakes if nothing else as the less she sees of me for a wile she will be better off.

I will write to you from Detroit or somewheres in the east.

Your pal,
JACK.

N. Y., June 5.

FRIEND AL: Well Al we just got in from Detroit and we played against Jennings club like we was the Red X 2d team and if we finish up the trip like we started we will be lucky to come home in a passenger train. I suppose you read about how they beat me Al and it looks like they was enough bad breaks against me to last a whole season and the only peace of luck I had all the while we was there didn't have nothing to do with baseball but I did happen to run acrost a bird that wants to sell a car and its a 1918 Blaine that hasn't only been drove 4000 miles and it looks like it was just out of the shop. I took Cracker Schalk out to see it and he said I would be a sucker to not grab it off but the bird wants $1200.00 which is about twice as much is I figured on paying for a car so I didn't do nothing but I kind of think he took a fancy to me and if I hold off a wile he will come down to somewheres near my price. Any way I have got his name and address and if I decide I want to pay somewheres near his price why all as I half to do is wire him.

Well Al I didn't get no word from that little gal Miss Mulvihill wile we was in Detroit and I hope she finely got some sence in her head but speaking about Miss Mulvihill I have kind of got a idear that this here Tom Dorgan is stuck on her as whenever we get up in the rm. together that is about all as he can talk about and the day we left Detroit he asked me if I thought it would do any harm him writeing her and of course I said why no it wouldn't and I felt like telling him it wouldn't do no good neither one but I guess he will find that out for himself soon enough without me telling him. Only I can't help from kind of feeling sorry for the both of them and I feel sorry for him because he has fell for a gal that has left her heart run away from her to a place where it won't get her nothing and I feel sorry for her for looseing her nut over a man that has all ready got a wife and troubles of my own. course don't know nothing about what has past between her and I and wile we was setting together on the train coming east he asked me if I thought they was anything I could do to help him get in right with her. Well I told him I would do the best I could as I would like to see them both happy but between you

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ADVENTURE'S END

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

ALREADY, on the surface, the luncheon promised to be the dullest affair imaginable. Eliza Clarges owed it to her celebrated ability to acknowledge that nothing lay definitely beyond her delicate keen enjoyment of life. But an hour or more with the very young! She was seated in the restrained elaboration inside the principal entrance of the Hotel Ritz, waiting for her niece, India Dinning, and the two young men, recently so military, upon whom the occasion was draped.

She had been at the hotel overnight for the purpose of addressing an extremely polite Art Alliance; and had accidentally encountered James Carpenter in an elevator. Liza liked James—he was a most engagingly suave youth—and when, expressing his delight at meeting her, he explained that he was knocking about with a friend, discharged, like him, from the army two months before, her thoughts had immediately centered on India Dinning. James and Andrew Paull, it developed, would be in the city to-morrow; they were more than a little tired of a generally aimless holiday; and Eliza, remembering how pretty India's mother had been, benevolently suggested the possibility of this luncheon.

Of course India Dinning had responded enthusiastically to a telephoned explanation, but with a slight change of Liza's plan—it would be necessary for her to bring two friends in place of one. However, both of them were simply marvelously lovely! That, Liza realized, made a girl over; but she felt that the satellites of Mars would not be inadequate. If she thought of herself at all at the table it was in the light of a practically invisible prompter.

Quite aside from her age, Liza Clarges was thirty-seven, the position of onlooker was the constant condition, she almost thought penalty, of her profession. Her select pungent talent—often referred to in serious places as genius—for the short story necessitated such a removal from actual living. How otherwise could she keep the detachment inseparable from any unbiased comprehension? Yet now, surprisingly, the term penalty returned to her mind.

She Couldn't Sentimentally Pretend That She Had Been Unhappy: That Would Be Too Ridiculous

So much, other than imaginative composition, bored her that she was convinced that soon her annoyance would become visible in the pages for which practically she had sacrificed everything else. This, she told herself energetically, was all that concerned her—the crystal fineness and truth of her writing. But the response of her being was tepid. The truth was that she was tired. Liza couldn't understand how she had let herself in for the rapidly approaching period of insipid verbal enthusiasms. She had been betrayed by a momentary sense of duty, responsibility—the mass of life's stupidities came from just that, she thought irritably.

Two girls entered the hotel and hesitated, cool in the arrogance of the most expensive and becoming dress possible. One with a high-pitched voice said: "India was meeting us here." They sank together into chairs of the dull gold and gray velvet decorative scheme, and Liza deliberately studied her niece's associates. They must be, she decided, entirely representative of Marcia Dinning's daughter. Marcia and herself were as different as sisters could possibly manage. The former had always been a very definitely marked type, the sort of girl and woman prominent in the boxes of horse shows; her personality and opinions blended entirely with those of women similarly occupied; while the first necessity of Liza's existence was the maintenance of her vigorous, even isolated, individuality.

The girls before her swept into a staccato duet of heedless interruptions, mechanically sparkling and subconsciously aware of their worldly superiority. One was slender and dark, with a diminutive nose and perfectly bowed lips. She was clad in a deceptive simplicity of clear blue flowing with every turning of her round young grace; there was a broad soft sash about her flexible waist; her head was closely covered by a small confection of glazed black straw with a cockade of stiff ribbon; and heavy white gloves lay in deep folds on her animated wrists.

The other had an early maturity incongruous in a dress appropriate to her years alone. Her face was still, with eyes never fully open, and Liza saw her mouth would be pale but for the thoroughness with which it was rouged. They were both well under twenty, perhaps seventeen. India must be in that vicinity. Liza hadn't seen her—no, she had seen nothing of the Dinnings since before the war. Marcia's life and hers were so utterly apart!

Liza recalled, in the face of the assurance confronting her, her own early diffident years. She had been quite plain; a silent child never entirely well, with an exhausting straight flood of chestnut hair. At seventeen she had sold a story to a magazine of the highest pretensions; at fifteen she had been obsessed by Madame Bovary; with her tenth year converted into a romantic dream by the Mort d'Arthur. Yes, she had been withdrawn, eminently reserved in conduct and speech; but, contrasting her thoughts and speculations with the mental processes revealed by the audible speech of India's friends, she realized that of the two she had been infinitely the more well-advanced.

There had been throughout her life this discrepancy between her imagination and her acts: there was no situation in which she could not picture herself; while, on the other hand, her actual existence had been an unbroken monotony of nice convention. But nothing else, she discovered, could be expected of a writer's progress, an extremely abnormal mode of life and activity. The reward was at once prodigal and problematic. On the material side she made more than nine thousand business men in ten, more than ninety in a hundred thousand. But that wasn't, fundamentally, why she wrote. It was an accidental fact that, aside from all personal effort, Liza was rich. She had, wherever English or French or Scandinavian was read, the admiration, even adulation, of both the intellectual minority and an infinitely larger uncritical sympathy; she had been seriously spoken of as a considerable bond between the people of England and the public of the United States. But that wasn't sufficient to explain her persistent labor, the writing and rewriting that spun out her brain to an agonized tension, the hopeless passion or perfection in expression and form.

Her thoughts were broken off by the simultaneous appearance, from different directions, of India Dinning, whom she recognized immediately, and James Carpenter in the company of a young man with heavy, slightly bowed shoulders, direct eyes and hastily brushed difficult hair. Both of the latter were in citizen's clothes once more; they would be, she realized, going forward collectedly, as soon as possible.

II

IN AN arrangement of the table due to India's insistent sense of an appropriate formality Liza found Andrew Paull on her right, James directly across, and Freda Zooch, in blue, at her other hand. James was supported by India, seated beside Freda, with the languid girl, remarkably named Reba Raymond, between him and Paull. Instantaneously, a heedless clatter of youthful comments rose: Andrew Paull produced a cigarette holder gayly striped like a barber's pole, brought from France; and at once Freda, finding a resplendent tube of black onyx set with a band of emeralds and platinum, demanded that Paull exchange with her.

"But I can't do that," he protested; "this thing of mine is nothing but celluloid. It only cost a franc in Angier."

Freda Zooch, already dexterously possessed of Paull's memento of unconquered France, laid the triumph of the jeweler's art on the table before him. This sentimental transaction was immediately lost in the discussion and choice of cocktails. India deferred momentarily to Liza's unexpressed desire, but the latter promptly relinquished all claim to be heard. "You'll find me dreadfully lacking in invention or originality," she said. The final order which proceeded from the confusion of preferences was Bacardi; all "without" except Reba's, and this decidedly "with," Liza learned, grenadine sirup.

The drinks, like pale yellow tulips on clear stems, disposed of, the solid business of the luncheon was undertaken. India, still addressed to the proprieties, interrupted the consideration of artichokes as against alligator pears. "Of course," she announced, "you all know that Aunt Liza is frightfully distinguished." She nodded sharply, and her wide hat of ruffled pink wavered about her vivid countenance like a brief storm of peach blossoms. Liza Clarges recognized that she was even better looking than Marcia. Not so marked as Reba Raymond, she still showed a tender beauty set in innumerable rosy folds and white tucking. Her hair was at once dark and golden, faint flushes dyed the whiteness of her cheeks and throat, while her widely opened eyes justified the absurd conventional simile of corn flowers.

Andrew Paull gazed with a frank query at Miss Clarges.

"Jim told me what you did," he admitted; "but I've forgotten. I suppose I might have kept still and found out."

"There's no reason for your remembering," she replied, instinctively caustic in tone; "you would probably find it very trivial"

"If it's useful I'm a rotten guesser," he proceeded. "You don't look like a useful person."

Her nod relented a fraction. "That shows an uncommon penetration," she told him enigmatically. "It had taken

me a great many years to explain just that fact to the critics. I am not useful except as beauty ——"

Suddenly she was infuriated by the trace of a smile on his grave lips. Ignorant of the true subject of her discourse he had incredibly supposed ——

Liza abruptly turned a shoulder on him and faced Freda Zooch. A rather peculiar name, indicative of the new element in the society frequented by Marcia. The girl assured her animatedly: "The English teacher at Miss Wiborg's made us read a lot of your stories, and Ella Pennock wrote a paper on you. We all told Ella you ought to see it, but Ella was afraid it might upset you. She is so frank."

"I might have borne up under it," Liza retorted. She was, she discovered, becoming amazingly cross. How absurd! Reba Raymond put in: "I don't see why anyone writes except for the pictures. Mae Mainwright is one of my best friends; all the producers are mad after her, and Mae says that the screen drama is the supreme form."

"Mae's is," James Carpenter added, and Liza felt extraordinarily grateful to him. Her irritation, however, was vanishing. She thought with private enjoyment that for the first time in years she was in a company where she was of small importance. She watched with a growing interest the attitudes of the three girls toward James Carpenter and Paull.

Reba gazed occasionally with drooping eyelids and scarlet bitten lips at Andrew Paull; otherwise she ate slowly with an absorbed appreciation of the highly flavored. India Dinning regarded Paull with a more direct bright encouragement; while Freda Zooch studied him with her chin elevated to its most becoming angle.

This singleness of interest engaged Liza Clarges' speculation. James Carpenter was far more personable than Paull; he talked more and had a greater assurance of manner—but it was the other who attracted them. At discreet moments she studied the man—this term she found herself allowing him—on her right. He was neither handsome nor ugly, but had an individuality of being largely due to the gravity that was his pervading characteristic. His brow was high rather than broad, and usually corrugated in an effort of thought; his gaze, suddenly directed from under strongly marked brows, was surprisingly candid; and when he spoke it was with a curious mingling of hesitation and persistence, while there was always about a generous mouth the tremor of a smile. This puzzled her until she comprehended it and him. It was the shadow of an imminent half-humorous apology for a serious attitude more often than not lightly derided by his blunter associates.

Still Liza had not discovered the secret of an attractiveness which she, too, now acknowledged. He was patently strong, a fine physical entity; but that had no special charm for her. She found that he had been a great deal in the Upper Peninsula. "The real woods," he explained; "not just round summer camps. I lived in Michigan with my father. We went on trips together." His father, she gathered from a pause and the stirred deep admiration in his voice, was dead. But here at last a rare quality was exposed—the power of genuine feeling. It was undoubtedly that, subconsciously recognized, to which the girls had responded.

He was vibrant with such strong emotions, and with all their potentialities, as that vivid memory of a parent. In another phrase he was richly colored. The qualities of the heart, Liza told herself. She gathered further that he disliked Reba Raymond; that, in the main, he was unconscious of Freda for all her lovely blue; but he reacted more warmly to the sparkle of India, her niece. India Dinning was remarkably like her mother. Uninteresting, Liza Clarges thought in that connection. She leaned back from a conversation across her, when to her amazement she saw a swift expression of acute suffering darken Andrew Paull's eyes.

III

INFALLIBLE in the analysis of subtle conditions she realized that his pain had not been physical but mental, a pinching of the cerebral centers. For a moment he had been at the verge of panic, his breathing was fast and shallow, a hand rose to his collar as though he were choking. India Dinning, with all the battery of her young charm turned frankly on him, naturally had seen none of this. She had her elbows on the table and her soft chin couched in interlaced fingers. Liza Clarges glanced cynically at her. At seventeen, she would, too, have adored Andrew Paull—but said hardly a word. Even then, the truth was, she had been objectively conscious of her feelings and words. She had understood too much.

India was purely automatic. The principle by which her dress was designed, the fluttering rose of her faultless cheeks, the whole instinctive bag of feminine tricks, were all humiliatingly subservient to the pressure of mere existence. In Reba this was too clearly revealed; and Freda Zooch was as plainly a sterile vanity. She thought it was possible that James Carpenter had measured Freda and Reba Raymond accurately, but even he was palpably pleased with India Dinning.

The attention directed to her, Liza saw, was perfunctory, almost entirely limited to India's stated polite sentences. She delivered these in her most radiant manner; and, parallel with Liza's detached amusement, she was conscious of a ridiculous desire to settle her niece. Paull was again normal. "Now seriously," he demanded, "what are you distinguished for?"

"Beauty," she replied cheerfully.

"Of course, but ——"

"Aunt Liza writes the most wonderful stories," India instructed him. "She's been doing it since ever so long ago when she was quite young."

"At your age, to be accurate," Liza Clarges added; "quite young, in fact."

Andrew Paull said in a tone of apology: "I never read."

Liza told him sharply: "Don't; books are not in your scheme of things."

Freda's high voice interrupted: "Oh, Captain Paull, do you really and truly know if you killed anyone or not in France?"

"I do," he replied somberly, but made no further explanation.

"Andy was out of luck," James Carpenter put in hurriedly; "but turn a compassionate gaze on me—I was never out of the country. I never even saw a festive little U-boat all full of German plums."

There, Liza recognized, was the explanation of Andrew Paull's trouble; she sensitively felt that he was enveloped, saturated, in some potent regret; no, it was more acute—a pronounced mental disturbance. He had been out of luck! Her marked sympathy for him deepened. The girls, ignoring her, challenged his attention; and conversation progressed in which she had no part.

Thirty-seven wasn't an overwhelmingly advanced age. She thought with frivolous audacity that her own figure was not negligible. And, as well, she had depths of feeling forever denied to a daughter of Marcia's. If she should substitute her mental poise for her visible being these girls would fade like thin wisps of colored vapor. How, in reality, did women make themselves attractive to men? It would be by no other means than the conscious or mechanical insistence on the sheer fact of their sex. Men, the simpler organization, responded to simple clearly defined incentives.

Andrew Paull was talking to Reba. "I'd hate it for my friends," he asserted shortly.

She was surprised and then incredulous. "I supposed you were so old-fashioned," she complained.

"Call it what you like," he continued.

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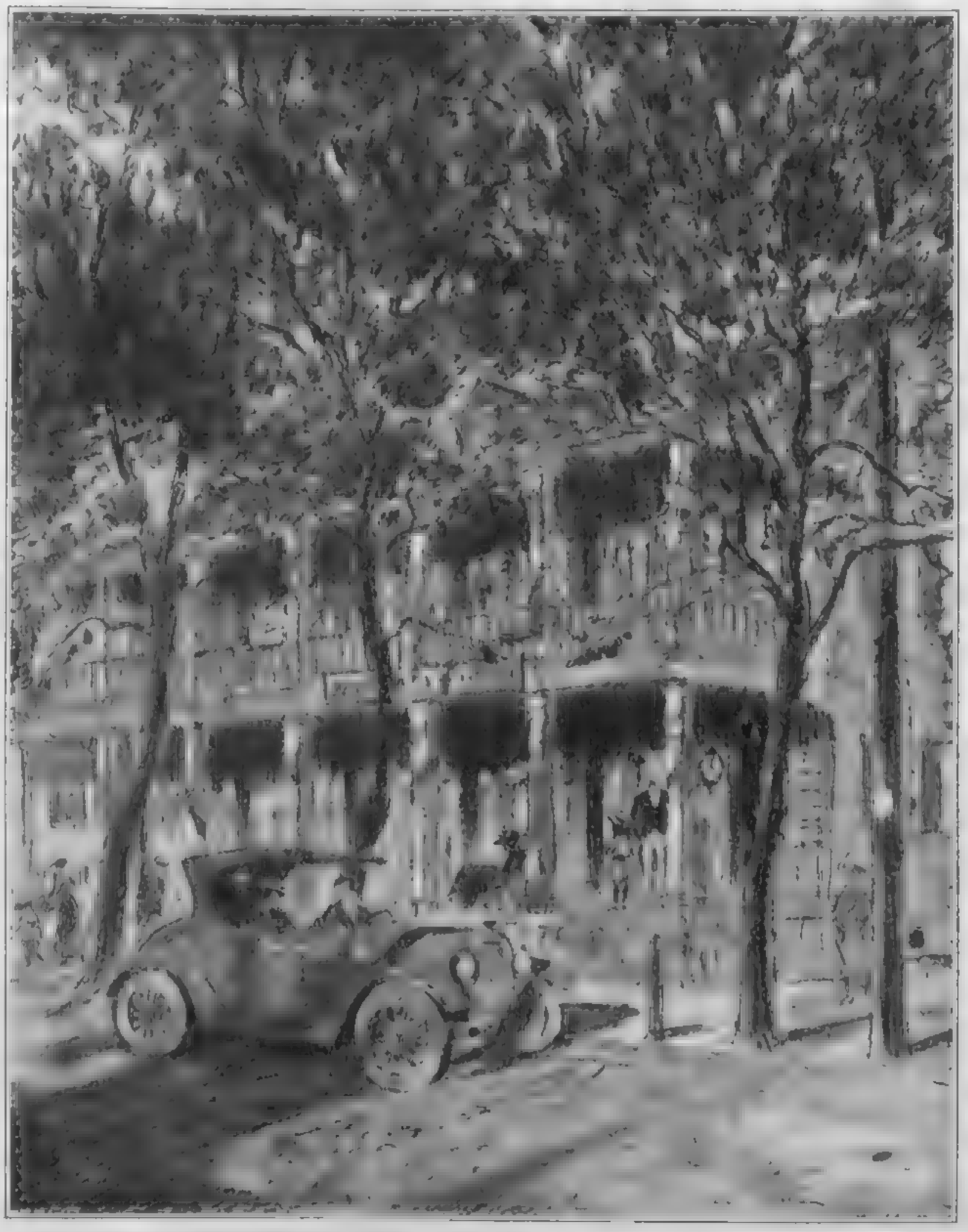


As Soon as Possible She Must Telegraph to India Dinning That Her Car Was Safe

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XI

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

WHEN I was taking my final leave of President Diaz, in June, 1894, he was in the full enjoyment of his mental and physical vigor in spite of his sixty-odd years of age, which seemed to sit lightly on him and had not in the least impaired his energy and enlightened activity. It was the heyday of his success as a ruler. Law and order reigned everywhere and seemed to be at last secured on a firm unshakable basis; railroads and canals were being built, commerce and industry were flourishing, finances were in perfect order, the credit of the country was fully redeemed, Mexican Government bonds were quoted at their normal price on foreign exchanges, confidence in Mexico's future had returned or rather had been established—in short the country had never before known such an era of internal peace and prosperity as under the rule of President Diaz.

Little did I dream then that many years later I should again meet Don Porfirio Diaz, on the sands of Biarritz, leaning on the arm of the noble and devoted partner of his life, a broken-down old man, a fugitive from the country of whose greatness and prosperity he had been the creator and which ever since his fall from power has been agonizing in the grip of civil war and anarchy.

It was truly a pathetic spectacle, confirmatory of the dictum: *Nemo propheta in patria sua.* But his name will go down in history as that of one of the greatest constructive statesmen of the nineteenth century.

A no less pathetic spectacle is presented by the people who requited with such black ingratitude the priceless services of the great ruler and creator of the country's prosperity, the people who ever since have been wallowing in the mire of hopeless anarchy because they were not ripe for assimilating principles and institutions such as have made a neighboring nation great and prosperous beyond the most ambitious dreams of the founders of her commonwealth.

Shortly before leaving Mexico I lost temporarily the sight of one of my eyes through an inflammation of the choroid membrane, and the Mexican oculists advised me to place myself as soon as possible under treatment in the clinic of the celebrated oculist, Professor Pagenstecher, at Wiesbaden. I lost no time in following this advice and sailed from New York on the first steamer on which I could secure a stateroom—not an easy matter, by the way, as it was the time of the summer exodus of American travelers in search of the delights of the Old World.

On sailing from these shores this time, not being at all certain of ever seeing them again, I had a distinct impression that it meant the close of the happiest period of my life, and at the same time I had a vague presentiment that the lull in world politics, which had been characteristic of the last decade, was nearing an end.

When I arrived in Wiesbaden I found my family, who had come from Vevey to meet me, already comfortably established in a pleasant hotel overlooking the park. They were horrified at my appearance with smoked glasses and a green shade; which, by the way, Professor Pagenstecher made me discard as soon as I entered his consultation office.

The same evening I became an inmate of his clinic. Having taken possession of the bedroom assigned to me I went out for a breath of air into the little garden back of the house and found there all my future fellow patients of the establishment. They were all English, and each and every one of them, to my great astonishment, was smoking either a cigar or a pipe. This sight cheered me up considerably as I had given up smoking under the mistaken belief that this sacrifice was required of me in the interest of the cure I was to undergo.

The next morning when the professor paid me his professional visit he undeceived me in this regard, assuring me that abstention from smoking for some time was necessary only after an operation. I asked him how it was that except myself he had only English patients and not a single German in his clinic. He laughingly said that ever after having been sent for to Windsor by the Queen for some eye trouble English people in great numbers came to his clinic, but that Germans mostly preferred to go to London for treatment by English oculists. Another case of *Nemo propheta in patria sua.*

The Royal Palace at Belgrade

After having undergone the prescribed treatment in the morning I was allowed to go out and spend the rest of the day with my family. In this way I made the acquaintance of the well-known Herr von Brandt, formerly German Minister to Japan and China, whose American wife was the daughter of very dear friends of ours in New York. The Chinese-Japanese War had just begun and I was greatly interested in discussing this event with a man who had the reputation of being the greatest authority in Germany on Far Eastern affairs, having represented his country for a great many years first in one and then in the other of the countries at war.

To my great astonishment he turned out to be a firm believer in the victory of China; in fact he seemed to think that it was madness on the part of the Japanese to attempt an invasion of China, where they would be simply swallowed up in the immense mass of the teeming millions of the Chinese people. Never having been in China myself I was not in a position to controvert his assertions as to the superiority of the Chinese over their reckless assailants—a point of view, by the way, shared by the majority of foreigners in the Far East—but I told him that from what I had been able to observe personally during my few years' sojourn in Japan I had the very highest opinion of the military efficiency and the warlike spirit of the Japanese, and that I was rather inclined to share the belief of the celebrated Russian explorer of China, Colonel Prjevalsky, that a brigade of first-class troops like theirs could go all through China like a hot knife through butter.

One day in the course of my idle saunterings through the streets of pretty Wiesbaden I noticed in the show window of one of the numerous bookshops a little volume entitled Caligula, oder der Cæsaren Wahninn—"Caligula, or Cæsarean madness," would be a sufficiently exact translation—and attracted by the singularity of this title I went into the shop and purchased the book. It turned out to be a literal translation of various picked texts from Latin authors of the period, original texts always being carefully cited, but chosen so skillfully as to produce the effect of manifestly intentional lese majesty; at the same time, however, furnishing no legal ground for a possible criminal prosecution. I was told that the sale of this little book had within a few weeks reached an enormous figure—some hundreds of thousands of copies, people said.

But when the authorities bethought themselves of the necessity of doing something in the matter it was found that though the booklet was evidently a lampoon of a most subversive character no criminal intent could be proved, such as might have rendered possible the prosecution of the author—quite a well-known professor, I believe—a point of view that was said to have been laughingly indorsed by the sufferer himself. However, the extraordinary success of the booklet might have been considered a straw showing which way the popular wind was beginning to blow.

The cure I underwent in Professor Pagenstecher's clinic was completely successful. I not only recovered the sight of my injured eye—a most important matter for me as it always had been my working eye; the other one, being afflicted with astigmatism, was never much good except as what they call "a window of the soul"—but have ever since and to this hour been able to read the finest print without the aid of glasses.

Soon after our return to Vevey the newspapers began, at first in guarded language, to bring rather disquieting news in regard to the state of health of the Emperor Alexander III, followed by the usual official denials. It was said that the Emperor was suffering from a slight indisposition, that he had not even been compelled to take to his bed, that all the time he had been attending to affairs of state as usual and his health was improving, and so forth. But then came the announcement that the imperial family were going to take up their residence for the winter at Livadia, on the south coast of the Crimea.

All this news was not in itself very alarming, as after all it related to the state of the health of a man not yet past middle age, gifted with the frame and the strength of a giant, whom one might suppose well able to resist the attack of any disease not out of the common. Nevertheless, they produced a singularly disquieting effect abroad quite out of proportion to the apparent gravity of the case. But the fact was that the Emperor had come to be considered by all Europe as the mainstay of peace—that is to say, as I have already had occasion to remark in one of the chapters of these reminiscences, as the one immovable barrier against any attempt at disturbing the peace of Europe, whose disappearance might be the signal for the opening of the floodgates of a general war, a world catastrophe the subconscious apprehension of which seemed to be present everywhere.

It was not, however, solely to the sterling worth and the unshakable firmness of the Emperor's personal character, a reputation well established during a thirteen years' reign, that was due the fact that his personality had come to be considered as the keystone of European peace. There were present deeper-lying causes having their roots in the historical development and the conditions of the political life of Europe, to which I must crave permission of the indulgent reader to refer at some length.

The beginning of the nineteenth century saw the establishment of the practical overlordship of France, under the great Napoleon, over the whole of Continental Europe with the sole exception of Russia. For a time Napoleon was content to share the hegemony of Europe with his great rival, the Emperor Alexander I of Russia. The alliance between the two emperors, short-lived as it was, rendered possible the acquisition by Russia of Bessarabia and the conquest of Finland, but nevertheless ended in a rupture and in the invasion of Russia by Napoleon with his, for those days, numerous hosts of various nationalities.

After his disastrous retreat from Moscow, which marked the beginning of his downfall, all the European Powers, under the leadership of Russia and England, united in a campaign against him which ended in the invasion of France, the capture of Paris and the dethronement and exile

of Napoleon. At the Congress of Vienna, which undertook the settlement of the affairs of Europe, Alexander I played a leading part, though then already a secret agreement, inimical to him in principle, was reached between conquered France and victorious England and Austria.

This apparent leadership passed after his death to his brother and successor, the Emperor Nicholas I, and ultimately led to the formation against Russia of a coalition of the Western Powers with the addition of Sardinia and Turkey. After the defeat of Russia in the Crimean War the leadership of Continental Europe passed again to France under Napoleon III. The reluctance of France to tolerate the unification of Germany under the leadership of Prussia led to the Franco-Prussian War, which resulted in the defeat of France and the annexation by Germany of Alsace-Lorraine.

The war had practically been a duel between these two Powers. But the victory could not have been so easily won but for the attitude taken by Russia in retaliation for Austria's unfriendly behavior during the Crimean War, which prevented any possible attempt on the part of Austria to seek in an alliance with France a revenge for her defeat by Prussia in 1866; and likewise for the implied rather friendly neutrality of Great Britain, whose traditional policy, ever since the days of Louis XIV and William III, had always consisted in siding openly or tacitly against any Power actually holding or aiming at the hegemony of Continental Europe. But by her very victory and by the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine Germany had laid the foundation of a future armed conflict, for revenge and the reconquest by France of her lost provinces, the outbreak of which was bound to be only a question of time and opportunity. Since the advent of William II Germany had, by her foolishly provocative diplomacy, by the declamatory megalomania of her War Lord of the mailed fist roused suspicions in regard to her ultimate designs which could not fail to alarm even those Powers that were least indisposed toward her.

It was owing to the injection into European politics of this new disturbing element that the atmosphere of peaceful rest, which had pervaded the last decade and had even given rise to vague hopes of the possibility of a gradual softening and even extinction of international animosities, began to give way to an uneasy feeling of insecurity characteristic of a state of unstable equilibrium. On the background of this troubled condition of the European public mind the powerful personality of the Emperor Alexander III had begun to assume the traits of a guardian angel of peace. The potential power of Russia, which had not yet been put to the test, loomed large, very large indeed, overshadowing the situation, since without the consent or connivance of Russia no Continental Power could possibly attempt the adventure of war. And this immense power for good or for evil was concentrated absolutely in the hands of one man, an autocrat sovereign who had given proof to the world of his abhorrence of war, of his straightforward honesty of purpose and his immovable will.

Small wonder it was that the news of his serious illness should have spread a vague feeling of alarm all over the world wherever people were building all their hopes on the maintenance of peace. When the news from Livadia had become more and more alarming, foreshadowing the approach of the end, the Emperor's brother and sister in law, the Prince and Princess of Wales, hastened to the bedside of the dying sovereign. Europe was holding its breath in hourly expectation of the dread event.

When the fatal hour had struck it cast a gloom replete with dark forebodings for the future of the world's peace. The balance of power in Europe, bitter to hold in the firm grasp of the mighty monarch whom the world had come to regard as the mainstay of peace, had passed into the inexperienced hands of a slender youth of whom the world knew only that he had been a retiring, modest and dutiful son and whose enigmatic personality was a riddle which only the future could solve.

In Russia the impression of the fatal event was overpowering. It was felt by the nation as a cruel bereavement such as an orphaned family of children would feel at the loss of a father who had been their only support, their secure shelter and their hopeful promise of future welfare and happiness. I doubt whether there could have been at that moment in Russia a single thoughtful patriot, however much and however rightly opposed to the late sovereign's reactionary domestic policy, who did not instinctively feel that the country was left to face an uncertain future full of sinister forebodings of possible coming disaster.

Shortly before the Emperor's death and still in his presence had taken place the betrothal of the heir to the throne, the future Nicholas II, to the Princess Alix of Hesse, who was destined to be cast from the resplendent height of the most magnificent throne in Christendom into the darkest abyss of the most abject misery and to share with her devotedly loved husband and martyred children the most cruel, the most horrible fate.

The defunct Emperor's body was transported from the Crimea to St. Petersburg by rail in a funeral car converted into a mortuary chapel, in which prayers for the repose of the soul of the departed were said three times a day in the presence of the imperial family and their English relatives. All the way from the extreme south of the country to the northern capital the peasantry in their hundreds of thousands flocked to the railroad line, and kneeling, their heads bowed in the dust in tearful prayer, were rendering a last homage to the mortal remains of their beloved sovereign borne past them in the swift-moving train. King Edward VII, who as Prince of Wales accompanied the body of his late brother-in-law and friend on his last journey, must have kept a vivid recollection of these profoundly touching demonstrations of a people's love and sorrow for their departed monarch.

The funeral of the late Emperor took place at St. Petersburg in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the cathedral where repose the remains of all the members of the Romanoff dynasty since Peter the Great. The correspondent of an English newspaper who witnessed the funeral procession slowly winding its way from the railroad station to the fortress along the Nevskii Prospekt, the main thoroughfare of the capital, in his description of the ceremony mentioned the appearance of the young sovereign in the following words, which for some inexplicable reason have stuck obstinately to my memory: "And immediately following the funeral car walked with bowed head the poor little Emperor." The correspondent was apparently struck by the contrast between the slender figure of the Emperor and the burly form of the Prince of Wales, who in friendly support walked by the side of his imperial nephew. I never could forget these words "poor little Emperor," perhaps from a subconscious premonition of the cruel fate in store for him.

Shortly afterward the marriage of the imperial couple was celebrated in the chapel of the Winter Palace, with all the accustomed state and magnificence. The young sovereigns on their way from the Winter Palace along the Nevskii Prospekt to the Empress Dowager's palace, where they had taken up their temporary residence, were frantically acclaimed by hundreds of thousands of people who crowded the immense Palace Square and the stately main thoroughfare of the capital. In the first days of the new reign the enthusiasm was unbounded and shared in by all the classes of the population. It seemed to be the dawn of a new and happier era. But all this enthusiasm and all these rosy expectations were fated to receive very soon a fatal setback from which the young Emperor's erstwhile popularity never recovered.

It happened in this way: According to custom deputations from all parts of the country and from all classes of the population had come to the capital to do homage to the new sovereigns with loyal addresses and presentations of the customary bread and salt, some on gold or silver plates as well as some on plain wooden ones. Among the numerous deputations was one from the zemstvo of the province of Tver, which had always been known as composed of a particularly liberal membership and was consequently regarded with some suspicion and disfavor by the ruling bureaucracy. On this occasion they had come armed with a loyal address, in which they had ventured in the most respectful terms to allude to the desirability of the widening of the limits of self-government as granted to the local institutions; in short, of something in the shape of a most modestly limited but still constitutional reform.

The text of this address seems to have been considered by the authorities as something little short of revolutionary. At any rate the young sovereign was made, in his address to the innumerable deputations which crowded the concert hall of the Winter Palace, to warn his people against entertaining senseless dreams, and to declare that he would faithfully and firmly uphold the autocratic régime inherited from his forefathers. The authorship of the Emperor's speech was attributed by some to the Minister of the Interior and by others to the Procurator of the Holy Synod, the notorious fanatic and reactionary Pobiedonostsef.

I had arrived in St. Petersburg a few days before, and on the day and at the hour when

The Alexander Column and the Winter Palace

Continued on Page 72

A HORN HAS TWO ENDS

By HOLMAN DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

ANY casual observer would have readily concluded that Peter Charles Chutter was putting his best licks upon an ode addressed to pumpkins. He had laid aside a corncob pipe in order that he might use his tongue exclusively for moistening a carpenter's pencil. He sat in the door of a horse stall on the grounds of the East Smyrna Agricultural and Gents' Driving Association and gazed pensively up at the sloping acres beyond the fence.

It was a great season for pumpkins that year. Every farmer in the Swift River Valley seemed to have gone crazy over putting in pumpkins.

The casual observer would not have surmised that Peter Charles Chutter was busy counting pumpkins. It couldn't be done; there were too many in sight on the sloping fields.

As to the supposition about the ode—the observer truly would have been surprised if he were informed that Mr. Chutter was not even beholding any pumpkins; the far-away look in his eyes was a stare into vacancy rather than contemplation of prosaic pumpkins, though they were crowded on the hillside as thickly as eggs in shad roe.

"I'm Going to Sue You for Murder and Get a Bill of Divorce. That's the Only Thing You're Used to, You Secondhand Husband Swapper"

Mr. Chutter broke long periods of what seemed to be ecstatic lyric absorption and scrawled slowly and painfully on small sheets of paper blocked into a gift pad which advertised Totwill's Bot Tincture. All about him the ground was snowed over with crumpled sheets.

Whatever line of literary composition Mr. Chutter was pursuing he was manifestly having a mighty hard tussle.

When he had exhausted the pad he wrote on the few envelopes that he found in his pockets. Then he tore a Harvest Banquet and Grand Ball handbill from the side of the building and used the back of the bill. This followed the envelopes upon the drifts of crumpled paper.

There was a dirty shingle on the ground and he picked that up and continued doggedly to write, yawing his mouth in unison with the motions of the pencil.

Old Tasper Buffum had been surveying this struggling author with considerable interest, passing and repassing, leading Cleora P. in her cooling-off promenade after the two-seventeen pace. "Composing up a pome or only writing a novel?" inquired Mr. Buffum amiably.

Mr. Chutter angrily split the shingle over his knee, threw away the pieces and glared at earth and sky as if in quest of more writing material.

"There's the stable door—you haven't used that yet," suggested the owner of Cleora P.

"You'd better keep that old tycoopus of yourn moving or else her j'ints will get so stiff you'll have to put her onto casters," retorted Mr. Chutter, moving his chin so rapidly that his wisp of whiskers twitched like an angry squirrel's tail.

Mr. Buffum was not at all put out and strolled away, whistling cheerily. When he sauntered past again he had a word to say about a man sticking to his own special line.

The next time he came back down the row he observed sapiently that when a man couldn't do a job himself he ought to hire an expert.

"Meaning yourself?" queried Mr. Chutter with prompt truculence. Having no more food for his pencil he had come out of his literary reverie.

"Sorry I can't accommodate you! I'm too busy with something sensible. But do you see that feller setting acrost over there?" He pointed to a stranger who wore long hair and a broad-brimmed hat.

Chutter shot a side glance resentfully.

"That's Dr. Adam P. Shellhorn, pote, vet'inary, general writer and cures stuttering by hypnotickism or in ten lessons, according as patient elects. Comes from my home town of Levant, and I can recommend him—especially as a first-rate, catch-as-catch-can, all-round writer."

Mr. Chutter kicked sullenly into the evidences of his own unavailing efforts. "What does he write?"

"Oh, pomes for sociables and wedding anniversaries and lyceums; and mourners hire him to write pieces about departed friends, and so forth. Once I hired him to write up a couple of puffs about hosses and I found buyers both times. He's reasonable when it comes to prices!"

Mr. Chutter brightened up a bit; the last remark seemed to offer some inducement. "How do you go to work to dicker with a pote?"

"Oh, anybody who has swapped hosses as much as you have won't have no trouble. Shall I call him over?"

The literary failure ducked sour consent.

Doctor Shellhorn came promptly when he was hailed. He had an elongated horse face with wide-apart eyes, and carried a black satchel.

Mr. Buffum broke the ice. "Too much rushed up just now to do some writing for this gent, doc?"

"I think I'll be able to induce the mood. What sort of literature is wanted?"

"Chutter—this is Peter C. Chutter—he'll inform you." Mr. Buffum gnawed tobacco off a black plug, leaned against Cleora P. and set himself to listen with bland and friendly interest.

Chutter looked the writer up and down and then turned on Buffum, who was exhibiting much curiosity. "I don't reckon any referee is needed here. If it comes to that I'll drop you a postal card."

"I'll say 'Much obliged,' seeing you forgot to say so yourself," returned the introducer tartly. He went away, yanking on the mare's halter.

"It's my gen'ral aim to be a gent," confided Mr. Chutter to Doctor Shellhorn, resuming his survey of that person; "but when a condemned old gimlet cal'lates to bore into me I cease to be genteel."

"A man must protect himself," agreed the doctor suavely.

"That's mighty good advice, but you needn't charge it in the bill, because I don't need any advice on that point. I ain't so blamed sure but what you're gimleting, yourself!" Mr. Chutter was distinctly carrying a chip on his shoulder that day. "You're a perfick stranger to me. I don't know nothing about potes. I never saw one before. If Tasp Buffum ain't no better jedge of potes than he is of hosses I d'know as I want him to name entries!"

"Say! You see here, you undersized sash-and-blind brush," rapped back Doctor Shellhorn, his extended digit almost touching the waggling whisker of the detractor, "if you want writing done for you, then get down to business and say what! But if you give me any more cheap clack I'll lassoo your tongue with that chin lariat of yours and sling you into your hoss stall!"

"Well, there! My gracious grief!" cooed Mr. Chutter, suddenly become blandly meek. "That's the way I relish hearing a man talk. This hair-oil slickdush always makes me suspicious. I reckon we shan't have no trouble."

"Maybe not! Then again!" commented the doctor uncompromisingly. "Now what's your writing?"

Mr. Chutter opened his mouth, then he closed it and gulped, with the air of a man who had grabbed upon escaping confession just in the nick of time. "I don't want none done." But his filmy eyes could not return the other's accusing scowl. "If I did, the feeling has sort of passed off. I guess what I wanted to ask you about was in the vet'inary line," was his lame explanation. "I'm understanding from Buffum that it's one of your lines. I've got a hoss here that seems to be a leetle speck duberous, so to speak."

He went into the stall and Doctor Shellhorn followed.

Mr. Chutter stripped the blanket off a gaunt slatted framework that was propped on four atrophied legs. "I was intending to start him to-morrow in the twenty-seven trot, but he seems to be meditating on so many sorrowful

matters outside of hoss trotting that I haven't got the heart to rout him up."

Doctor Shellhorn gave the horse a professional once-over. The only real animation the brute displayed was when the doctor prodded a hock bump with inquisitorial thumb. The horse snorted and kicked. Mr. Chutter dodged and limped to a safe distance. "I'm just getting over a broken leg on account of a hoss," he whined.

"You needn't worry about this one hurting you. He hasn't got strength enough to dent soft soap."

"What would you say is his general hankering?"

"Lawyer! He wants to make his will."

"I realize he has been acting dretful soople lately. But I had hopes!"

Doctor Shellhorn turned to go.

"What's the bill?" inquired the owner.

"Nothing!"

"Well, that's honest, even if what you said before wasn't encouraging."

"I never charge for anything unless I produce results."

Mr. Chutter perked up visibly when he heard that dictum. "Just wait a minute, doctor. I didn't mean to be short with you about that other line of yourn, but I'm in a terrible mess—that's what it is! Results is what I must have. I've got to call on an expert—I see it all plain. I reckon you know about hosses. If you say I haven't got no hopes to hang onto ——" He pointed to the mournful beast.

The veterinary shook his head vigorously.

"Then I've got to call you in on the other line. I've been hating to let an outsider into a solemn matter, but seeing that you're a professional in writing you ain't an outsider. I've tried to do it. I've done my darn'dest best." He waved the carpenter's pencil and stuck out his blackened tongue. "The feller that wrote up the dictionary never tussled harder with language than I've been wrastling all day. After this I take off my hat to writers." He fumbled in a sagging pocket of his vest and pulled out a bit of paper—one of the sheets from the bot-tincture pad. He handed it over to the expert. "That's the furthest I got."

Doctor Shellhorn slanted the crumpled paper to the light. He found this:

"Deer oggie i tak mi pen in hand ——"

"That's what I done, I took it," declared Mr. Chutter earnestly, waving the pencil, "and it's still in my hand. And what I want to say is in here." He whacked the pencil on the side of his head. "I say, I take off my hat ——"

"What's this word?" demanded the professional, his thumb-nail underlining "oggie."

"It's her pet name—for Ogreta."

"How do you spell it?"

"I don't know," confessed Mr. Chutter. "It ain't no kind of a sensible name to be spelled out anyway."

"Who is she?"

"She's my wife!" The husband's eyes and tone expressed a sort of awe. "She's an awful smart woman!"

"And you can't write a letter to your own wife? Is that the kind of writing you're thinking of hiring done?"

"I know how it must seem to a pote who is used to slinging ink." There was almost a wail in Mr. Chutter's tone. "That's why I tried to do it myself. It makes my heart sad to have to call in an expert and open up my private business like I've got to do. Oh, why did I ever let restleness run afoul of me?"

Doctor Shellhorn queried in his turn with uplifted eyebrows. Mr. Chutter did not wait for spoken question.

"I see I've got to explain it. Oh, restleness is the curse of married life! Oggie has had it herself, but she won't excuse it in nobody else. Before she took me she'd had five husbands and got a bill of disvose from every one of 'em. It hasn't been no trouble for her to get husbands, because she owns a hundred-acre farm right on Swift River in Center Intervale. Of course I've got to own up to it that the stand of buildings ain't much, but the sile is softer'n cheese and meller'n butter and ——"

Doctor Shellhorn broke in impatiently on what was evidently starting to be an agricultural panegyric. "About all I'm interested in, my friend, is in writing, men, women, stutterers and hosses. I try to keep my business snugged down. Now suppose you give it to me straight and to the point about this woman and this—what did you say it was?"

"Restleness! It come over me. I ain't a natural farmer. I've got roving instinks in me. Take a man that has spent the most of his life, like I have, peddling tinware and Yankee notions, and I can't hear a bobolink in the summertime without hankering to be off, up hill and down dale. That farm looked good to me in the wintertime, when the ro'ds were drifted deep. And Oggie's a good cook! But come summer —— Do you see that hoss?"

The doctor was considerably disconcerted by that sudden shift in the topic. "I see him! I can almost see through him. What about it?"

"You don't see what I see when I look at him." Mr. Chutter stuck up his hand, the four fingers extended as far as he could stretch them, and proceeded to check items. "I see two Western chunks—hosses that would weigh nigh fifteen hunderd apiece—two of 'em." Down came two fingers. "I see a hay press. I see all the rigging. And this thumb, it stands for the profits I ought to have made. Down it comes. There wasn't no profits. That hoss you see standing there represents the whole kiboodle!"

"I see now what the matter is with him—he has taken too much of a contract in the representing line. How do you happen to have so much tied up in one package?"

"Fi-nance!" squealed Mr. Chutter. "The devilish, condemnible system of fi-nance that is the cuss of this country right now! 'Trade,' says they. 'Swap,' says they. I tried to meet 'em on their own ground. And now I'm swapped down to that, since August. To that jeehooferized bunch of jackstraws propping out a hoss-pelt!"

He fiddled the carpenter's pencil across his scrawny neck, trying to push down an agitated Adam's apple that threatened to hop up into his mouth.

"She lent me the money," he went on. "She condoned my restleness and catered to my business instinks. The money was in the bank to build a new stand of buildings with. Says I to her, 'Why put up a story-and-a-half house when I can start out with a hay press and bring home money enough to have two stories, a front piazzy and gabriel winders?' I said it, and I meant it!

"And I done my best! I've owned every swap hoss ——"

"I understood you to say that you started out to press hay."

"But I got toled into fi-nance, I tell you! I've been on the go since August to punkin time. 'Swap,' says they. 'Pressing hay only gets you day's wages, best you can figger. Fi-nance is all the go in these days, when the war has made money looser'n beans.'

"I've owned every swap pelter in this county—every one that's mentioned in the back of the Old Farmer's Almanac amongst the historical events. I've even had old Iron-Tail Ike plastered onto me. He broke my leg."

"I've heard of him. Got run away with, did you?" inquired the doctor solicitously.

"He clamped that blasted old bald tail over the reins—and what are you going to do then without a crowbar?" asked Mr. Chutter, stroking away the perspiration seeping out of a horrible recollection. "Hospital and doctors' bills took all my boot money. I might have been able to work my way up back again if I'd had a little boot money," he said, showing a flicker of optimism. "I sartinly have come to know every beloopered old skate between Tuck's Hill and Tophet's back door. They never can fool me no more. But what's the use of a good general education in hoss lines if you haven't got boot money to work back up the sluice with?"

"What sort of a disposition has your wife got?"

"She's an angel!"

"Why don't you go home?"

"Gor-ram it!" shouted Mr. Chutter, sweating more copiously, "I've got to soften up the news first! I say she's an angel. That's my memory of her. But seeing how much my mind has been took up in fi-nance she has sort of slipped out of my thoughts and I can't state for a fact how her temper has been when she has been r'iled. But I want to get back so bad that I'm insisting that she's an angel. That idee braces my courage—and I need courage."

Doctor Shellhorn scratched the side of his head. "I guess a letter aimed at the angel side of her is what is needed in this case. We'll go outside in the sun so that we can have our feelings mellowed whilst we pen an epistle to her—it's my nature to write better in the sunlight."

"That's all agreeable to me—and I won't have to look at that hoss," said Mr. Chutter. He gave the writer the overturned feed bucket for a seat and sat down with his back against the building, blinking into the glare of the afternoon.

"Any suggestions?" asked Doctor Shellhorn, getting paper and fountain pen out of the black satchel.

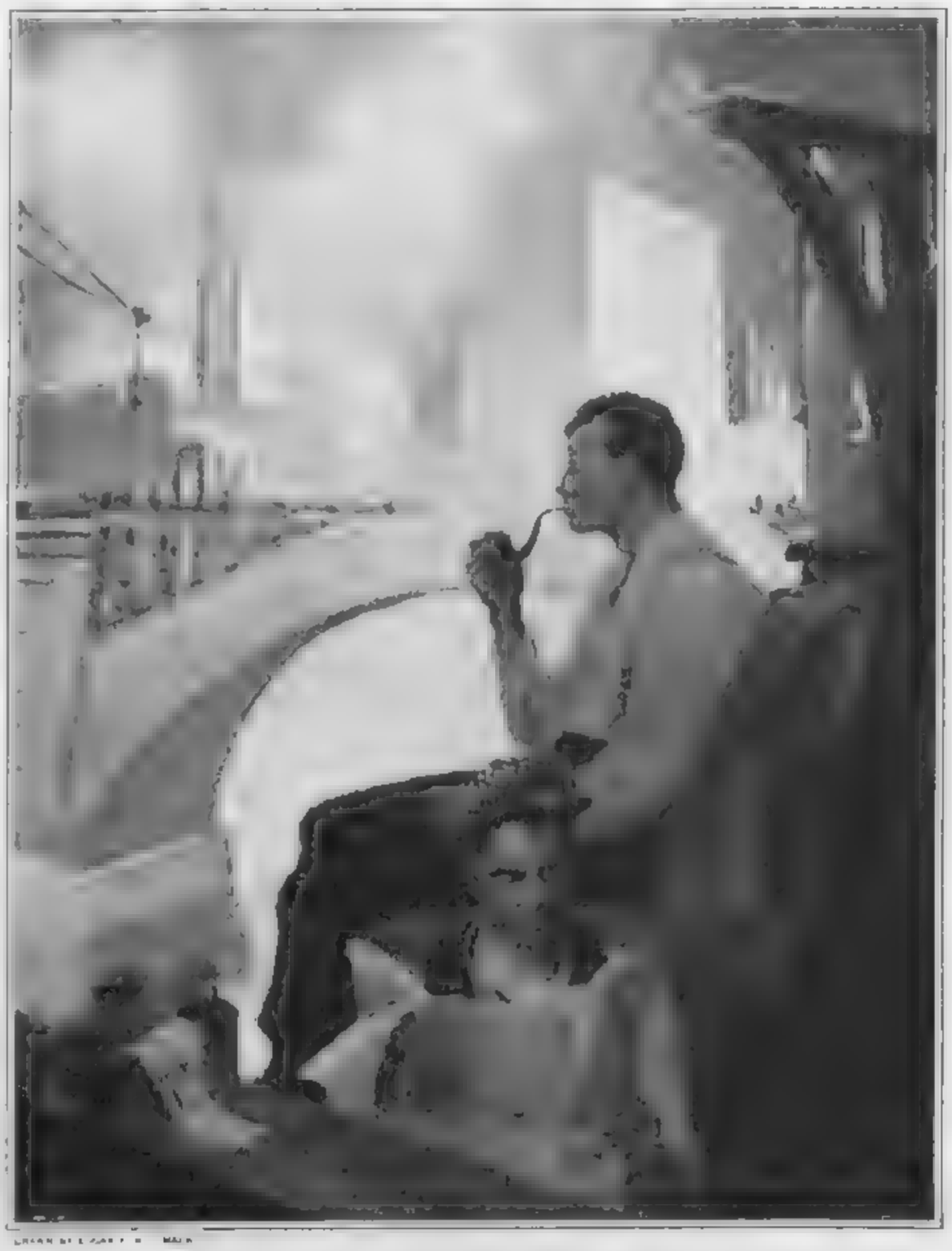
"Spice it up all you can how sad of heart I am, and sick. And sign it 'Your ever loving Peter.'"

Doctor Shellhorn glanced up at the hillside, dotted with golden globes. *(Continued on Page 110)*

"Foller Your Leaders! Plenty of Room," Called Mr. Chutter, Forgetting in the Enthusiasm of the Moment That a Calf Has No Wings

THE LEAKY DOLLAR

By WILL PAYNE



THIS high cost of living means, of course, that a dollar will buy less goods than formerly; it contains less goods. To say that goods are high, or dear, is only another way of saying that money is low or cheap. But to talk of cheap money just now is more to the point than to talk of dear goods, because it gets us closer to the big fact in the high cost of living.

For twenty-three years the United States has been doing business with a measure that leaks. The name of that measure is a dollar. Everybody uses it for every sort of transaction. The landlord's rent, the investor's interest, the savings-bank depositor's dividend, the widow's life-insurance money, the schoolteacher's salary, the workman's wages are all measured out to them in this dollar measure. But the measure has been leaking for twenty-three years; the real value, or purchasing power, has been running out of it.

From 1896 to 1914 it was only a steady dribble, yet in that eighteen years one-third of the value had leaked out and the dollar measure at the end of that period contained only two-thirds as much purchasing power as at the beginning. From 1914 onward it has run a stream, so the dollar measure now contains only half the real value, or purchasing power, that it contained five years ago.

Naturally everybody is exasperated. It looks like the same dollar that it was twenty years ago or five years ago. It goes by the same name. But when you take the lid off, so to speak—when you try to use it by buying something with it—you find that half or more of the supposed value has disappeared; hence, at this writing, a great commotion throughout the country and a great clamor that somebody, or everybody, has been cheating by giving short measure. Workmen have received big increases of wages—that is, they have received a greater number of dollars than before. But the moment they go to use their dollars to buy goods with they find that the real value has leaked out of them, so they will buy no more goods than before. They say they have been buncoed, demand still greater wage increases, threaten to strike and do strike.

Their complaints run against high cost of living, or dear goods, and against the people who sell goods to them. Undoubtedly there have been a great many individual cases of profiteering and extortion. But the big culprit has been just the leaky dollar, which pretended to be a fixed standard, or measure, of value, while, in fact, its real value shrinks—just as though eighteen inches were cut off from every yardstick and the remainder was still called a yard. A given piece of cloth, measured by the amputated yardstick, would contain five yards, but when a woman tried to cut a dress out of it she would find only two and a half old yards.

A Shrinking Standard

IT TOOK the world a long time and a great deal of trouble to set up standards or measures. A yard was once called a gird, and meant as much cloth as would go round a man's waist. As long as every household made cloth only for its own use that mattered little. When it came to swapping cloth, some men being fat and others lean, a more exact standard was found desirable; yet the world was a good many centuries in coming round to a precise, universal and unvarying standard. Our other measures—pound, gallon, and so on—evolved in the same way, more and more in the direction of perfect uniformity and fixity, until now the Bureau of Weights and Measures at Washington has a set of standards which have been corrected by the finest instruments down to the thousandth part of an inch or ounce and which are guarded by the most elaborate precautions against any variation from heat, cold and attrition. What a yard is, or a pound or a gallon, can be determined down to a hair's breadth.

The reason for this evolution was, of course, to insure fair play and give perfectly definite meanings to contracts. But incomparably the most important measure of all—money—has no such fixity. Its real value, or actual goods contents, has within a few years varied as much as a fat man's waistline varies from a lean man's.

About everything is made for money and sold for money. With negligible exceptions everybody works for money. Most of the innumerable contracts, written and oral, expressed and tacit, between man and man run in terms of money. If there is any material thing in the world, it seems, that ought to have a definite meaning, it is money. Certainly if it is very important to know exactly how much cloth there is in a yard, or wool in a pound, or milk in a gallon, it is quite as important to know how much value there is in the money for which the cloth, wool and milk are produced and sold.

We pretend to be very particular, indeed, about the value of a dollar, decreeing that it shall consist of just 25.8 grains of gold, nine-tenths fine. Once upon a time people were not much more particular about attaching a definite meaning to a given unit of money than to a given unit of linear measurement or of weight. They had a set of coins, stamped with the king's image, by means of which business was conducted and in terms of which contracts were made. But when a king got hard up, which was a painfully common occurrence in those kingly days, he was apt to raise the wind by the ready means of debasing the coinage. By mixing more cheap metal with the silver he was able to get fifteen hundred florins out of a given weight of the precious metal instead of only a thousand. But the debased coin soon fell in exchange value, or purchasing power, in proportion as it had been adulterated, thereby swindling whoever had received it at face value. As the demoralizing results of this regal bunco game became clearer it fell into disrepute. But practically that is what the world has been doing to its money the last five years.

Take the very simple case of James P. Robinson, teacher of mathematics in the Plumville High School—industrious, sober, worthy citizen. Some years ago he was much impressed by a little book issued by the People's Savings Bank. It set forth the virtue and necessity of saving. Civilization, it said, was finally pretty much a matter of saving, for man emerged from the savage state only as he began to produce a little something over and above immediate consumption and got a little margin saved up against future needs so he had time to think about something beyond the immediate filling of his empty stomach. Industrial progress, the book argued, depended on saving. The advantages of saving for the individual were pointed out, with apt quotations from Benjamin Franklin and others. And the book contained some tables showing how various sums, if saved and deposited in the bank at compound interest, would increase in a given number of years; and what the regular saving of only five dollars a week, improved at compound interest, would come to in twenty years.

How it Works Out

MR. ROBINSON wished to build himself a house. Persuaded by the little book he deposited a sum in the savings bank and thereafter deposited further sums saved out of his salary as a teacher. The other day he figured it up with care and found that in one way it had come out exactly as the little book promised. The amount to his credit in the bank was exactly what the various sums which he had deposited, plus the compound interest, ought to have come to, and all payable in dollars containing 25.8 grains of gold, nine-tenths fine. But when he consulted a contractor he found that the amount to his credit in the bank would build less of a house than the sum he had originally deposited would have built at that time. All of his subsequent savings and all his compound interest had mysteriously leaked out when he came to translate them into house, which had been the original object of his saving. Moreover, his salary as teacher had gone up only twenty-five per cent while his cost of living had gone up three times that, so of late he had not only been unable to save anything but was living in more scamped fashion. He had played the game strictly according to the rules, but he was worse off than before. He had only one consolation. Some years back he had thought of withdrawing his money from the savings bank, which paid only four per cent, and investing it in a first-mortgage bond of the local street railway, which paid five per cent. He had not done so, however, and that was one consolation, for high cost of living had thrown the street railroad into bankruptcy, and its bonds were paying nothing at all, even in depreciated money.

Shortly before the war a statistician calculated that the amount of securities then outstanding in the world was something like two hundred billion dollars. A great part of it consisted of bonds, preferred stock and the like, yielding a fixed return—so many dollars, or pounds sterling, or francs or marks each year. On their face they said nothing more than that the holder should receive so many dollars, pounds, and so on, yearly. But the tacit bargain was broader than that. It implied that the holder should receive a certain approximate actual value, or use value, every year.

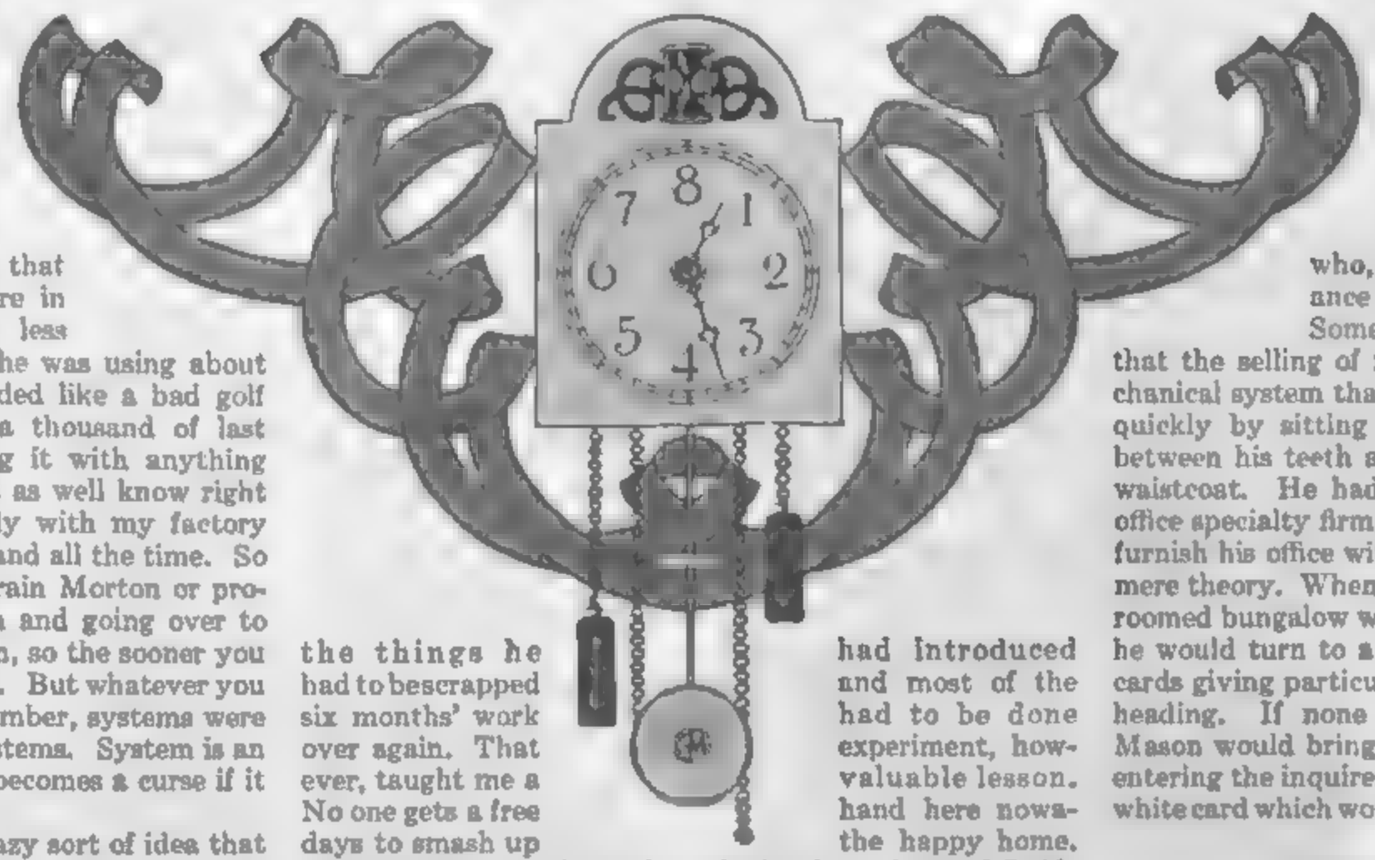
Tacitly what the borrower said to the lender was something like this: "You have saved a thousand dollars. You can get the use of it immediately if you choose—that is, you can put it into an automobile or build an addition to your house or buy new household furniture or take a trip to Europe, thus getting the immediate use and enjoyment of it. Or you can buy a plot of ground that may rise in value; or set up in some little business for yourself. But don't do either. Lend me the money, to be used in my business, and because you forgo the enjoyment or advantage that you might get by using the money yourself, I will give you every year a certain approximate power to buy things you want."

The bondholder or preferred-stock holder still gets the stipulated number of dollars or pounds or francs, but when measured by the real use value of the income derived from it, all that part of the two hundred billion dollars of securities which bore a fixed return has been much more than half destroyed. The effect is the same as though an extra

(Continued on Page 86)

ACCORDING TO UNCLE

By JOHN PATRICK



DEAR HARVEY: I suspected that the system bug had been getting busy on you with his hypodermic, but I wasn't prepared for the news that you contemplate the immediate adoption of a mass of new untried methods. I hope you're not going to rush out and charter an Atlantic liner to take you across a small stream when an ordinary rowboat will do the trick.

Personally I am quite convinced that something is badly needed somewhere in your concern. Morton was here less than an hour ago and the language he was using about your factory was immense. It sounded like a bad golf score. Morton is still waiting for a thousand of last month's batteries and he isn't doing it with anything resembling patience. And you might as well know right here that my sympathies are entirely with my factory manager. I'm a Lyon man first, last and all the time. So I'm not going to do anything to restrain Morton or protect you. He talks of packing a gun and going over to argue with you the first of next month, so the sooner you collect some genuine system the better. But whatever you do, keep it in its proper place. Remember, systems were made for business, not business for systems. System is an excellent thing as a side show, but it becomes a curse if it is allowed to swallow the circus.

You seem to possess a vague and hazy sort of idea that you can go out and purchase a quantity of system when you require it just as you buy a hundred tons of zinc plates. You can get card cabinets, adding machines and many other excellent mechanical devices at a moment's notice, when you decide that you need them; but you can't get a supply of system in a hurry by simply yelling for it. System is that indescribable something that should be back of the card cabinets and it is a thing of slow growth. Besides, the seed of all real system is common sense—and that's mighty scarce.

Contrasts in Office Management

YOU'VE certainly got to face the problem of reorganization, but make certain you know where you're going before you start. Here are two samples of reorganization that will show you plainly what I mean.

Years ago, when this business was beginning to bound ahead at such a rate that everyone had to run to keep up with it, I suddenly realized that the office part of the concern was away back over the horizon, so I got in a new office manager. His name was Harman and he had a great reputation as a systematist. Like a trusting fool I gave him a free hand, and without waiting to find out whether our methods were any good or not he started right in to pull things to pieces. He hurled out practically everything and toiled early and late designing a lot of fearful and wonderful books containing multitudes of columns. He had most of the work done two or three different ways to insure a complete check, he increased the office force in the effort to wrestle with his so-called systems and at the end of six months he had everything in such a knot that I had to fire him. He had been hanged by his own systems. Nearly all the things he had introduced had to be scrapped and most of the six months' work had to be done over again. That experiment, however, taught me a valuable lesson. No one gets a free hand here nowadays to smash up the happy home.

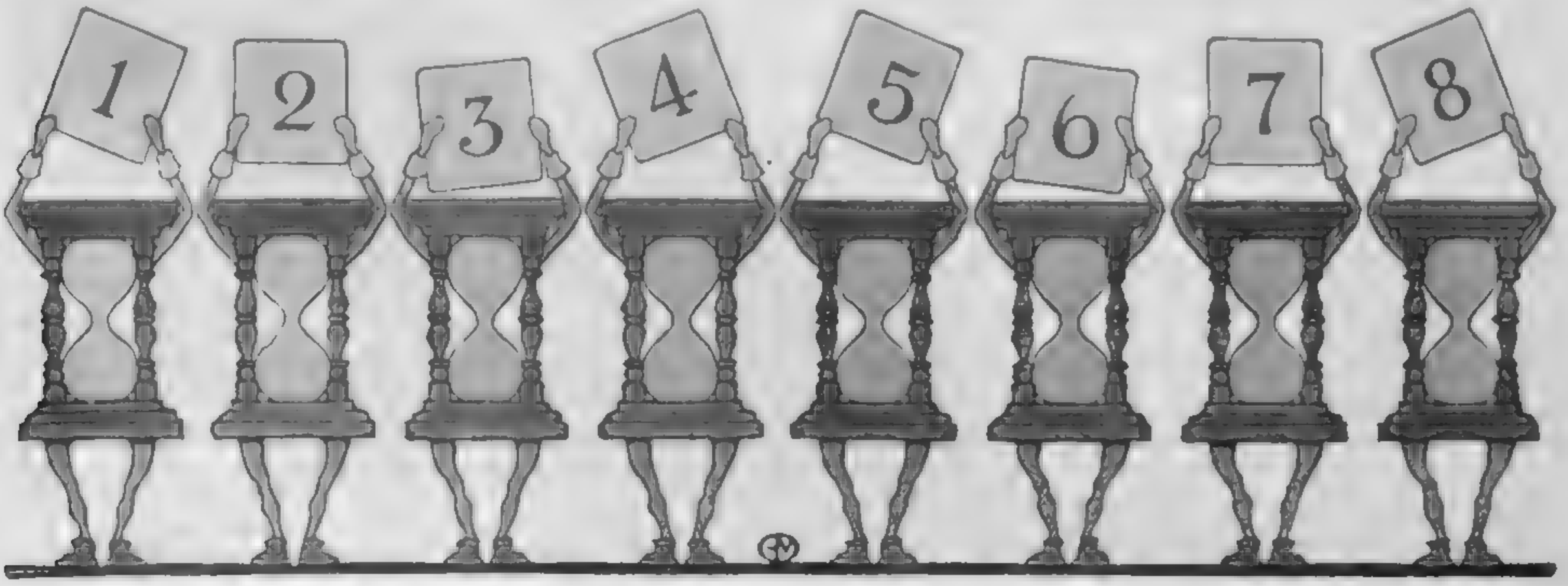
Against Harman's mad methods place those of Laidlaw, the head of my purchasing department, at whom you threw a bouquet the other day. Six years ago that department was a byword. The money it was costing me through mistakes, errors of judgment and lack of knowledge of markets was heartbreaking. So I began to look round for a new man to take hold of it and a friend strongly recommended Laidlaw. At first sight I wasn't impressed by him and I nearly turned him down; but eventually, because things were in such a hopeless state, I handed him the job. At the end of three months I felt convinced that I had made a bad blunder. I had expected sweeping reforms, because I knew that they were necessary; but Laidlaw was merely running along in the old ruts. He wasn't using an ax or turning things inside out and he didn't appear to have scrapped any of the previous man's methods. The only noticeable improvement was that he seemed to have a firm grip of the department. I was getting impatient, but I waited another three months. Then Laidlaw calmly and deliberately made a drastic alteration that took my breath away and saved me more than $100,000 a year. He's been doing that kind of thing at intervals ever since. I reckon that half of the money I've got has been made by Laidlaw. He spent that first six months in climbing right inside the business and in ascertaining exactly what was wanted. Then he began to introduce real reforms that quickly earned him a partnership.

There are all kinds of popular delusions concerning system. One is that it is a magical business medicine—a veritable panacea for all the ills that business is heir to. Evidently you have suddenly embraced that belief. Another is that being systematic is the beginning and the end of business. But system is not the most important thing in a business organization—not by a mile. The really indispensable factor in every business is the human element and you can't eliminate it. Many men have tried to make business purely automatic by means of a card index or some kind of a machine, but they've always failed. An excellent illustration of this is the case of Martin Mason. He was a very self-satisfied and positive young man, who, in addition, possessed a fine appearance and a wonderful flow of language. Some eight years ago he got the idea that the selling of real estate could be reduced to a mechanical system that would enable him to make a fortune quickly by sitting in a sumptuous office with a cigar between his teeth and his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat. He had been working as a salesman for an office specialty firm, so it was only natural that he should furnish his office with card cabinets and put his trust in a mere theory. When he received an inquiry for, say, a five-roomed bungalow with a forty-foot lot in a certain locality he would turn to a card cabinet and take out some blue cards giving particulars of the properties listed under that heading. If none of these properties proved suitable Mason would bring a follow-up system into operation by entering the inquirer's name and requirements on a special white card which would be dropped in behind the blue cards.

Winter Makes a Discovery

IT WAS on this part of his system that Mason particularly relied. He figured that within a short time a property owner would call to list for sale a five-roomed bungalow in the desired locality and that when the description card was being filed away the white inquiry card would be noticed. The inquirer would then be chased with particulars of the new property. The theory was that ultimately this system must result in a sale being made and consequently Mason entertained pleasant visions of being able to turn every inquirer into a purchaser. But the theory refused to produce results and Mason's sales were few and far between. Within twelve months he was at the end of his resources and was forced to quit.

Mason had an inquiry clerk named Winter. He was a quiet, unassuming young fellow who utterly lacked appearance and cut no ice as a talker. In fact, he seemed quite out of place in the office of a real-estate agent. But in spite of his unattractive exterior he could think and could put two and two together, so it wasn't long before he began to suspect that there was something wrong with Mason's methods. A little inquiry quickly convinced him that the reason the precious card cabinet was not producing results was because probable buyers refused to sit down and patiently wait until the right property was unearthed by Mason's system. He attempted to point this out to his employer, but Mason refused to listen and swamped him with words. So Winter kept his knowledge to himself and continued his investigations for his own benefit. He carefully followed up every inquirer and ascertained where he bought and what he bought. If possible he also found out why he bought. *(Concluded on Page 127)*



ON THE SLY

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANE

DANNY MARTIN'S mother called to Danny. "It's pay day, son," she warned him, "and it's one o'clock. It's time to go to Plunkett's."

Saturday was always pay day at the works—gosh ding the luck! Danny Martin, out under the grape arbor, was busy with his three-year-old bicycle, overhauling it against a free-for-all event for amateurs that was on at three o'clock that afternoon. He cast a plaintive glance toward the kitchen door.

"Ma!" he cried.

His mother, her worn, lined face all red from the hot stove, came to the door with a cloth in her hand.

"Yes, Danny boy," she said—a bit more gently than before.

"Saturday, ma," complained the boy. "It's the only day I ever have. And I always have to go to Plunkett's—always, ma. Why can't you let pa stay there once'n a while?"

He stared hopelessly at his mother—stared through her. He saw before him an endless line of Saturdays, stretching on for years—Saturdays that came round for just one purpose—pay days and Plunkett's. He didn't know a single other boy who had to go to Plunkett's—just he himself. Each Monday morning Danny Martin started forth to school, his thoughts fixed hopefully, normally, upon the week-end recess. By Friday afternoon the shadow crossed his path. His Saturday mornings were tainted by the thought of Plunkett's. His Saturday afternoons were poisoned by it.

"Ma," he pleaded, "why don't you let him stay just once?"

His mother's voice had grown harsh with the years and with her own self-appointed tasks. But her voice was tender as she answered.

"Danny boy," she said in confidential tones, "Danny boy, I daren't. It's pay day, Danny, and you and I have got to live. We've got to get that money, Danny. We've got to see that Plunkett doesn't get it. Come, sonny, be a man and run along and get your pa!"

Danny went. He didn't run; he didn't take his wheel. He walked as though his feet were clogged with heavy leaden weights. He went sullenly, sulkily, every atom in his make-up protesting at this program. He was ashamed to go to Plunkett's on this errand. As he stalked slowly down the street he felt eyes boring holes in the back of his shirt. Neighbors called to neighbors that Danny Martin had just gone to fetch his old man home. For all Danny knew, they set their clocks by him.

He reached Plunkett's. As was his custom, he hung round outside, casting sly glances up and down the street. He fussed about the sidewalk, kicked small stones into the gutter, made pretense of being very much at play. This gave him the chance to scan the neighborhood. If he saw a schoolmate coming he dodged somewhere out of sight; if he hadn't time to dodge he had a fancy story ready to account for his presence at that corner at that time. And if the coast was clear he crept along the wall to Plunkett's family entrance and pushed it open and peeked inside. It was at this juncture that his heart invariably stopped beating. He couldn't stay outside, yet inside it was worse. Plunkett's was always full of men on pay-day afternoons. Noisy men they were, making a hubbub that would suffice for twenty barrooms, Danny thought. Many of them knew him, knew the errand that had fetched him there. He winced as he crept through the side door and entered the saloon.

He tried to get his father's eye—but he never could. It was useless. His father never looked that way. Danny signaled hopelessly. No go. Then silently the boy, cowering in a corner, fastened his glance on Plunkett's face. His time was wasted. Plunkett had no time for small boys who came to take their fathers home—no time at all. Danny went through the same heart-rending motions every Saturday—all to no avail. And then, just as he always did, he stole up to his father, pulled his father's trousers pocket and uttered his invariable request.

"A nickel, pop," he whispered.

He didn't want the nickel. It was his excuse to save his face—to save his father's face. For his father was a man and not a ninny.

His father must feel this humiliating thing as much as he did.

"Yes, yes, Danny," said his father hastily. "There's your nickel, son. You run along."

His father turned back and had another drink.

But Danny didn't run along. He wasn't there to run along. He waited. Just waited, that's all—in a corner, silent, miserable, flushing with shame. When Plunkett came his way he spoke timidly, repeatedly to Plunkett. Plunkett didn't like it. He ignored Danny for a while, but he knew better than to ignore the boy for long. Danny's mother had a strong voice and a long tongue—Plunkett couldn't afford too much of her ill will. More than all, he didn't want her charging into his place, as she had done upon occasion, like a mad bull in a china shop, scattering his customers right and left; doing more than that, too—setting them to thinking. It was bad business, getting the ill will of the women. And so finally Plunkett, with a great show of surprise at finding Danny there, leaned down and listened to what Danny had to say. He listened with the air of a man who was hearing something new. Finally he nodded and then approached the elder Martin.

"It's to remind you that you're to attend them bike races this afternoon, Dan," he said aloud. "I thought maybe you'd forget."

"I clean did forget," returned Dan Martin. Of course he had heard of no bike races—to him they were a myth. But Danny always had some new message to whisper into Plunkett's ear. It took a whole morning sometimes to invent a novel fiction. And so at last his father came away. He drank one more drink, then left.

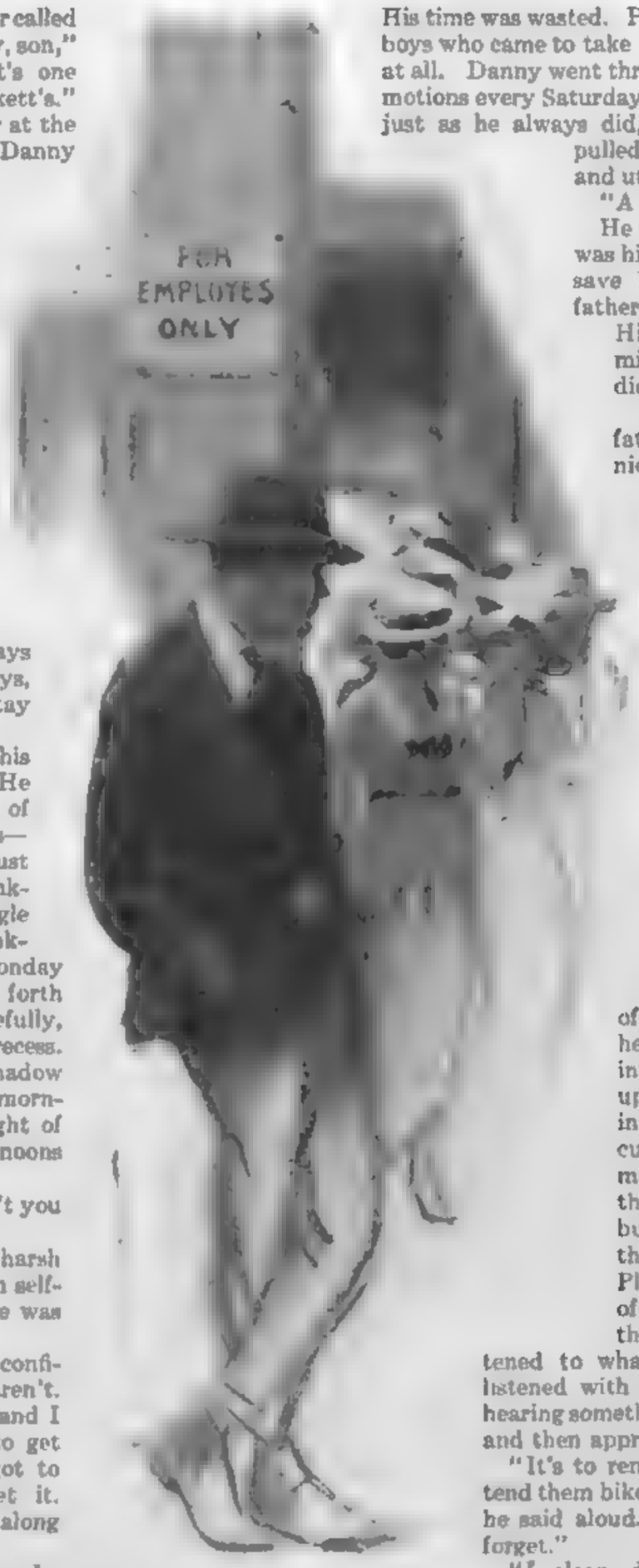
"Boys," he cried as he departed, "I'm going to them races with the kid. I'll be looking in on you later in the afternoon. So long!"

He wouldn't be looking in on them later in the afternoon. The boys knew that; he knew it; Danny knew it. Nevertheless, he left Plunkett's smiling, with a quip upon his lips. But once upon the homeward way his manner changed to sullenness, to fierce anger.

"Now mind, Danny," he informed his son, speaking as a man speaks through clenched teeth, "this is the last time! Saloons is just for men, not kids. I don't want to catch you hanging round Plunkett's any more. You mind! I'll see to it that your mother keeps you home."

Danny nodded—he choked back silent tears. He knew what was happening—what would happen from all this. His father was hating him for this—would always hate him for it. Maybe his mother was right; maybe it had to be done. But it was cruel to them all and mostly cruel to him.

In sullen silence they reached home. The neighbors saw them; told each other, for all that Danny knew, that Dan Martin was sober for a wonder and was fetching home his pay. Men nodded at him over their front gates, leering. They told themselves that Dan Martin's old woman had the upper hand again. Side by side, humiliated, flushed and silent, big Dan and little Dan reached home.



For a Month of Saturdays Now Dan Had Lurked About the Employees' Entrance to the Factory Waiting Till the Girl Came Out

Then broke the weekly storm. Danny's mother waited till the dinner had been eaten. Then she held out her hand for big Dan's pay. And big Dan rebelled. He fumed, he swore in his throat, he sneered, he bellowed. He swore that he'd leave home for good. It was this way week after week, big Dan kept yelling; week after week it was; always a slave he was, never a man. No mind of his own, no money of his own, no time to himself. Just earning money, getting his pay, then getting it took off him. And they called that life! And so he raged and stormed away, while Danny listened under the grape arbor and made pretense to fix his wheel, the joy of the coming bike race gone entirely from him.

But in the end his mother won. In the end big Dan would hand over his pay to Danny's mother. In the end he always did. Sometimes he got drunk and sometimes he kept sober. But in the long run Danny's mother got the most of the pay. It was her lifelong fight; a continual struggle on her part to get the pay and keep it. But she kept it and did well with it. It was their living and they lived fairly well upon it. And dollar by dollar they were paying for the little brown house with the grape arbor and the fenced-in back yard. Danny's mother was doing this. With sharp tongue and stern eye and steady hand she kept their little houseboat well trimmed and held it steady in the current.

And she was tender, very tender with the boy. Hard tasks she set him. He was of the grammar-school age, and that's a sensitive time of life. To him life seemed just one humiliation after the other. She tried to make it up to him; tried to pay him back. She had one rule: The vital things came first—the things that had to be done to keep them going. And after that came Danny. Once in a while she bought him things that the other schoolboys didn't have—a fountain pen and such. He protested sometimes against her spending money on him. But she only kissed him and tapped him on the shoulder and shook her head.

"You've earned it, Danny," she exclaimed. "It would all have gone to Plunkett but for you. Son, I wish I could give you everything your own true heart desires."

She didn't realize, she couldn't know, that little Dan desired one thing and one thing only—and one thing that he couldn't have. Peace in the family—he wanted peace.

"Peace, peace!" cried little Dan in his innermost consciousness. But there was no peace. There could be none. As he grew older, Dan saw that it must be so. The money that his father earned—that was not his father's money. It was for the family. They must have it. By hook or crook they had to get it.

But for his mother, so thought Danny, his father long ago would have been a sot; but for his mother big Dan never would have held a steady job. It was all clear enough. It was his mother who kept his father's nose to the grindstone. The process was unpleasant, harrowing. For so long as he could recollect the Martin home had been a living battle ground. Struggle, fierce and decisive, was its keynote—sharp tongues, anathema, vituperation. Steady diet were all these for little Dan.

But Danny came to see, as he grew tall and broadened out, that this was the way of all the world. It was the way with his father's cronies and their wives. All their lives were spent in fighting tooth and nail. Why? Who was at fault? The answer was at hand, for Danny felt and Danny knew that the women had the right of it. The women held the family together. They didn't earn the money—not in the first instance they didn't. But they earned it after it was earned—earned it thrice in their fierce struggle to put it by, to save it, to make it go as far as it would go. Young Danny Martin took his hat off to the women. In them he saw the salvation of the race. They fought the good fight; they held their households to the straight course; they kept the faith. Always—all his lifetime—he thought that way of his mother.

But why, he asked himself, why had all this to be? Why was all life like this? For he believed that all life was like this. What made all the trouble? What was this poison that tainted happiness? Drink and money and sharp tongues—that was life!

But, no, not always drink! Danny had to acknowledge that. Danny's ears were open. He overheard neighborhood squabbles. There was not always drink. He knew quarrelsome men who never drank a drop. In the long run these men were the sterner with their wives—they could afford to be. It was not always drink in the men, nor was it always sharp tongues in the women. He knew some terrible women whose silence was appalling; women who made their families unhappy by processes different and far more clever.

But there was always a struggle—over money.

Why? It was money that kept the wolf from the door, money that held the families together, that fed them,

clothed them, paid their rent. Without money they couldn't get along. Without money there would be no happiness.

And yet, why in all households high and low—why this eternal bickering over money?

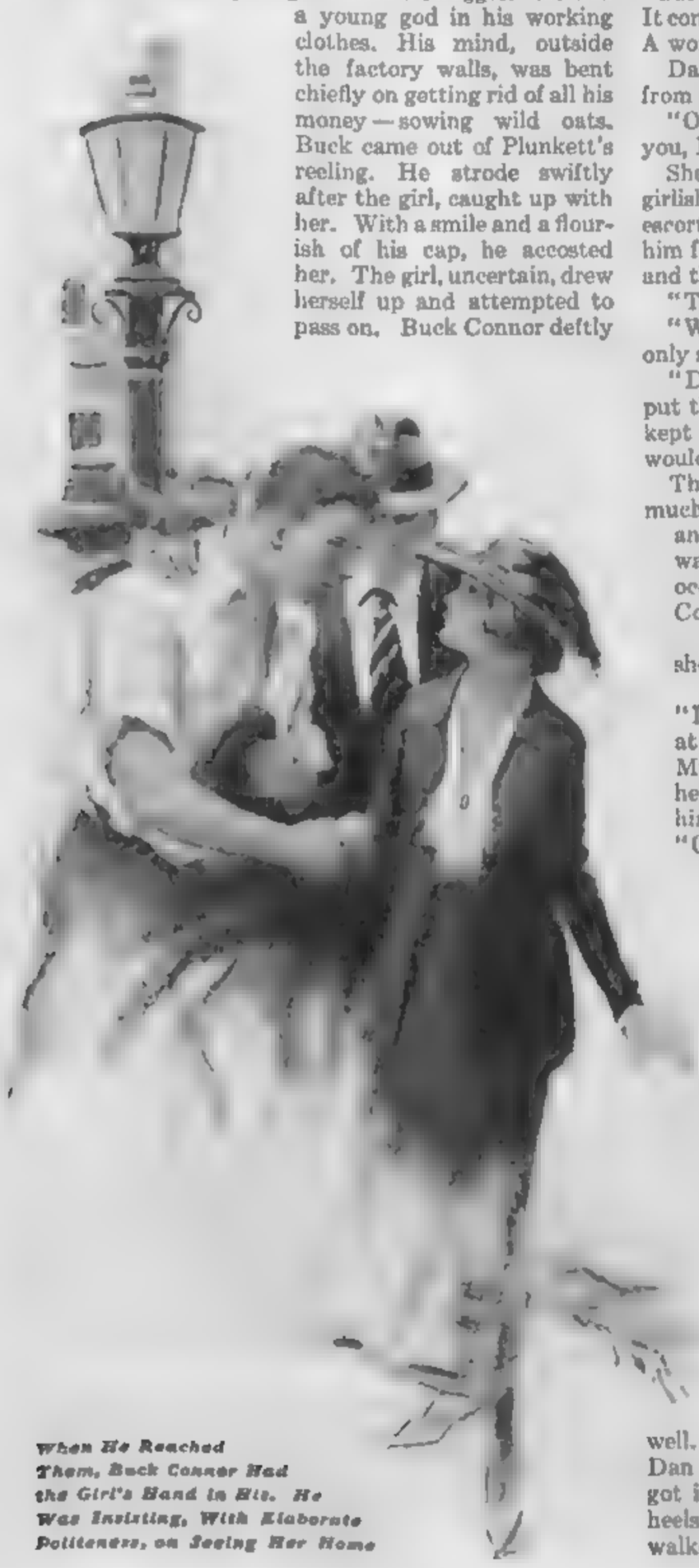
Why?

Danny Martin didn't know. It was a problem that he set himself to solve.

Years later on another Saturday, young Dan Martin, waiting—with ulterior motive—at the factory gate, witnessed a disturbing sight. Young Dan Martin, half concealed by one of the big gate posts, held his glance fixed upon the front door of the little office building of the plant. His patience was rewarded. The door opened finally and a girl emerged and made her way swiftly down the street. Danny Martin knew her—she was Miss Eloise Bailey, the office stenographer. Danny Martin was superintendent of the plant. Danny's father had died some years before—died a shop foreman with his harness on. Danny had stepped into his place, had forged ahead.

Many a time he had dictated factory figures to the Bailey girl; had wondered at her quick cleverness. And for a month of Saturdays now Dan had lurked about the employees' entrance to the factory, waiting till the crowd had gone, waiting till the girl came out. For a month of Saturdays he had trailed her, intending to catch up with her, to see her home, to invite her to a show. Always he had fallen short. He hadn't had the nerve. On this particular occasion Fate smiled upon him.

As Dan stood there at the gate, uncertain what to do, something happened. The girl's way lay past Plunkett's. Plunkett was still doing business at the old stand. Before she had reached the place the girl crossed to the other side of the street. As Dan watched her Plunkett's door opened. A husky youth emerged. Dan Martin knew this youth. He was a shop foreman. Buck Connor was his name. Buck was a handsome youngster with a swagger. He was a young god in his working clothes. His mind, outside the factory walls, was bent chiefly on getting rid of all his money—sowing wild oats. Buck came out of Plunkett's reeling. He strode swiftly after the girl, caught up with her. With a smile and a flourish of his cap, he accosted her. The girl, uncertain, drew herself up and attempted to pass on. Buck Connor deftly placed his huge bulk in her way. Dan Martin flung all caution to the winds and darted down the street toward the two. When he reached them, Buck Connor had the girl's hand in his. He was insisting, with elaborate politeness, on seeing her home.



When He Reached Them, Buck Connor Had the Girl's Hand in His. He Was Insisting, With Elaborate Politeness, on Seeing Her Home

Dan summoned all his ingenuity to his aid. He saw that the girl was not frightened. She was annoyed, particularly at the fact that Buck Connor was making a scene in full sight of Plunkett's place. She was parrying Buck's advances with vivacious, nervous chatter.

"Howdy, Buck," said Dan. He bowed to Miss Bailey. He placed his hand familiarly upon Buck Connor's shoulder. Buck swung about and faced him with a grimace. It made no difference to him that Dan Martin was his boss.

"Y'see," he said to Dan with a confidential leer, "I'm very busy, Dan. Besides, it's after hours. If you want anything done at the factory you can do it yourself—I'm through. Besides, we don't need you. We're very busy here, Miss Bailey an' me—this is our busy day. You tell him that, Miss Bailey."

The girl glanced appealingly at Dan. Dan's friendly grip tightened on Buck's shoulder. He grinned at Buck and whispered into his ear. Buck listened—his countenance expressed considerable surprise. But he dropped the girl's hand, staring at Dan incredulously. Then he burst forth into uproarious glee.

"You must excuse me," said Buck Connor to the girl, taking off his cap once more, "but—particular occasion. It's Danny Martin's birthday. It comes but once a year—and Danny's going to open wine. A woman's only a woman, but Danny's opening wine."

Dan glanced meaningly at the girl. She took her cue from him.

"Oh, well," she laughed, "if that's the case—here's to you, Mr. Martin! Many happy returns of the day!"

She waved her hand, swung along with her buoyant girlish stride, turned a corner and was out of sight. Dan escorted Buck Connor into Plunkett's back yard, gave him fair warning as to what he was going to do with him and then beat him into sobriety and repentance.

"That'll teach you not to call me names!" cried Dan.

"Wasn't callin' anybody names," wailed Buck. "I was only speaking to a lady."

"Do you want some more?" threatened Dan, ready to put the fear of God into his man. But Buck didn't. He kept blubbering that he wouldn't speak to—that is, he wouldn't call Dan names, not any more.

That settled, Dan went home. He arrayed himself as much like the lilies of the field as was possible in his case and went over early in the evening to see the girl. She was at home. Dan assured her that the thing would not occur again. The girl was a bit uneasy about Buck Connor.

"You're not going to have him fired on my account?" she asked.

"I won't have him fired on any account," said Dan. "I won't fire Buck Connor. He's as wild as a hawk at times, but he's the best shop foreman that I've got. My idea—Buck'll turn out right. One of these fine days he'll marry a little girl with a stiff upper lip. She'll train him in and make a man of him."

"Oh, I hope so!" cried Eloise fervently.

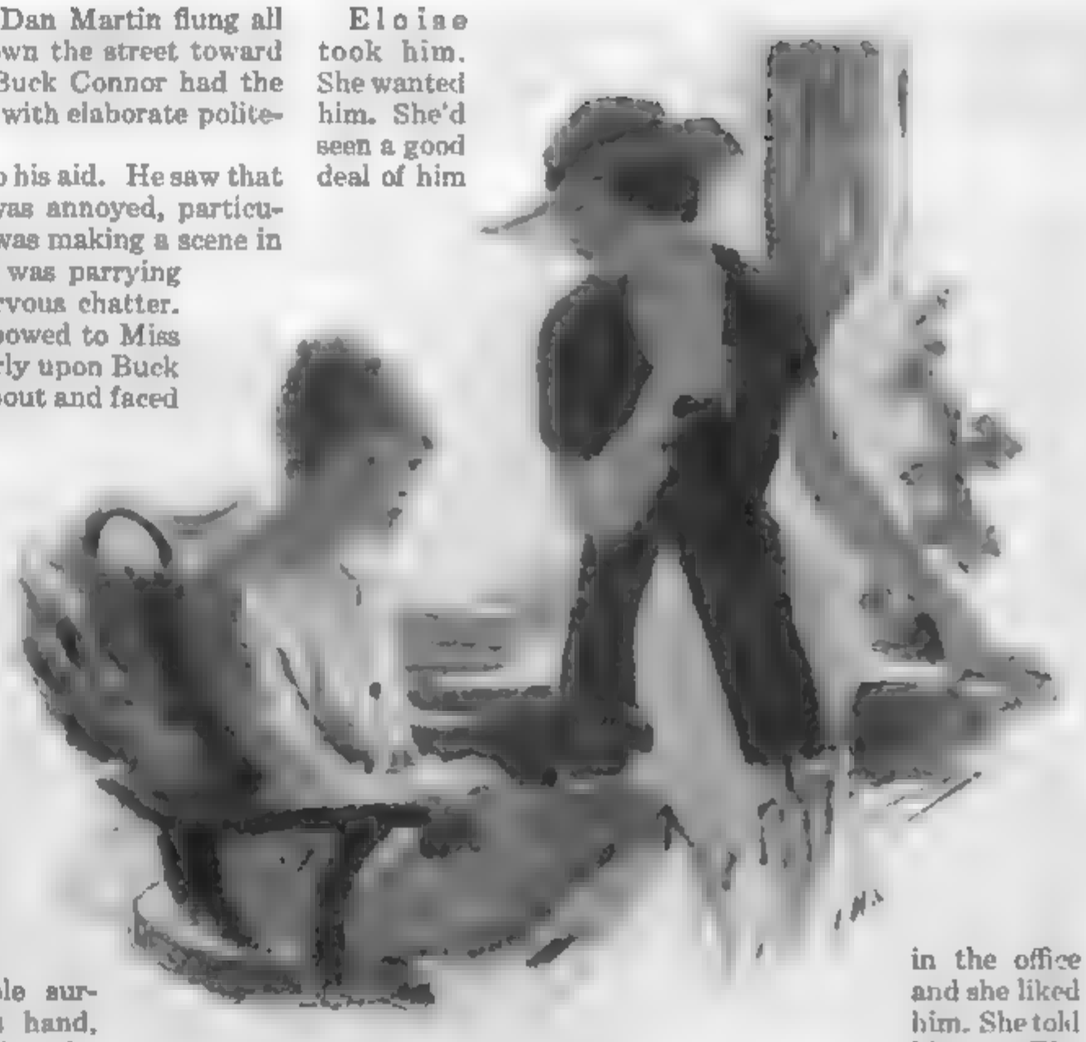
Dan Martin looked at the wall paper, looked at the ceiling, looked at the floor.

"It's what every fellow needs," he mused.

"What does every fellow need?" queried Eloise innocently.

Next morning as he went to work Dan Martin thought of all the things he ought to have said to Eloise Bailey on the night before. He thought of neat gestures, well-turned speeches; thought of a dozen classy ways to kiss a girl. But he hadn't thought of these the night before. He had just broken down shamefacedly—almost crying, maybe—and told her brokenly how he'd watched her ever since she'd come to the works; how he'd been afraid week after week to follow her and take her home; how he wanted to protect her always. He told her what a skilled workman he was—a good man in his line. He told her what she already knew—that they were paying him forty dollars a week; that they would pay him more in time. And he told her that she was the first girl he'd ever thought of in this way. He didn't do it very well. In all his life, when he looked back upon that hour, Dan Martin found himself trying to kick himself. But he got it over to the girl somehow that he was head over heels in love with her; that he worshiped the ground she walked on and that he wanted to marry her.

Eloise took him. She wanted him. She'd seen a good deal of him in the office and she liked him. She told him so. The office crowd considered him a wonder in his line. There was a feeling somehow that the whole works depended upon Dan. She had come to admire him with the rest. She put her warm firm hand in his and told him frankly that she was sure that she liked him well enough to say that she would fall in love with him from that time on.



"But, Mrs. Martin, You're a Married Woman. You Have a Husband to Support You. You Don't Need That Job"

She did fall in love with Dan in dead earnest. Dan could see that the next time they were alone. He made quite sure of that. Then he bought her a fine ring—Eloise picked it out herself. And then he took her in to see his mother. Dan didn't know just what to do about his mother. For other people—not for him—she still had her sharp loud tongue. And she was a jealous mother. But she was satisfied. She knew this had to come. And she was very gentle with Eloise. Only she talked of Danny all the while.

"Somehow, dear," she said to Eloise, "I've always felt that Danny never had a square deal. I don't know why, I've done my best. He's a sensitive boy; but he's a man, my dear. You've got a man in your hands now—take care of him. I leave him all to you."

It was shortly after that that she died, for she was old and worn before her time. Her life, as Danny saw it, had been a sharp and bitter struggle. And a few months later Dan married Eloise. When he married her the firm added her ten-dollar-a-week salary to his—a wedding present from the works. That made him a fifty-dollar-a-week man. Affluence to Dan Martin, it seemed affluence to Eloise. They contemplated this raise with gleaming eyes.

"Honey," Dan told her, "I have an idea that I can always be a fifty-dollar-a-week man. I have a feeling we can always bank on that. We've got nobody but ourselves, and after a while ——"

For the present they had nobody but themselves. And for the present they lived down near the works in that little old brown house that Dan's mother had paid for inch by inch. Eloise didn't like that house. She didn't like it for herself; she didn't like it for Dan. Dan had told her all about it—those heart-rending trips to Plunkett's, the never-ending fights, the shame. The memory wasn't a pleasant one. Eloise could see that for herself. Dan himself had no thought of moving. The house was his house. It was home to him. But Eloise didn't like the neighborhood. And Dan's own mother had told her that he was a sensitive boy—and he was. He needed care, he needed managing.

Eloise spent the days following their honeymoon looking about town. She found just what she was looking for—a dainty little two-floor flat. She and Dan could live in the lower flat. The rental from the upper would pay taxes and interest on mortgage. She knew there was but one thing to do—sell Dan's little house and buy the two-family dwelling in the better part of town. She made careful calculations. She planned everything. Then she explained the thing to Dan. Dan turned pale—he was visibly startled. The thought of selling the old place had never occurred to him—it had been his home. It was a monument to his mother's loyalty; built with her own hands. He didn't like it. He started to argue the question out with Eloise. Then he stopped short.

(Continued on Page 139)

ZAMPY

By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

HIS father had borne that name when he drifted north from some West Indian island, coal-black, gigantic, magnificently strong and lazy, hardly speaking English, but gifted with a knack for courtship that had made him irresistible. And after that adventurer had vanished between two days—maybe homesick for the softer regions of his origin—the young abandoned wife, pure negro also, had named her child, with indestructible tenderness, "Li'l' Zampy." The years passed and Li'l' Zampy became Big Zampy.

A name that none who knew him had ever heard before. A name that was not English, French or Spanish. An alias or an affectation of its former owner? An epithet in some patois of the Caribbean Sea corrupted beyond recognition? Or possibly a name brought once upon a time from very far away between creaking decks in a darkness full of groans and the rattling of chains?

Yet its possessor was better suited with it than he would have been with any less unusual name. For he, too, remained alien, though seeming at last quite commonplace. He, too, remained curious, though displaying only traits that time had long since made familiar. He, too—when one regarded him as it is necessary to regard things to which we have grown accustomed, not with the eyes but with the heart—remained an enigma.

"Dis Hyah Ain't No Black Folks' Stuff! No, Suh! Dis Hyah Stuff Been Manufactoried fo' Quality!"

The door of the lamp-lit Jim Crow car banged open. A brakeman, haggard looking from soot, cried the name of the little town. But Zampy, while uncurling his long legs, which had been wedged against the seat in front, kept peering through the dirty windowpane at the landmarks of his birthplace.

A year—and everything the same!

He saw the grizzled station agent shambling toward the locomotive. The three rigs with lanterns hanging from their dashboards were aligned beside the platform, the white horse with the sprung knees still in front, the bony sorrel still second, the rat-tail roan still third. Then he saw lolling on a baggage truck, as if they had not moved in all this time, two negroes, who—when he had set out to make his fortune in the great world up yonder—had shown beneath their forced derision a sort of awe.

To-night he had not the courage to face those friends of his with an acknowledgment of failure. He slipped off the far side of the Jim Crow car, dodged across the tracks, plunged into the shadows, made for home.

Home! But what if the house was dark or if the kitchen window shone with the light of strangers? In a year his old mother might have died.

Up North the memory of mammy had grown fainter and fainter till the day when some sound, some scent reminding him too poignantly of home had turned him South-again. And now the nearer he came to the old place the clearer grew the memory of his mother. He recalled childhood—cuffs, crooning songs and titbits. Remorse, the need of comforting, and apprehension born of many disappointments quickened his steps.

He strode down the hill, a long hulking shadow, with a swaying gait peculiarly aboriginal. He passed some cottages where the breeze brought him odors of wet flowers and cooking food. He crossed the bridge and took to the highway. Soon at the left through purple-black trees there shone from behind six tall pale pillars the windows of the Big House. There, too, it was supper time.

Long ago, as a ragged little boy creeping up through the bushes in the dusk, Zampy had familiarized himself with the ritual now progressing in the mansion. The snowy table shimmered with silver and was gay with posies. At the head sat Ol' Marster, red-faced, jolly, curling up his gray mustache; at the foot Ol' Missus, a trifle faded and drooping, but quality through and through. Between, on either side, were ranged the numerous family—three lusty generations—and naturally a guest or two. And all of them were dressed as if for a wedding rather than for mere eating. But then, what eating! Fried chicken, baked spiced ham, beaten biscuits, candied yams, tomatoes sizzling in browned sugar and butter!

Zampy swallowed and went on more quickly. His stomach was empty, like his pocket.

Still his broad nostrils expanded with primitively independent action to the October smells—perfume of rotting leaves and of burnt-over fields and the faintest possible suggestion of a skunk. But when the aroma of box hedges reached him he moved over to the far side of the road.

He was nearing the cemetery.

There they lay, out beyond the sassafras, huddled all white and shiny in the starlight, round three weeping-willow trees. The years slipped from him. Childhood's terror-stricken scampers past this spot demanded imitation. A cold sweat covered his forehead and he kept his eyes staring ahead for fear of what he might see if the awful fascination of the tombstones dragged his gaze askance again.

"Ain't never done 'em no harm! Ain't never done none ob 'em no harm!"

Tremulous sophistries of earlier days, which always failed to reassure him. Of earlier days? Of days far earlier than Zampy could have imagined. Of days when naked black men with hunting spears at trail stopped short in the shadowy jungle, frightened by some night noise or some intuition that they found inexplicable unless it answered the query: "Where did it go—the light that died out of my enemy's eyes and left them empty forever?"

What was that? Someone was surely following him—or something! Zampy took to his heels, and the race against fear continued for a quarter of a mile.

He stood still at last, panting, mopping his face with a quivering hand, darting wild glances round. As he tried to quash the shame of flight there sounded between his gasps the pure dialect of those regions, which he had nearly lost up yonder:

"No, indeedy! Not nobuddy don't know nuttin' good 'bout dat ol' hanty place. Not nobuddy!"

He regained his bearings. On the right the ground fell away toward the river bottom. Amid the clump of pines on the knoll, home showed its familiar small dilapidation. A light shone in the kitchen window.

Vaulting the roadside fence, he began to run again. His footbeats in the stubble kept time to the explosions: "Mammy! Mammy! Mammy!"

A cracked falsetto bark—the warning of an aged little dog.

"Praise de Lawd! Dass ol' Democrat, a-yippin' still!"

The kitchen door swung open. A gush of golden light illuminated the disorder of the yard. In that radiance appeared the outline of a bent old woman, gnarled arms half raised, thin neck craned forward, the ends of her headkerchief sticking out on each side like great pricked-up ears. The familiar voice resounded, fierce from nervousness:

"Who dat?"

Stock-still in the path of light, Zampy stared back at her, tears rolling down his cheeks. The little dog, bloated and stiff, his head at last quite gray, advanced with a snarl, in travesty of old-time defiances. But suddenly he fell to fawning, with wild yelps of welcome. And mammy lifted her arms with a cry that released the heartaches of a long year:

"Fo' Gawd A'mighty! Ef 't ain't ma li'l' boy come back toe me!"

His knees knocked against the step. His face was pressed against the bosom of the old gown always odorous of the frying pan. He was a child again. Their resonant emotional voices burst forth together:

"Mammy!"

"Ma li'l' Zampy!"

So—for the moment at least—these two, unaware of the poorness of this setting, of the conquering past or the unconquerable future, were rich.

Drawing him into the kitchen, she feasted her eyes on him.

"Fo' Gawd, look at ma li'l' boy! Bigger'n when he done went away. Bigger'n he deddy, I reckon! An' d'essed up so gran'!"

Zampy looked down at his attire, half expecting to find it restored to its original splendor. But the pearl-gray cloth bestriped with green was still threadbare and marred with stains. The patent-leather shoes were split across the toes. The shirt of soiled lavender flapped open to reveal the massive inset of his neck.

"Yassuh! D'essed up lack white folks!"

Her eyes, never good, were too shortsighted now to see the difference. Besides, she was looking through the mist of adoration.

"Boy, yo' sho been libin' strong! I reckon yo' done meck yo' fochune." Then her wrinkled smile, which had expanded at this thought, gave place to fear. She seized him by his coat lapels. "Ain't married?"

Zampy lowered his troubled gaze to old Democrat, who, panting asthmatically, was still trying to climb the prodigal's long legs.

"No, ma'am. Not married any. On'y hongry."

"Hongry! Ma li'l' chile hongry an' hyah I stan'!"

She whirled round, rushed to and fro, rummaged the tiny kitchen. But she paused to stare upward, toward the trap in the low ceiling, as if inspired.

"I gwine fry yo' chicken!"

From overhead sleepy squawks and her excited voice:

"Come hyah, yo' fattes' pullet! Yo' de one I wants spressaly! Son? Yo' hyah me talkin'? Yo' gwine git dis hyah fattes' chicken! An' piece ob ham, too—cuze I gwine gib yo' shortenin' bread fo' dip in yo' ham fat. Yassuh! Bes' fat ob de lan' ain't none too good fo' ma chile!"

Her raveled list slippers appeared in the square aperture, then her lean bare ankles; and she descended the ladder with groans and chuckles mingled, clutching the doomed fowl by the claws.

Zampy sank into a chair and stared about him.

Every plank in this floor had been worn smooth by his feet. Every object that met his eyes had been thumbed by him in childhood. Resignation, contentment invaded him like the effect of a narcotic. He sighed from the bottom of his chest and let his head sink forward. Already he was wondering if that year up yonder had not been a dream.

At least that year up yonder had been made up of dreams, thrilling with wild hope, but often fraught with the anguish of the dreamer who attempts to gain a wonderful goal on leaden feet.

Against his pendulous hands with the black scarred knuckles and the pale-pink palms the dog was pushing his gray head, snorting, licking, aquiver with anxiety for notice, eyes glaring in their manifestation of love long contained. Zampy patted him. The little beast gave a shrill yelp, his muzzle contorted in an ecstatic grin.

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LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE journalist and the player have some things in common. Each turns night into day. I have known rather intimately most of the eminent English-speaking actors of my time, from Henry Irving and Charles Wyndham to Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson, from Charlotte Cushman to Helena Modjeska.

During nearly fifty years my life and the life of Joseph Jefferson ran close upon parallel lines. He was eleven years my senior; but after the desultory acquaintance of a man and a boy we came together under circumstances which obliterated the disparity of age and established between us a lasting bond of affection. His wife, Margaret, had died, and he was passing through Washington with the little brood of children she had left him.

It made the saddest spectacle I had ever seen. As I recall it after nearly sixty years, the scene of silent grief, of unutterable helplessness, has still a haunting power over me, the oldest lad not eight years of age, the youngest a girl baby in arms, the young father aghast at the sudden tragedy which had come upon him. There must have been something in my sympathy which drew him toward me, for on his return a few months later he sought me out and we fell into the easy intercourse of established relations.

I was recovering from an illness, and every day he would come and read by my bedside. I had not then lost the action of one of my hands, putting an end to a course of musical study I had hoped to develop into a career. He was infinitely fond of music and sufficiently familiar with the old masters to understand and enjoy them. He was an artist through and through, possessing a sweet nor yet an uncultivated voice—a blend between a low tenor and a high baritone—I was almost about to write a "contralto," it was so soft and liquid. Its tones in speech retained to the last their charm. Who that heard them shall ever forget them?

Early in 1861 he came to me and said: "There is going to be a war of sections. I am not a warrior. I am neither a Northerner nor a Southerner. I cannot bring myself to engage in bloodshed, or to take sides. I have near and dear ones North and South. I am going away and I shall stay away until the storm blows over. It may seem to you unpatriotic, and it is, I know, unheroic. I am not a hero; I am, I hope, an artist. My world is the world of art, and I must be true to that; it is my patriotism, my religion. I can do no manner of good here, and I am going away."

II

AT THAT moment statesmen were hopefully estimating the chances of a peaceful adjustment and solution of the sectional controversy. With the prophet instinct of the artist he knew better. Though at no time taking an active interest in politics or giving expression to party bias of any kind, his personal associations led him into a familiar knowledge of the trend of political opinion and the portent of public affairs, and I can truly say that during the fifty years that passed thereafter I never discussed any topic of current interest or moment with him that he did not throw upon it the side lights of a luminous understanding, and at the same time an impartial and intelligent judgment.

His mind was both reflective and radiating. His humor though perennial was subdued; his wit keen and spontaneous, never acrid or wounding. His speech abounded with unconscious epigram. He had his beliefs and stood by them; but he was nowise aggressive. Cleaner speech never fell from the lips of man. I never heard him use a profanity. We once agreed between ourselves to draw a line across the salacious stories so much in vogue during our day; the wit must exceed the dirt; where the dirt exceeded the wit we would none of it.

He was a singularly self-respecting man; genuinely a modest man. The actor is supposed to be so familiar with the public as to be proof against surprises. Before his audience he must be master of himself, holding the situation and his art by the firmest grip. He must simulate, not experience, the effect produced by the seeming, not by the actuality.

Mr. Jefferson held to this doctrine and applied it rigorously. On a certain occasion he was playing Caleb Plummer. In the scene between the old toymaker and his blind daughter, when the father discovers the dreadful result of his dissimulation—an awkward hitch, and the climax quite thwarted, the curtain came down. I was standing at the wings.

"Did you see that?" he said as he brushed by me, going to his dressing room.

"No," said I, following him. "What was it?"

He turned, his eyes still wet and his voice choked. "I broke down," said he; "completely broke down. I turned away from the audience to recover myself. But I could not and had the curtain rung."

The scene had been spoiled because the actor had been overcome by a sudden flood of real feeling, whereas he was to render by his art the feeling of a fictitious character and so to communicate this to his audience. Caleb's cue was tears, but not Jefferson's.

On another occasion I saw his self-possession tried in a different way. We were dining with a gentleman who had overpartaken of his own hospitality. Mr. Murat Halstead was of the company. There was also a German of distinction, whose knowledge of English was limited. The Rip Van Winkle craze was at its height. After sufficiently impressing the German with the rare opportunity he was having in meeting a man so famous as Mr. Jefferson, our host, encouraged by Mr. Halstead, and I am afraid not discouraged by me, began to urge Mr. Jefferson to give us, as he said, "a touch of his mettle," and, failing to draw the great comedian out, he undertook himself to give a few descriptive passages from the drama which was carrying the town by storm. Poor Jefferson! He sat like an awkward boy, helpless and blushing, the German wholly unconscious of the fun or even comprehending just what was passing—Halstead and I maliciously, mercilessly enjoying it.

III

I NEVER heard Joseph Jefferson make a recitation or, except in the singing of a song before his voice began to break, make himself a part of any private entertainment other than that of a spectator and guest.

He shrank from personal displays of every sort. Even in his younger days he rarely "gagged," or interpolated, upon the stage. Yet he did not lack for a ready wit. One time during the final act of Rip Van Winkle, a young countryman in the gallery was so carried away that he quite lost his bearings and seemed to be about to climb over the outer railing. The audience, spellbound by the actor, nevertheless saw the rustic, and its attention was being divided between the two when Jefferson reached that point in the action of the piece where Rip is amazed by the docility of his wife under the ill usage of her second husband. He took in the situation at a glance. Casting his eye directly upon the youth in the gallery, he uttered the lines as if addressing them directly to him: "Well, I would never have believed it if I had not seen it."

The poor fellow, startled, drew back from his perilous position, and the audience broke into a storm of applause.

Joseph Jefferson was a Swedenborgian in his religious faith. At one time too extreme a belief in the supernatural threatened to cloud his sound, wholesome understanding. As he grew older and happier and passed out from the shadow of his early tragedy he fell away from the more sinister influence the supernatural had attained over his imagination. One time in Washington I had him to breakfast to meet the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Matthews and Mr. Carlisle, the newly elected Speaker of the House. It was a rainy Sunday, and I had it in mind to warn him that our company was made up of hard-headed lawyers not apt to be impressed by fairy tales and ghost stories, and to suggest that he cut the

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In Jefferson's Love of Fishing We See the Brooding, Contemplative Spirit Joined to the Alert in Mental Force and Foresight When He Addressed Himself to the Activities of the Theater

THE CARLETON BURGLARY

"Regular Yegg Trick. When He Got to the Brook He Just Started to Wade Until He Come to Where It Crossed Some Road or Other"

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY E. P. WARD

BEFORE this strange series of events the peaceable Puritan town of Carleton-on-the-Cape had never, in its two hundred and fifty years of quiet existence, adopted the city custom of locking its doors at night. Even when the War of 1812—a period still vividly remembered in town tradition—brought out the militia to repel a British raiding party, no one thought of defense against any foe from within. The natives were strictly honest—except occasionally in the matter of a horse trade; and bars and bolts form no protection against this class of robbery. Living close but amply, they held to the old-fashioned principle that any man who wanted work could find work. They welcomed tramps and hoboes only in harvest season, when they offered, not money or even victuals, but a job. Chalked on an inconspicuous stone by the half-ruined porch of the old abandoned Litchfield place on the edge of town was a curious cabalistic design, renewed every three or four years. It was the mark of the Caste of Leisure; and being interpreted it meant:

"Rotten pickings; victuals, not money, and they put you to work."

For the yeggs—those free lances of burglary, those aristocrats of hobodom—the village presented even fewer business openings. The nearest bank was at Holwell, fifteen miles away. When—as happens frequently among the summer people and seldom among the villagers—one needed to have a check cashed, he went to Mr. Sipple, the storekeeper and postmaster. This proceeding required intimate knowledge of Mr. Sipple's business methods. If you asked in the morning, when you strolled over for the first mail, Mr. Sipple was likely to tell you with all the neighborly regret in the world that he was sorry but he couldn't accommodate; he hadn't taken in enough cash even for change. The time to strike was early in the afternoon just before Mr. Sipple's son and head clerk took the day's receipts, cranked up the little jitney car and ran over to the bank at Holwell. Mr. Sipple had a safe; but a yegg would have found in it little but government accounts and postage stamps. That was the only safe in town. The other tradesmen took the day's receipts home, deposited them in the old mattress bank and slept upon them. The yegg who robbed that bank would have had to complicate burglary with murder, an inartistic method avoided whenever possible by the adepts of the craft.

The foundations of the jail at Rogue's Corner had been laid with a long prayer, a psalm and a two-hour sermon on the repentance of sinners in the year 1656. This structure blew down in a big wind just after the War of 1812, that landmark of village history. The existing jail was in the foundations of what the oldest inhabitants still called the new town hall.

At the end of many a fiscal year Abner Towle, for time immemorial the village constable and poundkeeper, in his annual report to the selectmen added after the item "Animals impounded" this entry, showing how near Carleton had reached the millennium: "Prisoners impounded, none."

This had occurred but rarely in recent years, however; for automobilists, reaching such a quiet stretch of country road as that which ran into Carleton, tend to speed; and on speeding chauffeurs Abner was a fury of the law. Sometimes, too, the church people got a little lax, the license crowd won the annual village election and there were drunks to subdue and impound on Main Street. Even in dry years the boys would occasionally vary the monotony of a long winter by getting liquor from the city or from a pernicious blind tiger just outside the limits of Abner's jurisdiction.

Abner had been the town champion in his youth, able from the time he donned kilts to thrash any boy of his size. That was the original reason why at the call of his fellow townsmen he had adopted the career of guardian of society. Though he had gray in his hair, he was still capable of a mighty good account in a row and he suppressed trouble with an efficiency born of confidence. As he remarked himself, he wasn't looking for trouble but he didn't run away from it.

Suddenly Carleton was startled by an event which quadrupled the trade in padlocks at Mr. Sipple's store, which caused the inhabitants to bolt their doors for at least five years. Further, it was an event so mysterious, so fruitful of hints for village gossip, so altogether incomprehensible that it still shares historic interest with the great events of 1812–14. The story of it attracted attention even in the police circles of Boston, where it is recorded among the curiosities of crime. Cyrus Dillingham's farmhouse had been feloniously broken into and entered. However, let me relate events in their order.

It had been a five-reel gala night at the movies, which kept Constable Abner Towle up until eleven-thirty. He was sleeping rather late therefore; and his first intimation of trouble was the call of his wife and a prolonged knocking at the back door. He rose and thrust his head outside into the clear, melting November morning. There stood Cyrus Dillingham, struggling with the strongest excitement that ever agitated the weather-beaten stretch between his right side whisker and its twin. The excitement of Cyrus showed itself by the manner in which he was twirling and untwirling that whisker. To one born on the edge of Cape Cod that was as though an Italian were jumping on his hat. As the head of the law, fringed by the red edge of a nightshirt, appeared at the crack of the door, Cyrus gulped once and said in a low tense voice:

"Abner, don't it beat all? I been robbed!"

Abner Towle took this statement of the first real felony that had sullied his term of office—the greatest event in his professional life—with an equally intense spasm of New England excitement. He blinked twice and replied:

"You wait till I get into my pants, Cyrus! I'll be right out."

When, after a very short interval, the two men faced each other outside both had recovered their calm.

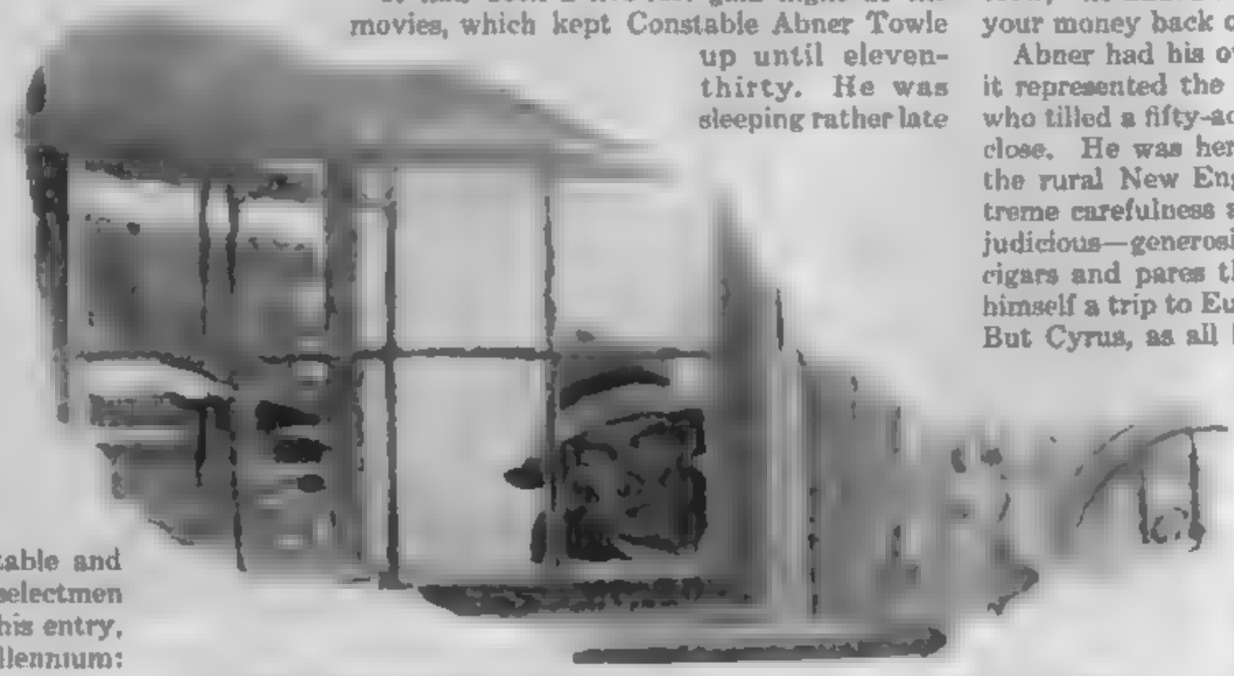
"I jest waited to turn out the stock," said Cyrus. "Then I come right over. Said nothin' to anyone about it—and don't you." By this time both men with a common, unexpressed impulse had turned and were walking under winter-stripped elms toward the Dillingham farm, which stood a half mile or so away on the edge of town. Having said which, Cyrus volunteered nothing more; and Abner felt it necessary to give conversation a prod.

"How much d'you lose?" he asked.

"A considerable lot!" responded Cyrus and kept silence again.

"Now see here, Cyrus," said Abner—for he knew his man—"I'm the chief of police in this town and you've come to me about your burglary. How am I going to find who did it if you don't take me a little into your confidence? How," he added as an afterthought, "am I going to get your money back or whatever they took?"

Abner had his own opinion of Cyrus Dillingham; and it represented the general opinion of Carleton. Cyrus—who tilled a fifty-acre farm at the edge of the village—was close. He was hermetically sealed. Anyone who knows the rural New Englander understands that with his extreme carefulness about pennies goes usually an easy—if judicious—generosity about dollars. He denies himself cigars and pares the potatoes thin so that he may give himself a trip to Europe or his nephew a college education. But Cyrus, as all his fellow townsmen realized, had the carefulness of the breed without its generosity. Before Emmy Dillingham—his wife—died some eight years before, leaving him childless, she had made him loosen his purse strings now and then. Since that time those strings had remained in a double hard knot. He figured indeed as the village miser. Gossip said that he had money—much money. In his line of inquiry, therefore, Abner Towle was not only



That Glance Through the Window Was, for Him, an Arrow of Destiny

fulfilling his duty to the law; he was satisfying his private curiosity.

"How much d'you lose?" repeated Abner.

"Have I got to tell you that?" dodged Cyrus.

"You certainly have," responded the law in Carleton firmly.

"Two thousand, eight hundred and seventy-six dollars and thirty-five cents," responded Cyrus. "Two thousand in gov'ment bonds. The balance cash."

From the glib manner in which Cyrus reeled off these figures, Abner realized that he had made his computation many times before.

"Well, all I've got to say," remarked Abner severely, "is that banks are started to take care of money."

"Banks!" snorted Cyrus. "Yes, and have 'em fail on you like the Whitwell Trust Company did in '85!"

"Where'd you keep it?" asked Abner abruptly.

"Look here," said Cyrus, a querulous accent cutting into his tones, "how far've you got to go, pryin' into my private affairs? I've been robbed, I tell ye—broken into and robbed of nearly all I got in the world. Ain't that enough?"

Cyrus had raised his voice and at this Abner gave him a sharp dig in the ribs. They were passing just then the big gateposts of the Wales house on the edge of the village proper; and the vigilant Abner had perceived just behind the nearest post the figure of Mrs. Wales. She was adjusting her overshoes against her passage from the neatly shoveled walk to the light coating of slush that still covered the footpath.

The tongue of Mrs. Wales was hinged in the middle.

"Better be careful about talking loud," said Abner, "if you want to keep this thing dark."

But Cyrus was expressing his feelings in a broken monologue.

"Locked up just as usual last night. Saw all the windows were tight—however they did it beats me. Took nothing but the cash and bonds—and they wasn't registered! Two bonds, a thousand apiece, drawin' three per cent steady as the clock, and eight hundred and seventy-six dollars thirty-five in cash."

"Where did you keep them?" inquired Abner, boring in again.

"You'll know soon enough!" responded Cyrus. So in silence they plodded up the lane to the old Dillingham farmhouse and entered the yard by a side gate.

This was a New England house of the square, primitive and utilitarian kind which our ancestors erected some two hundred years ago. It stood, meager and respectable, presenting to the world a serene face of weather-beaten shingles, two calm eyes of sixteen-paned windows, a straight severe nose of eighteenth-century doorway and a slight Puritanical frown of a fanlight over the entrance. From the place where the back porch had stood in old years projected a stark addition, furnished forth on the side which the two men were now approaching with a plain door and three windows—also sixteen-paned. From its rear rose an old tumbling brick chimney built up on the outside, which showed that it was the draft of a fireplace. Except for a few winter-stripped trees, the yard was bare. Beyond a fence lay the barnyard. From that direction a calf was lowing dismally, hungrily, recalling to Abner that Cyrus fed his stock as little as profit allowed. The new light snow lay everywhere, except for two half-trodden paths—one to the barnyard, the other to the side gate.

Cyrus produced from his trousers pocket a large key, unlocked the door of the addition, stepped into his kitchen. That was the only part of the Dillingham house, Abner remembered, that any neighbor had ever seen since the death of Mrs. Dillingham. Cyrus bached and did all his own housework. It was kitchen, dining room and lounge room—if he ever lounged—for Cyrus. Here also he transacted business with such housewives as came to buy his vegetables, which had a reputation. All winter he lived alone; only in plowing and harvest seasons did he keep a farm hand.

On a plain table, midroom, stood the remains of a single breakfast. In the corner Cyrus' old-fashioned square maple desk marked the location of his business office. At the end of the room farthest removed from the rest of the house stood that antique fireplace whose presence was revealed by the brick chimney outside. No more, however, was it used as a fireplace. An iron cookstove stood before it, the jointed stovepipe running up the chimney. The fireplace itself was as high as a man's chin. A rusty iron crane showed that once it had been sole victualer to this house. On one wall was a farmer's calendar and a crude old lithograph of the Boston pilot boat, Mary C; on another a crayon portrait of the late Mrs. Dillingham. These were the sole touches of decoration; for comfort—and that scant—there was only a severe Boston rocker.

As the Head of the Law Appeared at the Crack of the Door, Cyrus Said: "Abner, Don't It Beat All? I Been Robbed!"

"Can't see how in time they got in," said Cyrus. "Locked the doors and latched the windows and everything. Wish to goodness I didn't sleep forward there!"

"Got into where?" asked Abner in the severe tone of a judge.

"Can't think who could 'a' done it," went on Cyrus, still standing fingering his key, "except it was that tramp day before yesterday. I give him what was coming to him."

"Got into where?" repeated Abner inexorably.

"Hey?" inquired Cyrus. He was slightly deaf and took advantage of this disability when he wanted not to hear. Abner knew, however, that he was only staving off the disagreeable moment of revelation. A pleasant excitement tingled in his inmost being. He was about to possess himself of the secret which puzzled all Carleton—where Cyrus Dillingham, the town miser, kept his money. He repeated inexorably:

"Got into where—where d'you keep it?"

With reluctant step, as a boy who comes downstairs to take his beating, Cyrus approached the fireplace. He stooped down, then straightened up.

"You won't tell?" he said.

"I won't tell anybody it's not my legal duty to tell," said Abner. "Look here, Cyrus, we can't be fooling round all day. Whoever took that money is getting farther and farther away all the time."

As though finally converted by this argument, Cyrus laid his hand on an iron lid which embossed the wall beside the fireplace—the door to the old abandoned bake oven. He let it down with care, reached inside, took from the oven wall three loose bricks. Abner, peering over his shoulder, saw that there was an aperture within. Cyrus reached in and produced an old-fashioned wooden cash box; laid it reverently on the table beside the soiled coffee cup.

Cyrus made no move to open the box.

"It was right inside there," he said. "Just opened up the lid and took it."

"Anything else in that box?" asked Abner.

"Hey?" responded Cyrus.

"Now look here, Cyrus Dillingham," said Abner, "I'm an officer of the law. I want to see the inside of that box!" Without more ado he laid hands on the cover.

"Don't you keep it locked?" inquired Abner before he lifted the lid.

"Used ter," replied Cyrus. "Lock busted last month and I'd been puttin' off gettin' it fixed because I didn't know what to do with the—the stuff meantime."

"Well, 'twan't much of a lock anyway," said Abner, lifting the lid. He made a rapid mental inventory of the contents, Cyrus faintly fluttering about like a wounded sparrow whose nest is being robbed.

On top of a slightly disturbed heap lay some yellowing securities of the San Francisco and Arcadia Railroad. Abner had heard of this road but he forbore to comment. In his youth, he remembered, half the farmers in the region of Carleton had been swindled by this mythical corporation. The rest of the purchasers had long ago sold this worthless paper to the ragman; here was Cyrus hanging on with the faint inspiration of hope. Below was a package of perfectly good steel stock—registered. Below that odds and ends of jewelry—a few old-fashioned brooches, earrings and lace pins from a dead-and-gone generation of Dillinghams, a diamond ring which Abner remembered to have seen on the finger of the late Emmy, two old bull's-eye watches. That was all; but Abner first made a mental inventory of every object; and then, drawing out a worn notebook, put it all down in black and white.

He closed the box finally and inspected the windows. At the third, which stood in the wall opposite to the door, he stopped.

"There's where he come in!" said Abner.

"How'd you know?" asked Cyrus.

"Snow's rubbed off that sill—it's on the others," said Abner. "Sure you locked all these windows last night?"

"Sure certain!" replied Cyrus.

"Bet this one isn't locked now, 'less you've locked it since," said Abner. Suiting the action to the word, he laid his hand on the sash. The window rose smoothly. A hasty test showed that the two others were locked.

"Those latches are easy," said Abner. "All it need's a knife blade. And look there!" He pointed to the window latch. A series of bright new scratches broke its rust.

Cyrus regarded the evidence calmly, except for sundry agitated chewing movements of his mouth. And then:

"Look there! That's where he come," he said in a voice whose low tone betrayed his emotional tension. From the window toward the yard and across the fence to the pasture ran a double row of huge shapeless tracks, growing more shapeless with the transformation of snow and slush.

(Continued on Page 181)

TRIMMED WITH RED

XV

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT WAS nearly a week later that Emily Ray, chairlady of an itinerant Lodge of Sorrow, called upon Rosamonde Vallant and found her fair cousin scolding tempestuously over a bathtub wherein Eustace, grown full four inches longer since his introduction to Bolshevism, lay sulkily refusing to notice the cubes of steak which Rosamonde was offering him on the end of a long stick.

"He's spoiled the way everything else is," stormed Rosamonde. "He's got so he refuses everything but goldfish—and the cheapest of them cost two fifty."

"You might offer him Professor Syle again," suggested Emily, forgetting her own worries in the contemplation of another's.

"I wish Eustace had swallowed him when he had a chance," was Rosamonde's gentle prayer. "I suppose I've got to stay here all summer, melting with the heat, feeding this darned alligator."

"Isn't Merlin going to open the Narragansett house?"

"He sent me a disgusting letter yesterday—through his lawyers. He said that since the poor must stay in town and endure the heat, he didn't see any reason why the rich shouldn't do the same and get used to the time when the Bolsheviks will make 'em."

"How sarcastic of Merlin!"

"It's sordid—sordid!" wailed Rosamonde, and began again to spoil her pretty eyes.

"It's only April now," Emily pointed out, "and he'll have lots of time to change his mind before hot weather sets in. Come, my dear, won't you let me have a cup of tea?"

When they had settled themselves beside the empty birdcage in the drawing-room and Agnes was wheeling in the tea wagon, Rosamonde calmed herself sufficiently to ask: "Has Aunt Carmen got any servants yet?"

"A new set," said Emily, "and I got them for her."

"They're all satisfied, I suppose, and going to stay?"

"All but one. Emily Ray has quit again."

"Emily! What has happened now?"

"Aunt Carmen was regular honeydew until I engaged a crew of servants for her; then she went back to her old brain storms. She began to hint that I was to blame for the week-end soviet."

"Of course she would. But how did she work it out?"

"She said that I had a passion for running round with all sorts of loose people, and that I had encouraged Oliver and that she had always suspected Oliver of having dangerous views. Imagine! Then she trotted out Plummie van Laerens' boy—you know, Sydney, the pimply one who collects chorus girls. She told me here was a chance to get back into decent society. So I went round and saw Owley."

"Owley!" Rosamonde lifted her eyebrows.

"I always consult Owley on really important matters. He quoted a lot from the classics, but the burden of his song was 'Beat it while the beating's good.' So here I am again in the great world."

"But, my dear, what are you going to do?"

"The same," said Emily lightly.

"Why don't you stay here with me and Eustace?" asked the plaintive Rosamonde.

"That's awfully good of you, but I'm afraid I couldn't," said Emily, hesitating to add that she was done with rich women's bounty. "But Rosa dear, why couldn't I go back to the studio until I find something to do?"

"You're perfectly welcome to," replied her cousin with a shrug. "I haven't been near the horrid den since that—that night——" Her visible shudder brought uncanny recollections of a flight from a matrimonial soviet and a gruesome hour in the Shallope's colonial fortress. "It has bred nothing but trouble, and I never want to see the place again."

"It could be made very cozy," Emily explained, "with a few of the red draperies down."

"I paid three months' rent in advance. It's leased for a year. You're welcome to it as long as you care to stay. I've locked it up and you might just as well be using it."

"Don't Call Me Comrade Walter! Call Me Ichabod!" He Groaned

"Rosa, you're a duck!" cried Emily. "And now give me the key and let me get back to my home."

"I hope you won't let them impose on you," was Rosamonde's friendly warning, as Emily took the key and was departing.

"You haven't got my idea at all," laughed Emily, and rang for the elevator.

She expected to find No. 18 Pomander Place wearing the blank, blind look of a deserted home. Instead the scene was teeming with life. As soon as she entered the bare hall she heard heavy footfalls and beheld Comrade Epstein and Miss Drigg's husband locked in a passion of argument:

"England, who is responsible for the war, should be forced to pay an indemnity to the Russian soviet government——"

"Hel-lo!" cried Miss Drigg's husband, rushing forward behind two open palms. "We thought the capitalists had got you!"

"Not yet," announced Emily. "What's going on upstairs—a party?"

"Just an informal debate," explained Comrade Epstein.

"That's the same thing," said Emily, and to their amazement brushed by the Comrades and went skipping up the stairs.

Her first act upon reaching the landing was to tear the pretty placard "Our Community" off the door. Her first impression, gazing through that door, was that of an amazing disorder. Two of the pinkish curtains were hanging limp and ragged from Aunt Carmen's smart valances. Scraps of toast, crushed cigarettes, empty olive jars, torn pamphlets littered the field, above which contending voices could be heard:

"Of course Germany should be held blameless——" "How compensate mothers of illegitimate children when——" "A proper prison term will bring any millionaire to his senses——" "Call a general strike and see what happens."

Under a halo of tobacco smoke Miss Drigg, Comrade Elsa and Comrade Alfonzo were visible, sprawled in a row on the divan.

"Comrade Emily!" cried Miss Drigg's deep voice, as the short-haired revolutionary rushed forward. "Welcome to our club."

"Your club?" Emily stepped back and refused the proffered hand.

"Is there anything extraordinary about that?" growled Miss Drigg, her coarse complexion deepening to a beet red.

"Not much. Only it's not a club and it's not yours."

"What is it, if I might ask?" Miss Drigg glared like a professional wrestler about to grapple.

"It's a home and it belongs to me," announced Emily, regardless of Alfonzo's dangerous "Bah!"

"Comrade Emily," roared Miss Drigg in her best platform voice, "what, if I might ask, are your views on the distribution of property?"

"The same as yours," announced Emily. "I don't mind seeing property divided when it belongs to somebody else."

"Capitalista!" snarled Alfonzo.

"I'm not now, but I'm going to be. Now good afternoon, all of you. Please close the door on the outside. There's a bell on it, if you'll notice, and next time you want to call, please ring."

"You shall suffer for this under the revolution," threatened Miss Drigg, bouncing toward the door.

"I'm willing to wait," smiled Emily.

"You'll hear from us in the New Deal," was Miss Drigg's final threat as, accompanied by Alfonzo, she departed. But the gaunt, bag-draped figure of Comrade Elsa lingered. Her eyes were melancholy and black-circled; the pasty quality of her skin and the hollows in her cheeks proclaimed long years of underfeeding.

"What did she mean about the New Deal?" Emily could not help asking. "She talks like the editor."

"She is," moaned Elsa; then drawled in her dreary monotone: "I'm glad you're back. It's been pretty lonesome here since you left, with the whole pack howling like wolves and everything going to rack and ruin."

"Under soviet control?" asked Emily, amused out of her ill temper.

"Soviet control!" sniffed Elsa. "They couldn't run a corner grocery, let alone manage the world. Talk, talk! I wish I'd been born deaf."

"Why, Elsa!" Emily was genuinely shocked at this spiritual slump; but her concern increased when the disillusioned spinster sank down upon a broken-legged chair and gave way to moisty sobs.

"I'm deserted," she gurgled, "stranded. Comrade H-H-Hattie's left me and they've k-k-kicked out Comrade Walter and I'm all alone."

"What's happened to Comrade Hattie?" was the obvious question, to which at last came the broken reply:

"After I've sheltered and fed and protected that girl" Hattie was fifty if a day, but Elsa always referred to her as a girl—"and—and made a home for her, she married one of the Ukrainian *kommissars*—the short one with the beard—and they've gone to Cincinnati to start a revolution."

She became inarticulate, weeping suds. There was something terrible in the spectacle of this bleak spinster wailing for the loss of a spinster as bleak as herself. Her grayish bobbed hair fluttered loosely with every sob; tears running down between her skinny fingers moistened the dingy surface of her old smock frock.

"You've still got your work at the school," said Emily with a kind hypocrisy, as she put her arm across the heaving, emaciated shoulder. Whereupon the strange creature wept more wildly than before.

"Bunk!" she cried at last; and again, "Bunk!"

Then she arose and charged out of the studio, banging the door after her.

What had come over the spirit of Elsa's wintry dream? Emily wasted no time in idle guessing, but got a broom and attacked the pigpen which had once been the home of freedom. She had got the trash in a pile and was sorting the noncombustibles from the combustibles, preparatory to a great cremation in the little round-bellied stove, when the doorbell rang. She hesitated, dreading another pestiferous soviet, and when she at last opened to a repeated ring she peered cautiously through a crack to behold Professor Walter Syle. The recognition was not immediate, for he seemed to have faded all over into a dingy

gray. His suit, his hat, his shoes, his necktie were of the prevailing dust color. Like Rosamonde's studio he seemed to have fallen into a sad disrepair during one week of soviet mismanagement.

"Why, Comrade Walter!" she cried, trying to put a wealth of welcome into her tone. "Come in. I'm so glad to see you."

"My, I'm glad you're back!" he groaned, and staggered into the room.

Appreciating in a flash how similar his words were to those of the disappointed Elsa, she studied him in the full light of the window. His chin was a motley stubble of red and gray; his eyes were inflamed, their pupils dull; his usually immaculate hands were grimy, the nails black-edged. Her first impression was that the great intellectual had been drinking, but as he shuffled wearily toward the divan and sank down on its springs she reserved her diagnosis.

"Well," he said, looking up with a bitter smile, "you see in me a leader without an army—Moses kicked out of his wilderness."

"Have you really quarreled with the Comrades?" she asked, truly sorry.

"They've quarreled with me," he explained with a mirthless laugh. "That Long Island affair. That little rattlesnake Smole and his wife did for me. It seems they've been ambitious all along to get control of the Raw Deal. Smole also thinks he can lecture, and he's been pulling all sorts of wires to get my place ——"

"Ah," said she softly. "So there are wires in Utopia!"

"Wires!" he stormed. "It's all wires. They were only waiting for a chance to stab me, so when they got back from that Long Island nightmare they reported to the directors that I had betrayed them to the capitalists. Consequently Smole, Drigg and Company are now running my paper, my lectures have been canceled, my books have been taken out of the school, and here I am."

To Emily Ray the professional theorist never seemed so nearly human as he did at that moment, struggling in the throes of a worldly problem.

"It's all the fault of the competitive system," Emily was so cruel as to suggest.

"Don't rub it in!" he implored. "But I will admit there is more competition than anything else in the whole Bolshevik mess. They're as jealous as opera singers. Lord knows I did my best to keep that house party quiet; it was your aunt's horrible vodka that did the damage—that and a conspiracy against me. They only started that soviet to get me in wrong, I tell you."

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Comrade Walter?"

"Don't call me Comrade Walter!"

"What shall I call you?"

"Call me Ichabod!" he groaned, and covered his wretched face. And after a spell of moody silence: "Where are we going and what are we doing? Rats! America doesn't want Bolshevism, and American Bolsheviks are either liars or lunatics!"

"As long as there are industrial abuses I suppose there will be radicals to fight them," suggested Emily, surprisingly eager to combat Walter's ultra-conservative point of view.

"It's a tea-party fight!" growled Walter. "A lot of dazzled idiots looking into each other's faces and debating, debating, debating—all in a circle like the Mad Hatter, the March Hare and the Dormouse. They want a revolution, they want the earth, they don't know what they want. Look at the Pilsen School, the saddest joke in the history of education. Old maids like Elsa holding classes in motherhood; a greasy criminal like Alfonzo, a pasty-faced dilettante like Smole—the whole lazy pack of them collecting in knots and telling the world what the working people want. They never did a day's work in their lives and they don't know a labor agitator from a laborer."

Strange words out of the mouth of Professor Walter Syle!

"So here I am between the capitalistic frying pan and the Bolshevistic fire. For twelve years I've put my time and my brains into what I thought was saving the world. And look at me now. Look at me! Thrown out of every respectable college in the country and finally ejected from the Pilsen School of Radical Culture. I've even gone in for parlor Bolshevism, let myself be dragged from pillar to post by a lot of silly rich women, with the hope that I might get something out of it besides the shirt on my back ——"

"Oh, I see," said Emily Ray quite clearly.

"You see what?" He looked up at her with his bloodshot eyes.

"Nothing—and everything. Look here, Walter," she resumed, taking a seat beside him on the divan, "you and I have been barking up the wrong tree, that's all."

"Yes."

"I've just seen the light myself, Walter. We're in the same boat, only we're rowing with different oars. I also had an idea of serving rich women with my honest convictions; but this morning it occurred to me that I've been wrong all along the line. Rich women—the spoiled set in those big houses Alfonzo wants to burn down—don't pay much for being served, but they waste like wildfire to be amused. They're like rubes at a country fair: they love to be cheated in a novel way. Why did the week-end soviet make such an inglorious fizzle? Because the Bolsheviks acted like Bolsheviks when Aunt Carmen had brought them there expecting a pink harmless vaudeville show. Do you get my point?"

"I don't see where it applies to my case."

"It applies closer than the extra shirt you want. Are you anxious to come back, Walter?"

"In what way?"

"To be vulgar, do you want to get rich?"

"And violate my convictions?"

"Bunk! You've just told me what your convictions are."

"Hm. You seem to have a program."

"The only sane program that was ever hatched in this studio."

Emily saw her patient wavering, so she went rapidly to her project: "What the society radicals want to hear is a lot of harmlessly dangerous theories, soothing revolutionary thoughts that won't make them nervous about losing the interest on their invested capital. You have a splendid platform manner, Walter, and a way with women—women past middle age ——"

"Thanks," he moaned.

"And it seems to me that all you need is a business manager. You ought to put yourself in the same class with a good concert singer or a travelogue lecturer."

"And you will write my lectures, I suppose," Professor Syle sarcastically intimated. "And possibly you might provide a moving-picture series showing the sorrows of the poor ——"

"Movies would be too expensive at first; and they're not very fashionable. But I could write a few of your first lectures. You'd have to cut out all that seditious stuff from the start or I'd never touch the job. But I have ever so many subjects you could use—Love and Municipal Ownership, Perfection in Politics and The Religion of Modernity."

"And I'd give up every idea of serving my people in the way of editorship."

The tone in which he said it was far less gloomy than the sentiment called for.

"You're out of the Raw Deal already," she informed him in her practical way. "It's a sort of a dynamiter's trade journal anyhow. How would you like to be editor of the Young Progressive?"

"I've always wanted it," he confessed, this being his candid day. "It's the only thing really worth while in my field."

"Yes," she agreed, "the Young Progressive is the official organ of the parlor Bolshevik. It's quite vogue to read the Young Progressive. It matches the chintz in every dainty boudoir. It's run by the sweetest board of highbrows, it's never in trouble because it never says anything and uses the loveliest language saying it."

"I couldn't make it," he objected, quite ignoring her satire. "The Young Progressive is like an exclusive club, and Justinian Kroll hates the ground I walk on."

"You can get anywhere in New York if you have all the ladies working for you." Emily uttered a great truth.

Walter came suddenly to his feet.

"I've snubbed Mrs. Ballymoore," he said, "until she'll have nothing more to do with me. And she's leader of all the society radicals."

"She loves to be snubbed," replied Emily. "I'll bet she's crazy to have you back."

"I'm going to get a shave," he announced in a curiously constrained tone.

"You might. And don't you think you could find a nicer suit of clothes than that?"

"I suppose so," he replied abstractedly. Then facing round he fixed his red eyes on his business manager elect.

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"No."

Walter Syle took a step toward the door.

"Are you going to let me handle your career?" she called after him.

"I'll think it over," he growled, and banged the door after him.

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"He Quoted a Lot From the Classics, But the Burden of His Song Was, 'Beat It While the Beating's Good.' So Here I am Again in the Great World"

HUNKINS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XVIII

THE morning after the scrap I telephoned early to Charley Adkins, who is the head barber at the Athletic Club and an artist at eye camouflage. He came to the house at eight o'clock to restore my eye to a passable semblance of its pristine beauty. Hot compresses reduced my nose to an approximation of its usual shape, color and size. While Charley worked I read the papers as well as I could with one eye. Indeed, I needed only half an eye, for the front pages of the News and the Globe had little else on them.

The News treated the charges as substantiated. My picture in my captain's uniform stuck out of the page at me like a lighthouse in a fog. The line under it was: "Capt. George Talbot, the patriotic young alderman from the Second Ward, who made the exposure."

"Hold still!" said Charley after I had read that. I was swelling some. My speech and the statement of the accountants were in boldface type, in a box, and as I read that speech I swelled some more, much to the disgust of Charley, who stopped and said: "Darn it, if you don't keep still I'll never get this lamp of yours fixed." It wasn't the speech I made, of course, but the speech I had intended to make. After reading that masterly effort three or four times I ran my good eye over what Steve had written.

Steve's story was a graphic three-column recital of the whole affair from beginning to end, done in short paragraphs, tersely and vividly. I was right back in it as I read, for Steve is a good reporter. Then I read the editorial, a smashing denunciation of Pendergrast and his gang, calling for their immediate arrest and punishment. Miller was treated as a weak tool. There was a lot of information about the treasury, statistics about the various funds, a rehash of the doings of the Spearle administration, a short biography of me, and various other explanatory and contributory sections. In all it filled ten columns. I felt important and righteous after I looked it all over.

Then I took the Globe, and the importance and righteousness began to seep out of me. My picture was on the first page of that paper also, but it was not three columns wide. It was a scant one-column inset in the bottom of a picture of Pendergrast that had the three-column splurge. The caption for Pendergrast was: "Thomas Pendergrast, the assailed leader, who categorically denies the truth of the statements made"; and my caption read: "Talbot, who made the charge."

My speech and the statement of the accountants were on the first page, but in ordinary body type, and the Globe's display was for the interview with Pendergrast, who began by saying that I was a liar, a perjurer, a political tool of Hunkins, a weak-minded boy led into this by designing politicians who were curs and cowards too crafty to make the charge themselves and utilized my congenital idiocy, lack of political knowledge and general and pathetic inexperience of city affairs to make me the stalking-horse in this unparalleled outrage against honest and patriotic citizens; and gradually worked up to some real fancy denunciation. Pendergrast denied, called on high heaven to witness the falsity of the charge, demanded an instant investigation and asserted his own innocence in every paragraph.

He closed with a few further reflections on me, tending to prove that I should be interned permanently in an asylum, and expressed great regret that I had so hideously brought dishonor on the revered name of my father, John J. Talbot, a respected and high-minded citizen; and as a postscript remarked that immediate steps would be taken to jail me and my fellow ruffians. Later Steve Fox told me that Arthur Brinker, of the Globe, wrote the interview for Pendergrast. I bow to Arthur. He knows how to call a person out of his name.

Charley Adkins had great difficulty in operating while I read that. My good eye saw red.

I hustled Adkins through and was about to rush out to slay Pendergrast when Kinsley, stationed at the telephone to tell everybody I was out, came into the room. Kinsley was my mess sergeant in France, a handy man, and now works in our garage.

"Captain," he said, "there's one guy who won't stand for the usual song-and-dance. Says his name is Hunkins, and wants to talk to you immediate."

I went to the telephone.

"Good morning, captain," I heard. "This is Hunkins. Suppose you've seen the papers. We've started well, anyhow. What I want to advise is this: Please do not talk to any person for publication to-day. Don't say a word. Let it stand as it is. I have particular reasons for this, which I'll explain if you will come round to my house at five o'clock this afternoon."

"What about that Pendergrast attack on me?"

"Let him rave. When you've been in politics a little longer you won't mind stuff like that. Besides, he's only making it worse for himself. See you at five, I hope."

"All right," I said, "I'll be there, but I really should make Pendergrast take this stuff back."

"Forget it! It's all in the game."

I wasn't quite so sure about that and decided I'd go down and have a talk with Dowd. I found him reading the papers.

"Hello, captain," he greeted me. "I see by the News that we are champions of pure politics, and by the Globe that we are criminals of the deepest dye. Otherwise, what's the good word?"

"That's what I came to ask you."

"Paddy Bristol, the policeman, was in to see me this morning. Paddy and I are old friends. He says the talk round the City Hall is that the whole lot of us, but principally you and I, are to be arrested presently on the charge of violating the sanctity of aldermanic proceedings or something heinous like that. He tells me the police are out now trying to get the names of the boys. Heard from Hunkins?"

"Yes. He advised me to say nothing to-day and asked me to come round to see him at five o'clock this afternoon."

"That's all right. Give the afternoon papers a chance to go to it."

"How will they handle it?"

"Same way. The Times will support us, and the Dispatch will play up the Pendergrast end of it. The Journal will bang both sides and yell for a socialistic government. I suppose they will force a denial from Miller, and I'll bet Pendergrast spent all of last night trying to get that money together. Suppose Hunkins has anything further?"

"I don't know. That's all he showed me."

"Well, that's enough. Stick round until the noon editions come out."

"But what about that Pendergrast attack on me?"

"Let it ride. It isn't hurting you any and it probably will have a frightful kick-back before we're through. I am no particular champion of Hunkins, but he didn't go into this not knowing what he was doing. That's a cinch."

The noon editions, which came out at half past ten, took up the story avidly. As Dowd predicted, the Times story was along News lines, and the Dispatch had a new and more violent interview with Pendergrast. It also developed that the two senior members of the firm of accountants, Brooks and Hubbell, were fishing at Miami, and that Ernest Plaisted refused to comment in any way on the findings of the firm beyond stating that I had quoted them correctly and that the firm had made the investigation with the results as shown. Pendergrast intimated in his afternoon interview that the accountants had been "reached." The Journal said everybody concerned was a traitor to the best interest of the people, and demanded that all of us be turned out and socialists installed.

The main feature of the spreads in the noon editions of the afternoon papers was a brief denial from Miller, who was found at the city treasurer's office at seven o'clock in the morning, very nervous and shaken, in consultation with Pendergrast. He gave out his statement in typewritten form, and refused to say anything further.

Miller said: "The story is manufactured from whole cloth. All funds are intact. I demand an investigation."

"Sit tight," advised Dowd as I left. "If they arrest you get in touch with me immediately. I'll see you to-night after you've talked with Hunkins."

I went up to dad's office and found him deep in the News.

"Guess I'm wrong about this paper," he said. "Seems to be quite a sheet. I think I'll subscribe for it again."

I told dad what Dowd said about the possibility of arrest and of my engagement with Hunkins.

"Don't let that arrest business bother you," said dad. "Miller will be in jail before to-morrow night. I know that firm of Brooks, Hubbell & Plaisted, and if they say there's a shortage in the city treasury after they have examined the books, I'll bet my life there is a shortage, and exactly as much as they set down, to the cent. How's your eye?"

"All right. I had it patched up a little. Coming out to lunch?"

"Yes; let's go up to the club and see how that aggregation feels on the subject."

The smoking room was crowded and most of the members had the second editions of the afternoon papers, which come out at half past twelve. I glanced at the Dispatch and noticed that Miller had amplified his denial a little, and that he had had a second consultation with Pendergrast. There was a good deal of excited and indefinite City Hall comment in the papers, including a masterly straddle by Spearle who, as mayor, said: "This matter comes as lightning out of a clear sky to me. I have not investigated it as yet, and until that time I shall make no comment. The people of our city, however, may rest assured that no stone will be left unturned in that investigation, which will be conducted without fear or favor, and if these charges are proved the guilty will be punished to the fullest limit of the law. If not, the men who falsely make them will be made to suffer for their libels. Meantime, it will be well for all citizens to suspend judgment until the facts are ascertained."

Charley Adkins
Had Great Difficulty in Operating While I Read That. My Good Eye Saw Red

Dad and I read that together.

"Foxy Spearle," commented dad. "He can jump either way now, but I do wish he would pay more attention to his wills and shalls. Pendergrast will be sore when he sees that. He probably put the screws on Spearle for something stronger."

We were greeted with acclaim tempered with considerable reserve. Mr. Perkins sidled up and said: "Of course, George, I congratulate you—if it is true; but don't you think it might have been done a little less sensationally? Couldn't it have been arranged by a quiet conference so that it might not have been bruited about in this scandalous manner? I feel that the fair name of the city will suffer."

"Oh, hell!" said dad, bristling. "You make me tired, Perkins, with your talk about secrecy and the fair name of the city. One might think you are in it yourself."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Perkins with great indignation.

"Nothing—yet."

Perkins spluttered and insisted on an explanation, but dad waved him away and we went up to the dining room.

"What did you mean, dad?" I asked.

"Oh, I just took a shot at that Peckaniff for the fun of it. Maybe I landed. I don't know. Want oysters?"

Most of the men at lunch came over to our table and expressed solemn opinions to us.

The impression I received from it all was that it was a good thing to do, but that I was a fool to do it. Fred Daskin was particularly loud in his condemnation of the futility of my action.

"It don't get you anywhere," he said. "For a couple of days you'll be a little tin god, if it's true, and then some haberdasher will run away with a blond manicure from the Schoolcraft, and you'll vanish from the news. Besides, a lot of people are beholden to that chap Pendergrast, in one way or another, and they will all have their fingers crossed on you forever. Much easier if you had let some of the regular muckers do it. Or are you one of the regular muckers now?"

I felt like smashing him, but I restrained myself and said as pleasantly as my choking anger would allow: "I'm whatever you are not, Fred. If that's a regular mucker, so be it."

"No accounting for tastes," he commented as he walked away.

"By heck," said dad, "it will take a soviet to jolt this crowd out of the smug appreciation of their own superiority!"

The final editions of the afternoon papers, which came on the streets at half past four, contained a revised and more forceful denial from Miller and the first intimation from Pendergrast that action might be taken against the accountants.

"What do you make of it?" I asked Dowd.

"Looks to me as if they have scraped the money together to cover," he answered, "but that makes no difference. I'm still banking on Hunkins. Haven't been arrested yet, have you?"

"Not yet."

"Neither have I, but Davidson tells me the police captain of his precinct sweated him an hour this morning for the names of the boys."

"Did he tell them?"

"Sure! After sufficient hesitation. Why not? They will never be pinched. I'm certain of that."

When I reached Hunkins' house at five o'clock I found Steve Fox there.

"I asked Steve to come over because what I am going to tell you concerns him also. How are you feeling?"

"All right. I don't understand this gradual increase in confidence by Pendergrast, though."

"They're bluffing. They think we've fired all our ammunition."

"Haven't we?"

Hunkins laughed.

"We have not," he said.

"What happened last night was merely the preliminary barrage."

"I don't understand," I said, and I could see Steve's eyes glisten in anticipation.

"It Was All Over in Three Minutes. 'It's True,' Jobbed Miller. 'I Can't Stand the Strain Any Longer. I Gave Them the Money'"

"You, as a soldier, wouldn't think very highly of a general who attacked with his full strength and held no reserves ready, would you?"

"Not much."

"Then if you will pardon my assumption, for a moment, of the position of general in this enterprise I have some reserves."

"What?" exclaimed Steve and I together.

Hunkins pulled out a drawer of his desk and took from it half a dozen photographs.

"These," he said, handing the photographs to us.

We looked at the pictures eagerly. They were photographs of the I O U's given by several of the men who got the money from Miller. There was one that was dated two years back, and was in the sprawly handwriting of Pendergrast: "I .O U $23,000." The signature was "Thos. Pendergrast," and below, written in the same hand, was "To William Miller." The others were for various amounts and were signed by four of the seven men implicated in the transactions.

"How did you get these?" I asked excitedly, while Steve gloated over them, whistling softly.

"Well," said Hunkins, "I guess you ought to know, and I'll tell you, but it is for your own information. It was a hard job, for Miller kept the originals in a private compartment in a private safe in the treasury, and with them he kept a private ledger carrying the details of these transactions. We took the precaution to photograph a page or two of the ledger also."

Hunkins brought out two more photographs palpably of pages of a ledger and debiting Pendergrast, Larrimore, Skidmore and the rest with various sums.

"Great!" I exclaimed. "Now we've got them!"

"We've had them all the time," corrected Hunkins mildly. "But to return to the photographs. Though this money was borrowed for a company exploitation of a mine in Arizona it is evident that Miller insisted on personal obligations as well as the company obligation. He refused to give up unless each member individually pledged himself for whatever share he carried. Hence, we have the goods on them personally.

"Miller is an easy-going, lazy man, and that fact was our great aid. It was well enough known about the office that he never went to the pains of learning the combinations of the safes. The big one is a time lock, and when it is shut it is shut for keeps. So far as the general books are concerned, our friend found a way to hold them one night when he worked late over a Saturday and Sunday. That was easy enough, for when we had the lead pointed out to us we found the crooked figures without difficulty. Then the problem was to get the personal evidence, which we knew existed because my friend in the office got a glimpse at it one day when Miller was examining it. That was a stumper, for it was in the private safe, and Miller carried the combination for that. Of course we might have blown it open. I have a friend or two who are experts in that line, but that was not to be considered. So it took some work of which I am not particularly proud, but that I excuse on the ground of necessity.

"The lazy-minded Miller has these combinations written down in a little book, which he carries in his wallet. Every time he opened the safe he consulted that book. Foolish of him, but our salvation. If he had carried the combinations in his head we would have been beaten. Anyhow, without going into details, we got that book and had it long enough to copy the combinations. After that it was simply a job of fitting the combinations to the private safe. When Miller was out of town one night a handy friend from the burglar-protection company did a few things to the burglar alarms, and we got the stuff, took it to a photographer, had it photographed, hustled it back, closed the safe, fixed the alarms, and here it is. Do you think you have influence enough in the News office to have these photographs reproduced on the first page in the morning, Steve?"

"Do I?" said Steve. "I can get them reproduced on sixteen pages; but, say ——"

"What is it?"

"You are not giving these to the Globe, are you?"

"I am not. They're yours exclusively. We'll let the Globe wallow in it once more. Undoubtedly, owing to the fact that Talbot has said nothing further, and, I presume, because they may have refunded at least a part of the money, they think they can bluff it out, and I look to see Brother Pendergrast come to bat again in the morning with further protestations of his great rectitude. I'd like to hold them off a day or so more, but don't think that expedient. We'll just smash them with these in the morning; and take my word for it, Miller won't stand the gaff and will be wailing out a confession before noon, and

(Continued on Page 83).

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 6, 1919

A TABLE of Contents will be found on page 182 of this number, and hereafter weekly in the same position.

Let the President Act

THE President and both parties in Congress have talked promisingly of budgetary reform. Nearly everybody at Washington agrees on the need of it. The country is clamoring against cost of living. The Federal Government is costing the nation six and a half billion dollars this year. That much of it must be wasted under present methods of appropriating and spending public money is admitted. That a budget system would decidedly help to stop the waste is admitted.

On some phases of the budget subject there is great difference of opinion. But on one phase of it everybody agrees, namely, that the estimates by the various executive departments, bureaus and commissions on which the big appropriation bills are based ought to be scientifically reviewed, coördinated and compiled, instead of being tossed in piecemeal, practically every department and bureau acting for itself, as at present.

The President has the authority now to do the most essential things in that regard. Let him use the authority now—start now on the making of the best budget, or executive side of a budget, that the means at his disposal will permit.

No good budget system will come wholesale, all in one piece. Start it now. One actual step, though comparatively a short one, would be worth a great deal of promising talk. Finally the House must agree with the Senate, and both must agree with the Executive on many debatable points in a full-fledged budget system. If we wait until everybody agrees on all important points we shall wait forever. But practically everybody agrees now on one point—that the executive estimates should be scientifically reviewed, compiled and presented. Make the best beginning with that which present means allow. Do it now.

The Austrian Treaty

FOR centuries Austria was the name of a great, tyrannous, aggressive monarchy. It is now the name of a comparatively small, impoverished, disarmed and considerably disorganized republic. The peace terms imposed upon it are substantially those imposed on Germany, which nation remains in population and territory very much what it was before, while its Hapsburg partner has been dismembered. That any future government at Vienna could ever exert the power for evil which the old government exerted is exceedingly unlikely. The peace treaty takes little account of the different conditions.

The worst feature is its indefiniteness. Austria is obliged to pay indemnity for damage caused by the war, but no amount is fixed. During 1919, 1920 and 1921 she must pay "reasonable sums"—the reasonableness of the sums and the manner of payment to be determined by the Reparation Commission. And thereafter, for thirty years, she is to pay a "reasonable sum," to be determined by the commission in 1921. Also, she must hand over such animals, equipment, machinery and materials, and perform such work by way of reparation as the commission judges reasonable. The Reparation Commission, of course, is composed of her late enemies. Until May 1, 1921, the commission holds a blanket unlimited first mortgage on Austria and everything it contains. On May 1, 1921, it is to fix the amount of the first mortgage which shall run for thirty years.

That affords a questionable basis for reconstruction. Austria needs credit, but a nation against which there is outstanding an unlimited first mortgage is not in good position to negotiate for credit. The Peace Conference appears to have expended its time and thought in framing the German treaty and then just tossed in the Austrian treaty to get the thing off its hands.

The Stock Boom

WE ARE suffering from inflation of credit. Banks are carrying six or seven billion dollars of government war paper, their credits thereby swollen out like a gigantic sand blister on a tire. Due partly, at least, to this inflation prices are scandalously high and going higher. We should by all means stop further inflation. But in that situation a great many people take to buying stocks, and as stocks go up others buy—thousands of them, first and last. That involves more inflation, until brokers' loans at banks are said to reach one and a half billion dollars.

That should not have happened. It was a folly. Many big banks and brokers in Wall Street began deprecating it weeks ago. They pointed out that it was a folly and ought not to go on. But it did go on. As a more cogent warning banks let call-money rates go up to ten per cent, fifteen per cent, twenty per cent. The Federal Reserve Bank issued very pointed warnings. But for all that people kept on buying stocks.

In an ideal world it could not have happened. There would have been somebody—say, the Public Commissioner of Financial Morality—to tell people at a given moment that they must stop buying stocks, and that would have settled it. No folly would be possible in an ideal world; Trotzky would not permit it. Whether it was taking a chance on the long side of a hundred Union Pacific or spanking your youngest in an unworthy fit of irritation, some tireless agent of the benevolent soviet would be on hand to hold up a forbidding finger.

After twelve hours of a perfectly ideal world a hundred million inhabitants would step, hobble or creep into the nearest pharmacy, purchase one ounce of cyanide of potassium and telephone the undertaker to call at once.

Railroad Investors

THE outlook for holders of railroad securities is not bright. In 1912, 1913 and 1914 dividends averaging about seven per cent were paid on about two-thirds of the outstanding railroad stocks, the remaining one-third receiving no dividends. This one-third that got no dividends, amounting to about three billion dollars face value, no doubt equals whatever water there may be in railroad capitalization. Broadly stated, holders of water got nothing.

On more than eleven billion dollars of railroad bonds interest was paid at the average rate of little more than four per cent. That, roughly, is what the Government guaranteed to holders of railroad securities when it took over the roads. And that, roughly, is about all they can expect in the future in any case. About seven per cent on the stock and something more than four per cent on the bonds—the amount of bonds being about twice the amount of stock—is nothing in particular for investors to shout over.

Since taking over the roads the Government has raised freight rates one-quarter and passenger rates about one-half, which has caused a great deal of public dissatisfaction, and it has raised wages a billion dollars or so a year; with the net result that it is operating the roads at a deficit of several hundred million dollars a year. If it should hand the roads back to the security holders to-day railroad stocks would receive no dividends, and how much of the bond interest could be paid is problematical. And to-day railroad labor is presenting demands for increased wages which, according to Director General Hines, would swell the yearly pay roll eight hundred million to one billion dollars. If the roads were in private hands to-day and granted such an increase in wages and then raised freight and passenger rates sufficiently to meet the increased wage bill the resulting public resentment would be highly disagreeable, to say the least. And if they were in private hands and did not grant the increased wages they would probably be at once tied up by a ruinous strike.

The outlook for railroad investors is not bright. It is so far from bright that hundreds and probably thousands of shrewd investors will not buy a railroad stock or bond to-day on any terms. Probably at least seven railroad investors out of ten, so far as concerns their immediate pecuniary interest in that particular relationship, would be glad to sell the roads to the Government on any fair terms and get the mess off their hands.

But almost nobody is interested in railroads simply as a holder of railroad securities. If you traced out the ownership of some seventeen billion dollars, face value, of railroad bonds and dividend-paying stocks, as of 1914, you would find that nine-tenths of them were held by men who had other interests, and that to eight or nine out of every ten of those men the other interests were more important than the railroad interest. Much the greater share of the opposition to government ownership on the part of railroad security holders rises from a belief that it would affect the other interests—which means business interests generally—in an injurious way. They believe that transportation, which is so important to every business or economic interest, would be less efficient and more costly, and that the effect on Government would be very corrupting.

Merely as railroad security holders, no doubt a large majority of them would be glad to sell out and have done with it. But as business men they prefer to take the risks which continuation of private ownership involves for them as security holders—in the hope that American common sense will finally work out a solution of the problem.

There have been scandalous and criminal faults under private ownership—faults to which the railroad brotherhoods, in urging government ownership, refer in such general terms as "Wall Street exploitation." Those faults have consisted mainly in stock-watering and security-juggling. Sure means of preventing them, by control of security issues, are at hand. And with all those faults, we had in 1914, beyond all question, not only by far the biggest but the cheapest and most efficient transportation system in the world. Would we have that under government ownership and politico-labor-union management?

Signing the Peace Treaty

THERE is no important objection to the Senate's ratifying the peace treaty with some such qualifying, interpretive or clarifying resolutions as those suggested by Mr. Taft. The advantages of such a course outweigh the disadvantages. It would expedite a business that needs expediting. It would satisfy some honest doubts and give the treaty heartier support in this country. And such interpretive resolutions, that do not change the essential character of the contract but only make it clearer that the United States is not signing a blank check, would undoubtedly be accepted with little opposition by the other chief signatories.

Expediting the business is very important from two points of view. Delay affects the European situation unfavorably and holds up other business here to which the Senate ought to be giving its prompt attention. If the Senate will agree upon a reasonable and undestructive set of resolutions and ratify the treaty with them attached to its signature, the country will be not only satisfied but grateful. There is other work to be done.

Once a League of Nations is organized it will begin to grow and to change like any other living organism. The difficulties that actually arise under it will not be the ones that sagacious senators now think they foresee, but others that nobody is now thinking of; and whatever difficulties arise will be met and dealt with as they come up. No human sagacity can deal with them all beforehand.

If the Senate is willing to settle this business on the condition of undestructive interpretive resolutions, the President ought to be ready to settle it on that basis too. At the time of writing, press reports from Washington indicate his willingness to do so.

Industrial Peace

WE HAVE seen that government ownership and management do not prevent strikes. In England even policemen have gone on strike. Government-owned shipping here has been tied up by strike. There have been railroad strikes while the Government was operating the roads. The Boston traction system, in the hands of public trustees, was tied up by strike. Would labor management of industry prevent strikes?

When the heads of the big railroad brotherhoods were in Washington the other day urging government ownership and at least partial labor management of the roads and while the Government had under consideration demands by the shopmen for increased pay a couple of hundred thousand shopmen in the Middle West walked out. We guess that they would have struck just the same if labor-elected directors had been running the roads and had not granted the shopmen's demands as promptly as the shopmen thought they ought to. We do not believe that either government management or labor management would prevent strikes.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Five Men and a Problem

By Floyd W. Parsons

AT A FOREIGN-TRADE dinner," said the banker, "I sat beside a lady who had once been in our diplomatic service in a country of Latin America. She followed the usual line in deploring the plebeian qualities of the Americans she had met abroad. 'Do you know,' said this lady, 'I was usually taken for an Englishwoman because of my refinement?' This," continued the banker, "is an example of a common attitude assumed by many Americans, who seem to delight in disparaging their fellow countrymen who travel in other lands. It has been my privilege to spend a good part of my life in Latin America and the Far East, and let me say that if all Americans could see the tourists of other countries as I have seen them—and I bar none of the great nations from my observation—they would feel proud rather than sorry in the matter of our people who travel oversea.

"Worst of all, we seem to be possessed of a similar type of self-depreciation in our present efforts to develop foreign-trade markets. We are taking the whole problem a bit too seriously. At home we are impressed with our importance and efficiency, and discuss the difficulties of domestic trade in a cheerful and rational manner. But when the subject of trade with foreign countries is mentioned we act as though something had just been loosed from a chamber of horrors, and our confidence disappears. We exaggerate the weakness of our own position and dwell on the merits of the other fellow.

"Most of this is pure nonsense. All we need abroad is the same national characteristics we win with at home. The American who goes into the foreign field without the confidence, optimism, courage and audacity which are so characteristic of our people starts on his adventure seriously handicapped. My information shows that in the past we have been successful in our efforts to trade with foreign peoples. In the two decades preceding the war our progress in the development of world business was greater than that of Germany, and nearly as great as that of England.

"Of course we have made mistakes—we do that here at home—but we view irregularities which crop up abroad in a manner that is so tragic it would be funny were it not for the bad effect of our actions upon the foreign customer. We constantly provide him with an argument against ourselves, for like most other customers the foreigner is ready and anxious to be spoiled. If we ourselves start the hue and cry against American business methods in the foreign field every time a trifling and wholly unavoidable business error occurs, we can be perfectly certain that our competitors and prospective customers in other lands will join enthusiastically in the tumult of criticism.

"Also in the realm of export finance we worry about matters that we have reason to take for granted. We have seen our national banking system pass through the most trying period in history, and we have watched it emerge without a scratch. Still, there are many Americans who are wondering if our bankers will be able to meet the demands of the future; worrying about our ability to respond to the call for an extension of facilities; discussing the possibility that we shall have to create some new breed of financial institution to safeguard and satisfy American interests in other world centers.

"A study of the question will prove that we have no reason to be uneasy. Our supreme position in a stricken world, though not chosen by ourselves or others, is a definite fact. Even if we are the dominant power among the nations it is not expected that we shall attempt to solve the world's problems unaided. The United States must sit at the helm, but other countries will help. The worst injury we can do foreign nations is to discount their true possibilities. After the Napoleonic Wars France experienced domestic chaos in about the same degree as now prevails in Russia. However, the French quickly disposed of their burdens and settled a war indemnity that their conquerors boasted would cripple them for a hundred years. Many nations, now seemingly helpless, will soon regain their stride, and we make a mistake in believing that the task of smoothing out the kinks in a disorganized world is a job for Uncle Sam alone, instead of a joint effort by all nations for the good of the whole human race. Let us not be funereal about matters that will be handled in a satisfactory fashion."

"You're right," said the foreign-trade representative when the banker had finished. "What we need is less gloom and more vision. All of us have got to accumulate a world-wide outlook. Some of our American companies are going after foreign business in a most aggressive and thorough fashion. But there are many other concerns that have not even scratched the surface in their investigations. Take Latin America, for instance; how many people realize that the area of that territory is nearly three times as large as the area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska? How many of us know that the republics of Central and South America contain eighty million people? That Brazil alone has a larger area than continental United States? That though Brazil imports about $200,000,000 worth of goods yearly we furnish only thirty-nine per cent of her imports? That of Argentina's $210,000,000 worth of imports Uncle Sam supplies only twenty-nine per cent, and that our imports from the twenty Latin-American republics total more than a billion dollars, while our exports are less than three-quarters as much?

"Also concerning the Far East we have much to learn. China proper is only one-half as large as the United States, but has three times the population. Japan is only a little larger than Montana, but contains nearly sixty million people. India and the British dependencies are also only one-half as large as our country, including Alaska, but are inhabited by more people than live in China. Even Java with an area only half as large as Colorado has a population of thirty millions; all of which goes to show that citizens of the United States will do well to base their foreign-trade efforts on the true assumption that the world is quite some market in which to do business."

"What used to puzzle me," said the old-timer who had just returned from his post in China, "was the mysterious something that often seemed to be lacking when we Americans in the Far East tried to do business with our foreign customers. Only since the war did I succeed in discovering the trouble. Over here in the States we have always depended on two things to sell goods—quality and price. These two essentials wouldn't always turn the trick in foreign lands and now I know that what we lacked was a certain kind of background. The great war has given us this thing which we most needed. No longer are we looked upon as being unfledged. It used to be that the foreigner gave us credit only for having done something; to-day he gives us credit for being something.

"Over in the Orient, in the old days, when the new Britisher landed in our midst he was accepted at once and his entrée was easy and complete. Somehow his character seemed to be there waiting for him and no questions were asked. But with the American who came as a stranger the situation was quite different. He had to sit round a while and first prove he was somebody. If the Englishman made a mistake the natives would shrug their shoulders and say, 'That is the British way'; if the German overrode all the polite rules of business the people would smile as if to imply, 'We expected as much.' But let the American slip ever so little, and right away, 'He was wrong'; there was no American way. To-day there is an American way if we so will it. The background has been established. Whether the foreigner likes us or not he knows one thing for sure: We went into the war clean and we came out clean. This knowledge is the one big asset the war has left us, and we salesmen have already felt the power of its pull."

"Talking of foreign trade," chimed in the big manufacturer, "I have learned some lessons in the last few years. I used to imagine that in order to do business with foreigners I had to send out salesmen who could not only talk the language but who possessed characteristics identical with the traits of the people I was endeavoring to interest in my product. Now I know that the best man to sell my goods abroad is the typical American salesman who possesses United States energy and initiative and does things the United States way. He sells circles round the foreign agent who is a native of the land we are entering, and carries with him a knowledge of my goods and methods that the other fellow can't duplicate. If you ask me I'll

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The Waterfront at Buenos Aires

say that the thing to do is to pick the best salesman you have available and send him out on your foreign-trade errand. If he is the right fellow don't hesitate because he can't speak the language. The best man we've got in South America couldn't say 'Good morning' in Spanish the day he sailed from New York. Maybe he can't say 'Howdy' even yet, but if he can't he's clever at making some kind of motions that cause the gentlemen down there to sign the supply of contract blanks he carried away in his valise. My guess is that the fellow who sells the most of my goods in Boston or Denver will sell the most in Buenos Aires or Caracas, even if he never before sailed farther than across the Hudson on a ferryboat."

"Yes," said the engineer, "I believe in American methods, the preservation of American ideals and the development of our own distinctive individuality abroad. But don't forget that the chemist and his fellow engineers have added impetus to our domestic trade and that in adapting our goods to foreign markets these same gentlemen can smooth out many a rough place. Different countries have different likings. A product may suit the people in Chicago but lack popularity in Peking. Perhaps the engineer or the chemist can effect a slight change in color, shape or quality that will open a new market.

"If it were not for the close coöperation between the Danish chemists and the agricultural interests of that land the little kingdom of Denmark, with less than three million people, would not be able to sell $150,000,000 worth of bacon, butter and eggs in London, practically dominating that city's trade in those commodities. If the eggs from Danish poultry farms are not up to a proper standard the export society gets busy and the farmer's hens, housing, diet and treatment are investigated and a remedy applied, not by the farmer himself, but by the scientific institution which speaks for the larger united interest of which the producer and exporter are a part. The same care can be exercised to great advantage in everything, from shoes to ships. We can't always induce the other fellows to eat and wear what we do, but we can adapt our goods to meet their tastes."

"Well," said the banker as he put on his hat, "the higher you climb the stronger the winds. It's a big job we have before us, and if we aspire to play a big part in world trade we must expect to be confronted by some difficult problems. Personally I'm not scared, and I don't intend to climb down by a rope when a staircase is available."

One Crop That is Different

MOST people think of one piece of ice just as every other piece of ice. It is frozen water, and that is all there is to it. But such an idea is in need of revision. We have good ice, fair ice and some more that is hardly worth having. In fact an ice company can freeze water so as to make the product commercially valueless.

Wesley Oler, one of the nation's so-called ice barons, tells a story of an experience down in Baltimore many years ago. The manager of a big packing concern phoned Mr. Oler and said he was sorry to leave him, but a new concern manufacturing artificial ice had offered to supply their needs at a price much lower than Mr. Oler was charging for his natural ice, and as a mere matter of strict business he would have to shift his account. Oler expressed his regret and accepted as fact the loss of this profitable business.

Two days later the manager called up again, asking Mr. Oler to send a man over immediately to see what could be done, for his storehouse was well filled with ice and yet the meats were spoiling and the temperature was going up. Mr. Oler's agent came back with the report that the new ice had been frozen at such a low temperature that it was too dense and would not melt rapidly enough to keep the place cool. As a consequence, the dense ice had to be chopped out and the old grade of natural ice again put in.

In other words, here was a practical example of the fact that ice is only useful when it melts, and this should provide a lesson for the housewife who persists in wrapping up her ice to preserve it. Freezing can only be done by extracting heat from the water. This process can result from the action of winter winds, low temperature or ammonia, which latter has a great affinity for water. The more rapidly the freezing process takes place, the harder and denser will be the ice and the slower will it absorb heat when again exposed to the atmosphere of an ice box or refrigerator.

People often say that certain kinds of ice last longer than other ice, which only means that the ice slowest to melt gives less refrigeration. It is for this reason that ice-cream manufacturers put salt in the ice they use to make it melt faster and absorb heat more rapidly. Ice cream frozen quickly at a low temperature, from a commercial point of view, is best for soda-fountain people and others who desire that the frozen cream shall stand exposure without melting quickly, though this generally does not improve the taste.

The application of science to the manufacture of ice has wrought great changes in the ice business. Not so very many years ago the major portion of the ice consumed in the United States was natural ice collected from our rivers and ponds and stored during the winter months. In the South, however, where the winters are short, the need for an artificial ice was very great, and as a consequence the business of making ice started in our Southern States. This industry has gradually traveled north, until at the present time practically one hundred per cent of all the ice consumed in cities as far north as Washington is made artificially. In Philadelphia about ninety per cent of the total consumption is artificial ice and in New York the manufactured variety totals about eighty-five per cent of the whole amount used. But when we get as far north as Boston, where the winters are more severe, we find that the ratio has changed and eighty-five per cent of the ice consumed is of the natural variety.

In some ways ice is like corn or cotton—that is, we may have a crop failure. Such a misfortune occurred during the past winter when the nation's ice crop gave the leanest return that the country has experienced since 1890. With our present population and our modern methods of storing and shipping food, the country would to-day be facing a crisis of unmeasured extent were it not for artificial ice. Furthermore, as an added blessing the average citizen has come to prefer the manufactured article, because of its uniformity of quality. That this is true is borne out by the figures on consumption in many localities where natural ice comes into competition with the artificial product. In New York, for instance, the total consumption is in excess of 4,200,000 tons annually. The concerns selling natural ice ship about 1,100,000 tons to this same market. Sixty per cent of this tonnage reaches the city.

The common remark that natural ice is not so pure as the manufactured kind is somewhat of a fallacy. Practically ninety-nine per cent of all the impurities are cast off by Nature in the process of freezing. The remainder of the impurities that are included in the ice die in transportation. Sometimes of course, even in a healthy flowing stream, Nature slips up and a germ does get locked up in an ice crystal, but this is usually the finish of the troublesome germ, for though the cold does not often kill him the fact that he cannot roam about and search for food brings on starvation. Some germs die quickly, others live a week, while laboratory tests show that the typhoid germ lives longest—its maximum limit of life while frozen in ice being placed at three months. Since natural ice is usually stored at least ninety days before it is shipped to market, the matter of its purity need not be doubted. Many tests on natural ice have shown that it is far more pure than the city water of most communities.

In manufacturing a cake of ice the general practice is to use plates, or a rectangular metal can which produces a cake about twenty-two inches wide, forty-four inches long and eleven inches thick. The freezing starts on the inner sides of the metal can and the ice grows toward the center Extending into the can from one end is the pipe which brings in the compressed air. The cake of ice freezes until it has extended to within a couple of inches of the pipe, and then the latter is withdrawn, the water containing the impurities is sucked out, fresh water is put in and the cake is completed. The center of the ice cake, however, shows where the fresh water was put in, and this part of the ice, called the core, is usually white and rather opaque. It also has a slight taste like creosote, which flavor is due to the dead germs. Some people attribute this creosote taste to ammonia, but this is a mistake, for no ammonia can possibly enter the water during the process of freezing.

In keeping with other great industrial changes due to advances in scientific knowledge, the ice industry has profited in due proportion. Normally this business is run six months at a loss, being, in fact, a summer-hotel and boarding-house business. In order to overcome this seasonal feature the producers were finally obliged to build refrigerating warehouses adjoining their factories. Since this was done it has been possible to change the ice business into a twelve-months-a-year enterprise. The factories are now run at full capacity all the time without any marked amount of wastage. The warehouses are kept at a temperature of not more than twenty-eight degrees. Ice is frozen at a temperature of about fourteen degrees, which produces a product of the proper density. In the summer months more ice is taken out of the warehouses than is put in.

Perhaps the biggest problem of the iceman is the matter of delivering the product. The larger companies have made a careful study of this question and have reduced local transportation to a science. Up to date they find horses are efficient in congested sections. The motor vehicle, however, is becoming more and more a competitor of the horse and is gaining favor for use in limited areas. Motor trucks also excel in suburban districts where speed and distance are the determining factors.

Of all our local celebrities the iceman and the milkman reign supreme. The former must not only possess brawn in order to handle three-hundred-pound boxes, but he must be something of a diplomat and above all a wit. One of these characters was delivering ice on a scorching-hot day and was nearly all in, when a customer who was opposed to daylight saving made the remark that legislators would do well to bear in mind that Nature always knows best.

"Well," said the iceman, "why is it that Nature always freezes ice in winter when nobody wants it and then makes us want it in the summer when we can't get it?"

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Unloading American Goods in the Dutch West Indies

"I reckon this wholesome delight
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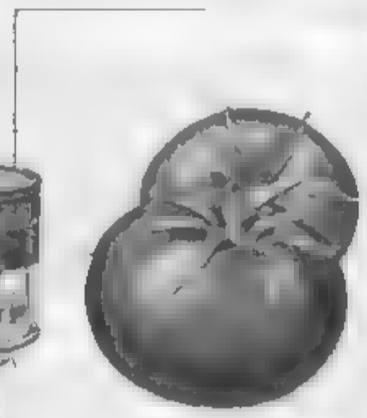
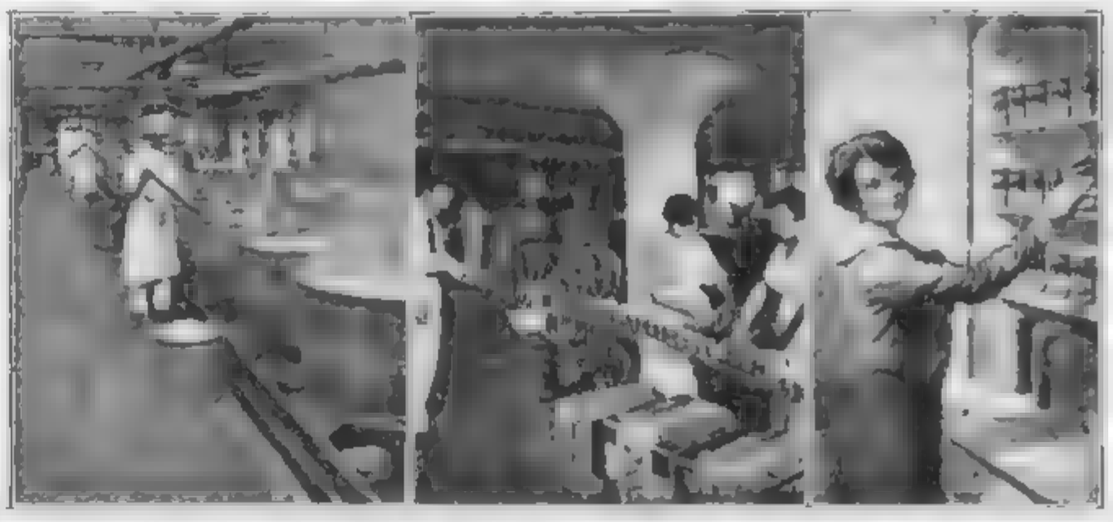
It adds to my treasure both profit and pleasure
And makes me ambitious and bright."





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ELEPHANT CONCERNS

By Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

ONLY the altogether ignorant do not know that the women of my line have been chaste."

It was the youngest mahout of the chief commissioner's elephant stockades of Hurda who spoke.

They sat in comfort under the feathery branches of tall tamarisk trees, smoking their water pipes after the sunset meal. It was the time for talk.

"A good beginning," said a very old man near by; "it being wise—in case of doubt—to stop the mouth of who might speak afterward."

"And the men of my line," proceeded the youngest mahout without embarrassment, "have been illustrious—save those who are forgotten. These all have been of High Himalaya; yet I am the least among you. I render the homage of hill blood, hot and full, to every one of you—my elders—because you are all mahouts of High Himalaya, even as my fathers were."

The men of the stockades bowed their heads in grave acknowledgment.

"Then by what curse of what gods falls this calamity," the boy went on, "that we of the chief commissioner's stockades are forced to receive a mahout from the Vindhya Hills, and an unreputed elephant from the hills without repute?"

"Softly, young one, softly!" a mahout in his full prime made swift answer. "Truly it is well the young are not permitted to use that untamed strength in speech which is best governed by the waste of sinew!"

The youngest mahout bent his head in humility and said with soft reverence:

"Will he who is most wise among us enlighten the darkness of him who is most foolish?"

"It is that elephants of great repute have come from the Vindhya Hills, and mahouts of great learning. Also, there is a luminous tradition that the most exalted creatures of their kind—those who traveled far from the highlands of Persia long ago—chose place for their future generations in the Vindhya Hills, and not in High Himalaya."

This man who had first rebuked sternly and afterward explained with extreme gentleness was Kudrat Sharif, the mahout of Neela Deo—mighty leader of their caravan. He was malik—which is to say, governing mahout—over them all; and best qualified among them. Therefore a clamor rose for more.

The youngest mahout went from his place and sat near as Kudrat Sharif continued:

"The black elephants are all but gone. Not more than one in a generation of men is seen any more. They are seldom toiled into the trap stockades in which the less wary are taken. The natures of those who have been snared are strange to us of the High Hills. They sometimes destroy men in their anger; they sometimes destroy themselves in their grief."

"What is the heart of this knowledge?" asked one.

"That these stockades are distinguished by government," Kudrat Sharif replied. "The elephant who is to reach us this evening is a black elephant—descended from the lines of ancient Persia."

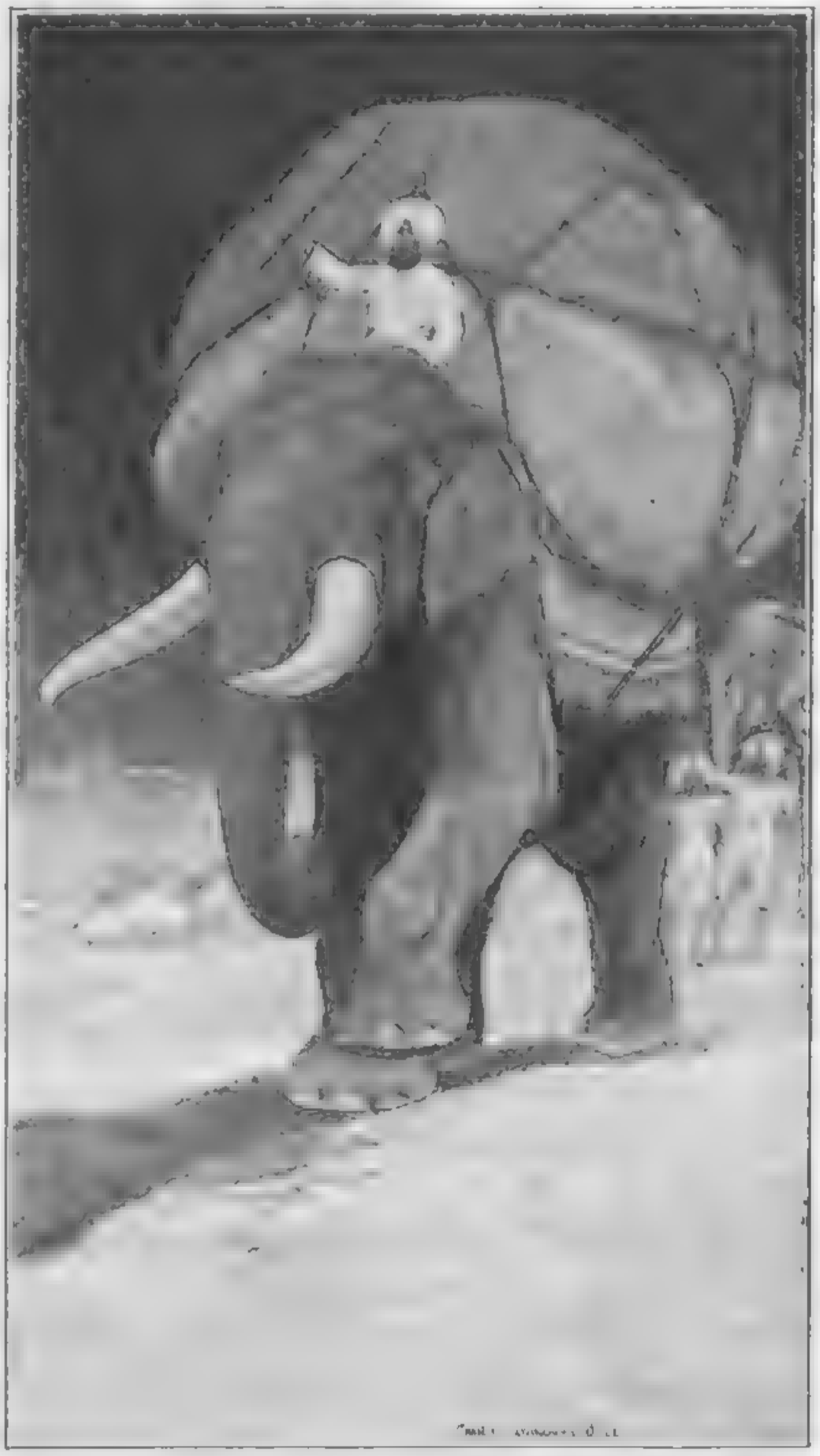
"La! La!" burst from the youngest; and a chorus of exclamations swept the circle before the gurgle of hookahs took the moment, as the mahouts gave themselves to meditation and water-winnowed smoke.

Then the trumpet tones of an elephant were heard from far out in the gathering gloom.

"May Vishnu, the great Preserver, save us from a killer!" The man who spoke was not less than magical in his power to control the unruly, but he never took credit to himself. "That is the voice of a fighter—smooth as curds of cream—and it reaches from far out, very far out."

The challenge call sounded again and the big males of the stockades answered without hesitation.

These mahouts had trained ears, and they listened, computing the stranger's rate of speed. The fullness of tone increased; and presently one said: "He comes fast."



The Extra-Loaded Elephant Rose and a Great Shout Went Up. Tones of Many Voices Filled the Slanting Sun Rays in All the Clamour of Dust

But they were not prepared to see the elephant that rolled into the glare of their torches out of the night. He came to pause in the center of the exercise arena—a vast sanded disk just in front of the stockade buildings—and stood rocking his huge body, tamping the ground with his feet as if still traveling.

"Now will my master use his intelligence to understand that we have arrived?" The strange mahout spoke to the elephant patiently; then turning to the men on the ground he said wistfully:

"Look on me with compassion, O men of honor and of fame! I have heard of you, but you have not heard of me."

"We have heard of you, that you are the making of a master mahout in due time," answered Kudrat Sharif.

"Then the gods who preserved my fathers to old age have not forgotten that I learned patience in my extreme youth," sighed the man.

Seeing that the elephant was not quieting, Kudrat Sharif spoke now in pacifying tones:

"Come down among us who are your brothers; we have prepared all things for your refreshment."

"I will come down with a full heart and an empty stomach, most beneficent, when this majesty will permit."

"Is he rough, son—to sit?" asked the very old man, coming closer.

The elephant shied a step and his mahout cuddled one ear with his fingers as he replied:

"He is the smoothest thing that ever moved upon the surface of the earth—like a wind driven by fiends. But he never stops."

The elephant was rolling now more widely, if anything, than at first; so the mahouts stood back a little and considered him.

His blackness was like very old bronze with certain metallic gleams in it, like time-veiled copper and brass. His flawless frame was covered with tight-banded muscle. There was no appearance of fat. His skin was smooth—without wrinkles. He was young; about forty years or less. But there was the nick of a tusk stroke in one ear and a small red devil in his eye.

He was a fighter—that was certain. But just as certain—and more important—the best of known fighters could never handle him alone.

Then, without warning, he flicked his mahout off his neck and set him precisely on the ground with a movement so quick no eye could follow his trunk as it did it.

The youngest mahout brought a sheaf of tender branches, such as are most desirable, and laid them near—but not too near—and when the elephant began to eat they removed the burden of his mahout's possessions from his back.

Then the man received their ministrations, keeping an eye on the elephant.

"Ram Yaksahn is my name," the strange mahout began when he was ready to smoke, "and my ancestors—from the first far breath of tradition—have been servants of the elephant people. We were of High Himalaya till the man who was the man before my father. Since then we serve in the Vindhya Hills. My twin brother was called with his master to the teak jungles of the south; but I have been with the trap stockades till now, when they send me down to these plains with the catch of all seasons."

"It is a good hearing," said the very old man as they all bent their heads, and the youngest mahout carefully arranged some specially fine tobacco in Ram Yaksahn's hookah.

"Now what is his record?" one asked.

"First, there is a record," Ram Yaksahn replied, "which may be his or another's. It is your right to know.

"Four monsoons before this elephant was trapped the body of a forest-reserve officer was found on a mountain slope. The head was broken—and the ribs. Rains had washed away all earth marks, but small trees had been uprooted near that place; therefore the thing had been done by an elephant. Close by a dead dog lay—entirely battered—and a split stick.

"Burial was given to that man with few words; he was not mourned. May the gods render to him his due!"

The mahouts assented as Ram Yaksahn smoked a moment.

"Be patient with me, most honorable," he went on in strained tones. "I come to you serving a strange master. The record I tell now is truly your right to know."

"Have no fear; we serve with you," Kudrat Sharif reassured him.

"Some months after this elephant was trapped," he continued, "they had him picketed in the working grounds—to learn the voices of men. It was there in the midst of us all that he killed his first mahout. No man could prevent.

"That mahout was a violent man. He had just struck his own child an unlawful blow. She lay on the ground as the dead lie. Then it was that this elephant moved before any man could move. We heard his picket stakes come up, but we did not see them come up. No man could prevent.

"He gathered the child's dead body in his trunk and swung it back and forth—back and forth. It hung like a

(Continued on Page 34)

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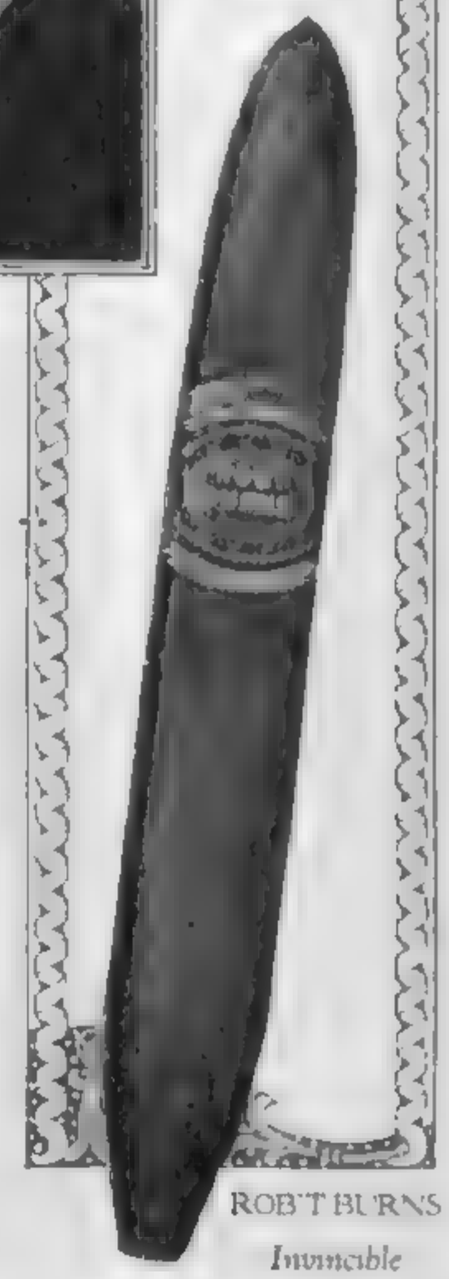

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(Continued from Page 32)

cloth. Slowly he came nearer to his mahout while he swung the body of the child. When he was close he laid the body between his own front feet. The violent man stood watching like one in a dream.

"Then this elephant who is now my master caught the man who stood watching—as you saw him take me down, swiftly—and swung him, but in a circle. The man struck the ground on his head and it was broken—also his ribs."

Low murmurs of appreciation swelled among the listening mahouts. Ram Yaksahn bent his head.

"It was determined," he said with satisfaction, "by wise men of authority, who rule such matters at the trap stockades, that this elephant had done just judgment, because the man had done murder.

"But we could not come close to this elephant—to link with his leg chains—for his threatening eye. That night and the next day he kept the body between his feet—the body of the little child he kept—save when he swung it. No man could prevent.

"Then he left it"—Ram Yaksahn's voice suddenly went husky—"and came to me and put me on his neck. For this reason I am his to him and he is mine to me!"

"Well done! Well done!" the mellow voice of Kudrat Sharif spoke softly; and the mahouts of the chief commissioner's stockades assented.

"There is yet one thing," Ram Yakaahn resumed, "and I should cover my face to tell it. But if you learn that I am a fool of fools, consider my foolishness. His blackness is strange; his strength is mighty—it took four to handle him, not two, in the beginning—and his quickness is more quick than a man can think. Also he has a red devil in his eye.

"When my name was spoken after his name and my duty rendered me to serve him, I found he was indeed my master. We consider the creatures of his kind are exalted above men, but I thought him a son of darkness, come up out of the pit. In my fool heart I did, and I do not know yet.

"At the time when he was trapped I was in High Himalaya finding a fair woman of lineage as good as my own—as my fathers have done. So when this last thing happened not many weeks ago, a son of mine lay on his mother's breast.

"She came out with the child and sat near me. She was teaching me that my son laughed. I saw only her, and knew only that her babe was strong. I forgot that this elephant browsed close by, having long picket chains to reach the tender branches.

"He came closer to where we sat and stood looking at us, and I called on her to behold the red devil in his eye. But I looked—not into his eye; and I did not see him upon us till he lifted my son from her breast. I saw the little body swing up, far above my head—the so very little body—and I heard her cry in the same breath."

Ram Yaksahn laid his forehead against his fists and softly beat his head. Looking up with drawn features he went on:

"My face was in the grasses when I heard her laugh. Then I saw the babe—not longer than a man's arm—slowly swinging in my master's trunk, back and forth, back and forth. The little one was making noises of content—such as babes use—when my master laid him very gently between his own front feet. The child spread his hands, reaching up for the curling tip above his face.

"Now it has been said that I am not lacking in courage; but in that hour I was without sense to know courage or fear. The fingers of cold Death felt along my veins and searched out the marrow of my bones, for when I leaped to take the babe I saw the red threat in my master's eye. But the mother of my son went like a blown leaf and stooped between this elephant's feet to lift up her first man-child.

"She came away with him safe; and this elephant swayed before us at the end of his picket chains, stretching his quivering trumpet tip toward the babe, with flaming fires in his eyes.

"The daughter of High Himalayan mahouts called this black majesty 'Nut Kut,' and they have added that name on the government books. But they will not take his first name away. I have finished."

And Ram Yaksahn gave himself to his hookah, still keeping his eye on Nut Kut.

"His first name has been forgotten," mildly reminded the very old man.

"His first name is Nut Kut," said Ram Yaksahn with decision. "But his last name is Pyar-awaz."

All the mahouts laughed, translating the double name in their own minds—Mischief, The Voice of Love.

"We have no violent men in these stockades," said Kudrat Sharif, speaking to them all. "And we do not find that Ram Yaksahn was lacking in courage. We will prove the nature of Nut Kut with kindness."

His decision was conclusive, and they proceeded to encourage the mighty black into his own inclosure.

This was the coming of Nut Kut to the chief commissioner's elephant stockades of Hurda.

As time went by the attraction of his mysterious nature more and more inflamed the mahouts with interest and with concern, for he was a fearsome fighter.

The very smell of elephants had always stirred Skag like all clean good earth smells in one. When he was animal trainer in the circus the elephants had not been his special charge, but he'd seen a good deal of them. They looked to him like convicts, or manikins moving to the pull of the hour string. They were incessantly being loaded, unloaded, made to march; cooped in small, stuffy places—chained.

He wanted to see elephants—herds of them! He wanted to see them in multitudes, working for men in their own way, using their own intelligence. He wanted to see them in their own jungles—living their own lives.

Sooner or later he meant to see them—all ways. He had come to India, the land of elephants, partly for that reason; but in the Mahadeo Mountains there were none—nor in the great Grass Jungle.

Just now he was smoking his after-tiffin cigar in the veranda of Dickson Sahib's big bungalow in Hurda. The great Highway-of-all-India, with its triple avenue, its monarch trees, swept past the front of the grounds. Several times he had seen a big elephant with a man on his neck go joyously rolling by. He could tell it was joyous; and the man was usually singing.

He had learned that when he wanted anything way back in the inside of himself, he was due to get it. To-day this thing was gnawing more than ever before. He wanted elephants—hard.

Then Dickson Sahib, Skag's host—who was a very busy man in one of the Indian Government's economic departments—came out through the veranda on his way back to the offices and stopped to finish their tiffin conversation: "So you'll find it pretty much open jungle immediately about here, but practically all the animal kinds in India a little out. Indeed we're much envied by the regular hunters. I could find you any number of hosts for that kind of entertainment; but there'll be something in your line, don't fear."

"I hope you won't take any trouble," Skag put in. "I just want to look round a few days—till Cadman gets back."

"It's the other way about; you're going to be no end of good for young Horace, I can see that. You'll find him far too mature for his years. His brain's too active; but he's not abnormal. His tutors call him insatiable; but from his babyhood the breath of his life has been elephants. And by the way, he's well on in the cult. He's taken a lot from the learned natives. They talk with him as if he were quite grown. Half of it I couldn't follow myself."

"That's extraordinary to me," said Skag.

"Of course it is. But there's been nothing else for it. My own days are quite tied up, and his mother—the climate, you know. So you see what I mean, he's really needing—just you." Dickson's eyes turned on a little fellow who stood alone farther down the veranda. Then his face shadowed as he spoke in a lower tone:

"I said he's not abnormal—that should be qualified. Several years ago he was carried home from the chief commissioner's elephant stockades by their governing mahout, Kudrat Sharif. The servants said he was crying and fighting to go back, but otherwise seemed quite himself. When I came from the offices in the evening, however, he was in a fever; raving about Nut Kut—raving about Nut Kut for days—always wanting to go back to Nut Kut. I went after the governing mahout and he said the child had played too hard and that was why they brought him home. Kudrat Sharif is a graceful man with much dignity, but I always felt he held something in reservation."

"What about Nut Kut?" asked Skag.

"Nut Kut is a great black elephant, trapped in the Vindhya Hills only a few years ago. He's young and I've heard he's a dangerous fighter. He's a mighty brute, but—just as hard as my son likes him, I don't! I can't get over believing he's responsible for the high nerve tension my boy always carries. But don't let Horace annoy you," Dickson Sahib finished hurriedly. "You're his first love, you know."

Any man knows the kind of thrill when he's told that a small boy has fallen in love with him; but the boy's interest in elephants reminded Skag of his own. The child became more than merely worth considering.

The little figure suggested dynamic power rather than physical strength. The hair was peculiar—dull brown with an overcast of pale flame on it. The skin was too white. But the eyes held Skag. They were pure gray, full of smoldering shadows and high lights.

At this moment he was leaning his head toward the road—listening. Then he chuckled gleefully:

"Oh, ho-o-o! She's petulant to-day, is the lady! Wait till you see the loveliest thing in gray, Skag Sahib!"

Down through the great trees a handsome female elephant approached, careering at a curious choppy gait. Her trunk was well up and she was trumpeting every third step.

"Here she comes!" cried the boy. "Mitha Baba, shrieking to heaven for the Gul Moti! Will you look at her? Isn't she wild? Her mahout can't do a thing with her—don't you love it?"

"What's the matter with her?" asked the bewildered Skag.

"She's furious because the Gul Moti is not at the bungalow to come out and speak to her. She adores the Gul Moti, you understand. Of course everybody does, but Mitha Baba has known her ever since she was a little baby—when the old chief commissioner used to take the bit of imperial India with him on Mitha Baba's back."

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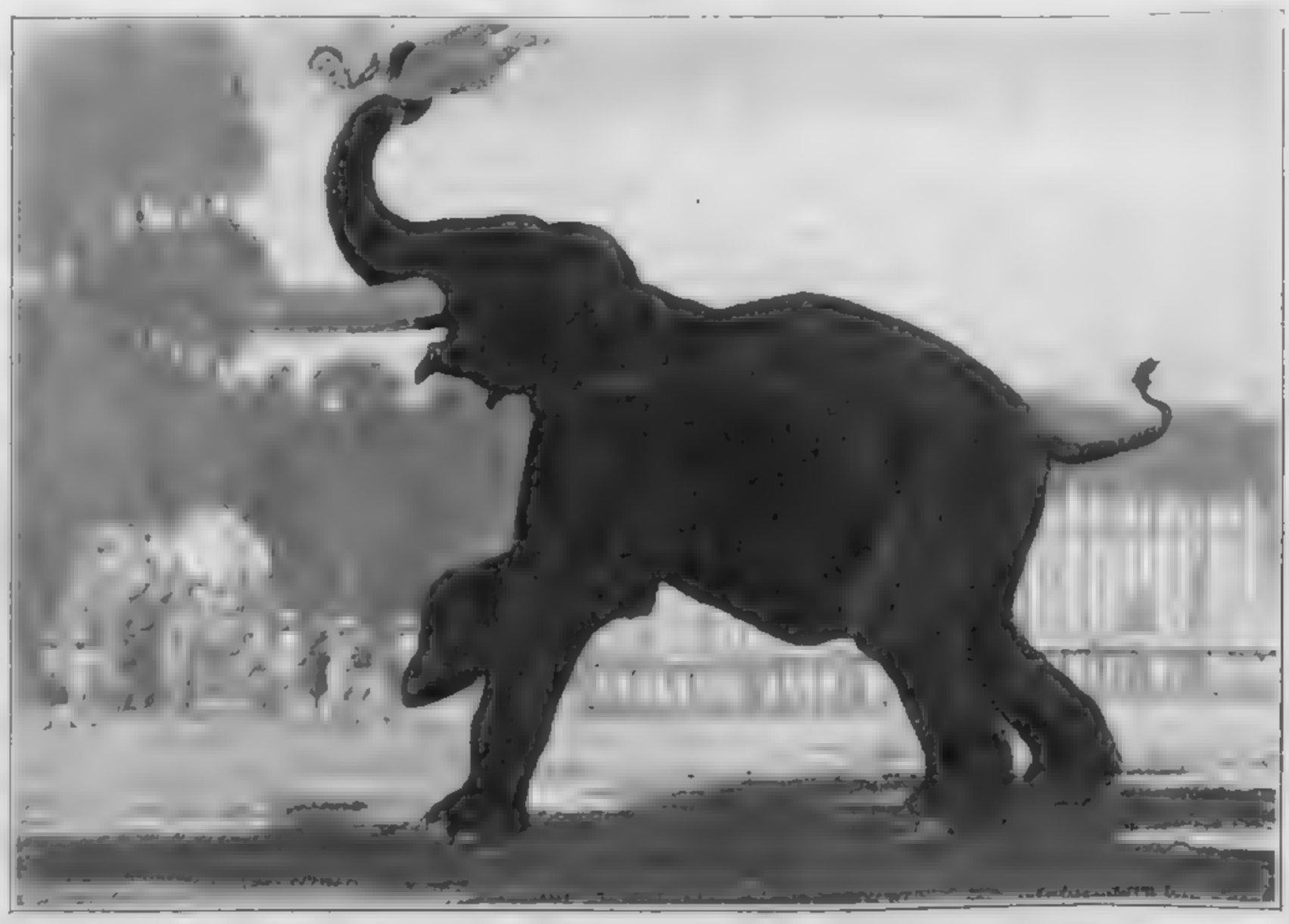
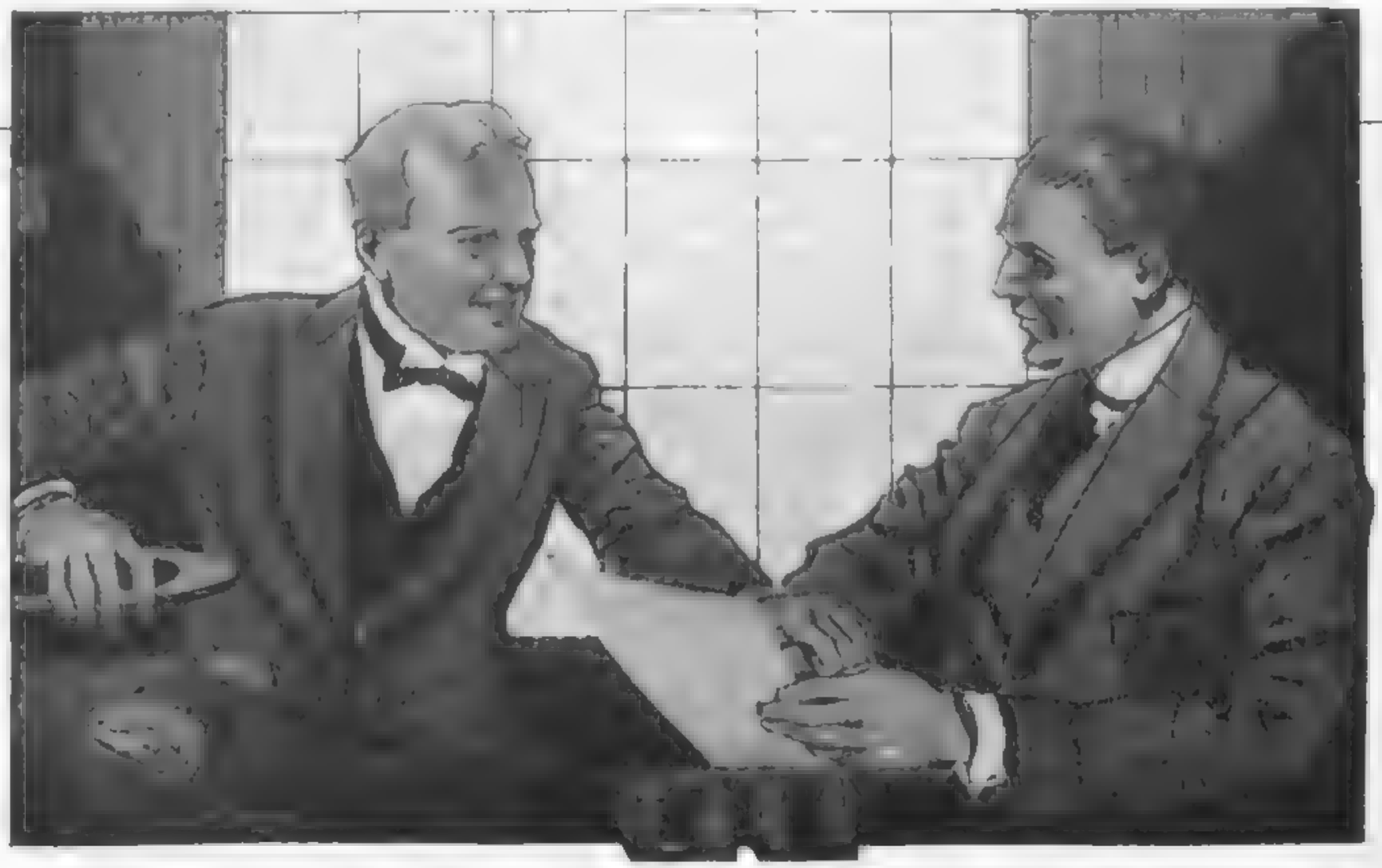


Lifting His Head, Nut Kut Flung the Child Round and Round and Round—Faster and Yet Faster



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(Continued from Page 34)

Horace waved his hand to Mitha Baba's mahout, and the mahout shouted something in a dialect Skag didn't know.

"He says pray the gods, and when the Gul Moti comes home we shall have peace," the boy interpreted. "He's awfully proud of Mitha Baba. He wouldn't have her squeal one squeal less. And it's true, Skag Sahib, there isn't anything in gray beyond her; but ——"

The boy stopped, suddenly gone wistful—his big gray eyes grief-sick.

"What's the trouble?" asked Skag, startled.

"They won't let me near him—they won't let me! I want him more than anything I know."

"Then you'll get him!" interrupted Skag.

It must have been Skag's voice—the sureness in it—that made some choking tightness way back in the boy's soul let go. Whole vistas of possibilities opened up. This opening was to mean something for Skag, as shall appear.

The youngster's face changed till it was like white flame—his eyes blacker than night as he cried breathlessly: "We're going to get on, you know! I'm sure of it! If only I were old enough to be your friend!"

Skag remembered the father's words.

"I've never had a friend younger than myself," he said tentatively, "and there are only a few years' difference—why not?"

Their hands met as men. And it was still early in the afternoon.

Horace ran into the house and spoke with a servant. When he came out he exulted:

"I've arranged for one thing to show you already! My boy will be back from the bazaar soon—to let me know whether the time will be to-day or to-morrow. It's a surprise, if you don't mind, Skag Sahib."

"All right; then what's the most interesting thing you know about?" asked Skag.

"Elephants! No question!"

"Have you many here in Hurda?"

"Have we!" the boy literally twinkled. "Our chief commissioner has forty government elephants in his stockades—the finest ever. Neela Deo—The Blue God—and Mitha Baba and Gunputh Rao—they're famous in all India. And Nut Kut; indeed, Skag Sahib, you should see Nut Kut—they don't allow strangers about where he is. He's the one—the mahouts won't let me go near him!"

"What's wrong with him?" Skag asked kindly.

"I don't know; I'm always wondering. In the beginning, when I was little, but I don't believe it was—wrong."

The boy spoke haltingly, frowning, but went on with a firm look about his mouth:

"That's between Nut Kut and—Horace Dickson! I like him better than anything I know. The mahouts have tried every way to discourage me—yes, they have! The youngest one told me that Nut Kut killed his first mahout; but Kudrat Sharif looked like thunder when he found out—mahouts are not supposed to tell things. And everyone knows perfectly wild elephants are dangerous."

"What does he do here?" Skag questioned.

"You know government doesn't permit elephant fighting," the boy began solemnly. "But—Nut Kut doesn't know it!" He finished with impish laughter. "His pet scheme is to break away out of his own stockades if there are any elephants across the river—that's where the regiments camp—and get in among the military elephants. He's a frightful fighter."

"How do they handle him?" Skag asked.

"It's to see, Skag Sahib; it can't be told. I suppose it's unbecoming an English gentleman to wish it, but Ram Yaksahn is ill with plain's fever—he's Nut Kut's mahout—and if I only knew there would be a chance ——"

The little English gentleman stopped short, shot one finger straight up as far as he could reach, and ducked his head—the picture of wordless joy. It was an Indian trick, but the new American friend understood.

Skag was still smiling at the lad's humor when a servant came in from the highway. He salaamed before Horace and reported that the tamasha would occur at the usual time this afternoon—afternoon, not evening.

"Then we'll have tea at once!" Horace interrupted his servant with flushing cheeks. "Quick! Tell the butler!"

After tea they walked along the great Highway-of-all-India by the edge of the native town and over the low stone bridge. Beyond the river they passed acres of tenting. A glamour of dust lay in the slanting sun rays. An intense earth smell penetrated Skag's senses. A feel of excitement was in the air.

"Where are the elephants?" Skag asked.

"How do you know it's elephants?" the boy countered, his eyes dancing full of joy lights.

"Several ways; but last of all, I smell 'em."

"Ho, ho! Won't the mahouts love you? Very good, Skag Sahib, it is elephants—much elephants. You are to see them in one of their big works in the Indian elephant-military department."

To Skag—that is, to Sanford Hantee, the American animal trainer—the program just announced ceased to be the child's adventure he had come out for.

"What work?" he asked.

"This is elephant concerns, Skag Sahib," the boy replied. "They work with men and they work for men, but no one knows what they think about the man end of it, because they are always and always doing things men never expect. They do funny things and strange things and wonderful things. It's the inside working of an elephant regiment that makes it so different from anything else. It's all tied up with men on the outside; but you mustn't notice the man end of it. Inside is what I mean—the elephant concerns. No one knows what it will be to-day."

"Have you forgotten Nut Kut?" smiled Skag.

"Not ever!" the boy answered quickly. "But even if he doesn't come, they almost always do something interesting. That's why we never call them animals or beasts but sometimes creatures—because they have a kind of intelligence we have not. And that's why we always speak of them as persons."

"I like that," said Skag.

Horace smiled into Skag's eyes and went on:

"From end to end of India—down Bombay side and up Calcutta side—regiments of elephants go with regiments of men in the never-ending fatigue marching that keeps them all fit. The tenting and commissariat stuff is carried by the elephants, straight from camp to camp, safe and sure and in proper time—always. That's the point, you understand, Skag Sahib—they never run away with it, or lose it, or go aside into the jungle to eat. You're going to see one regiment start out to-day. The man regiment will go another road—a little longer but not so rough. The elephant regiment will go by themselves—just one mahout on each neck, just as you would carry a mouse. Really, they go on their own honor, because men have no power to control them—only with their voices. You know government doesn't permit elephants to be shot for anything—only in case one is court-martialed and sentenced to die."

"Don't the mahouts ever punish them?" Skag asked.

"They're not allowed to torture them—never mind what! And men can't punish elephants any other way—they're not big enough."

Horace stopped to laugh.

Then a voice rolled out of the dust glamour before them. In quality and reach and power it reminded Skag of a marvel voice that used to call newspapers in the big railway station in Chicago.

"Whose voice?" he asked Horace.

"That's the master mahout. He calls the elephants—you'll see. He's the only kind of mahout who ever gets pay for himself."

"How's that?"

"It's what makes the elephant military a proper department. Only elephant names on the books; the pay goes to them. The mahout is always an elephant's servant; he eats from his master of course. From the outside it saves a lot of trouble, to be sure."

Skag laughed. From the elephant's standpoint a small Englishman was conceding a certain amount of convenience to men.

"You see," the boy went on, "an elephant lives anyway more than a hundred years, and his name stays just like that and draws pay without changing. Always a mahout's son takes his place when he gets too old or dies. I can recall when Mitha Baba's mahout was one of the most wonderful of them all. Now he has gone old, as they say, and his son is on her neck."

There was a moment when Skag would have given his soul—almost—if he might have grown up in India as this child was growing up; in the heart of her ancient knowledge, in the breath of her mystic power.

Then a great plain opened before them. It appeared at first glance completely full of elephants.

The glamour of sun-drenched dust hung over all.

Looking more closely Skag saw nothing but elephant ranks toward the right and nothing but elephant ranks toward the left. But in the center a large area was covered with separate piles of dunnage, evenly distributed.

From where he stood toward where the sun would set a broad division stretched, and in the middle of this division a single line of loaded elephants filed away and away to the horizon.

Skag became oblivious; he was so thralled with the sight that he did not notice what was nearer. The whole panorama held his breath till right before him a great creature rose from sitting without a sound. There was a dignity about its movement not less than majestic. It was a mighty load, but the huge shape slid away as smooth as flowing water—as easy as a drifting cloud.

A deep voice said quietly:

"Peace, master; go thy way! Peace, son!"

"Did he speak to both of them?" Skag asked of Horace.

"Yes! The first part was to the elephant and the last part was to the mahout. This mahout must be one of the great ones, else the master mahout would not have spoken to him. But he will always speak to the elephants—something."

A strange name filled the air, rolling up and away. It was followed by a courteous request in softer tones, and Skag watched another big elephant approach from the unpicketed lines. It came to where the master mahout stood, close to a pile of tenting, wheeled to face the way it should go presently and sank down to be loaded.

Men did the lifting into place and the lashing on. There was detail in the process, to which the elephant adjusted his body as intelligently as they adjusted theirs. When they required to reach under with the broad canvas bands he raised a little—without being told. Indeed they seldom spoke, even to each other—and then in undertones. The elephant's mahout sat in his place on the neck as if he were a part of the neck itself.

The smoothness, the ease of it all, amazed Skag. That every good night spoken to every separate elephant was different—peculiar to itself—was no less astounding. It was never as if addressed to an animal or even a child, but always as if to a mature and understanding intelligence. As when the master mahout said to one female:

"Fortune to thee, great lady! May the gods guard that foot! And have a care in going down the khuds; it is that mercy should be shown us, thy friends."

And again to a young male whose movements were very self-conscious:

"Remember there is to be no tamasha to-night, thou son of Destiny. It is not yet in thy head to determine when shall be tamasha. Fifty years hence and when wisdom shall be come to thee, thou heir of ancient learning, then we shall have tamasha at thy bidding."

A monster female came at the call of her name, with a long and heavy chain—one end securely attached to her. The other end she handled with her trunk. Advancing to within a few feet of the master mahout, she stood facing him, teetering her whole body from side to side, swinging the chain as she rolled.

Horace flashed away and ran in among the massed elephants and mahouts. He came back and said breathlessly: "A mahout says the other one went before we came! That means if Nut Kut comes there'll be no one to manage him."

"What's she supposed to do?" asked Skag.

"If anyone starts a fight," the boy explained hurriedly, "one of these females with her chain is better than any two or three big fighting males. Wow! Two tuskers would just wake Nut Kut up!"

Then he stood staring at the female with her chain, getting red in the face as he spoke:

"Oh, I say! She doesn't want to be loaded and she knows! Why, they know she knows! Master mahout!" he called in brave tones that trembled, "I am Dickson Sahib's son—of the grain-foods department."

"We know you, Sahib, salaam!" interrupted the master mahout with a nice smile.

"Is it not the unwritten law that the great mother thing shall be obeyed?" the boy quavered.

"It is the unwritten law, Sahib; and we will not impose our will on her. It is this, there is no sign of what she means; the masters are all quiet to-day—there is no warning of tamasha."

The master mahout spoke with grave consideration; but just as he finished the female wheeled into place and went down to take her load.

"Cheer up, son, I guess it's all right!" comforted Skag.

"It's all right—if Nut Kut doesn't come," said the boy whimsically.

"So tamasha sometimes means ructions?" queried Skag, remembering the tamer definition he had learned.

"It means anything anybody considers entertaining!" answered Horace with a quick change of expression. "By preference—an elephant fight! Remember, government doesn't allow 'em, but sometimes they just happen anyway."

Then an elephant failed to answer. Several mahouts left their places and went to one spot, and Skag saw the one who had been called. He was sitting low against the ground, slowly rocking his head from side to side. A mahout was examining his ears, folding them back and feeling of them, laying his cheek against the inside surface.

"Is he sick?" asked Skag.

But the boy's eyes were wide upon the broad avenue before them, where the loaded elephants went marching away. Then he burst out in choking excitement:

"Look, Skag Sahib! See that loaded elephant coming back from the line? I think you are going to see one of the most wonderful things that ever happened. They say it has been done, but I've never seen it—I've never seen it myself."

Skag saw a powerful elephant coming back alongside the loaded line. He did not move with the same smooth, flowing motion as the others. He walked as if he were coming on important business. With a load on his back, he returned and sank down beside the pile of tenting intended for another elephant.

"What's the meaning of it?" asked Skag.

Little Horace Dickson answered in a hushed way, as one in the presence of a miracle:

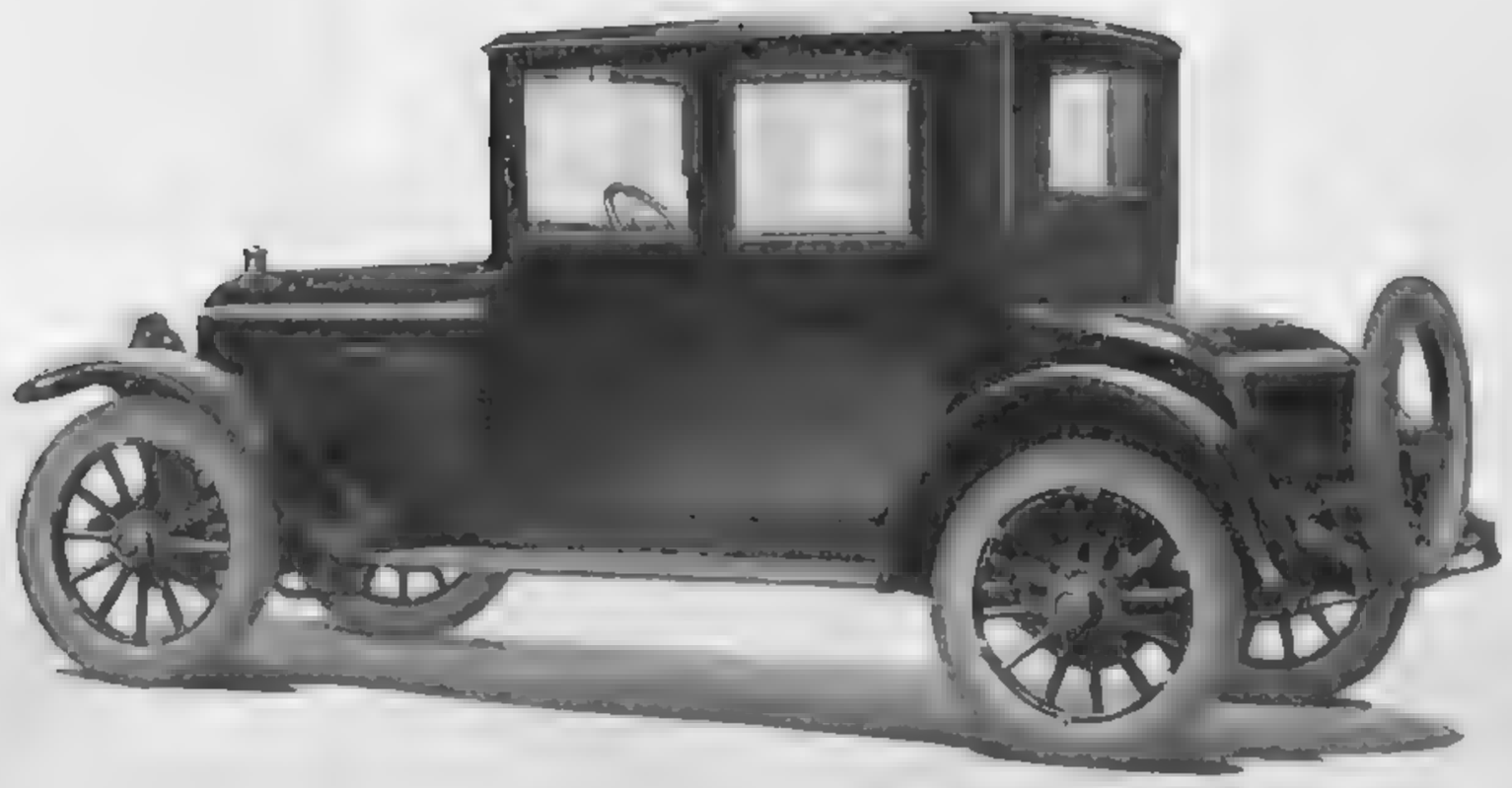
"It's one of the regulars come back to take a part of what belongs to the sick elephant."

(Concluded on Page 150)

What we said of the Sedan is equally true, of course, of the Coupé:—

"The character of the performance goes without saying. We direct your attention to the beauty of the design."

Hupmobile Enclosed Types—Sedan and Coupé—$2185 f. o. b. Detroit



Hupmobile

THE BIG TOP IN EUROPE

By W. R. MACDONALD

Opening at Lyons, France

IT IS a far cry from a London boat club to the tents of an American circus, but life's highway takes unsuspected turnings and the crossroad which led me, an English lad, from the London Stock Exchange to the greatest show on earth began at a boathouse on the Thames and the way of its happening was this: After rowing almost the entire season with the same companions as crew mates I discovered that one of them was German. Of course this was long before any of us had heard of frightfulness.

What immediately interested me in the young oarsman was his thorough mastery of the English language. He spoke it fluently and colloquially and quite without accent. Then and there I resolved to master his language as he had mine and I quickly decided that the only way to do it was to live in Germany.

I was an impulsive young man and the desire for travel was strong within me. My boyhood had been partly spent in France and the Continent beckoned to me from across the Channel. In a very short time a certain Anglo-French banking house of Austin Friars had a vacancy in its foreign department and my rowing days were over.

An Answer to a Want Ad.

IT TRANSPIRED that my German friend had an elder brother in Cologne who desired to perfect his English and arrangements were quickly consummated by which I was to join him there. This I speedily did and for nearly a year we shared rooms and exchanged lessons in our respective languages. In the daytime, when my companion was engaged in business, I pored painfully through German grammars and varied the fatigue and monotony thereof by practicing each newly acquired phrase upon our patient Alsatian landlady. To her harmless love of gossip and loquacious tongue I owed much of the progress made as I slowly mounted the steps of German phrase and syntax; and she found in me a willing listener to her stories of all the doings and scandal of the quarter, in the telling of which she never tired. The twelve months thus passed in Cologne and in the university town of Bonn were very pleasant student days. But the dream days in the shadow of the old Dom finally came to an end. My slender purse was becoming too light to pitch over a lamp-post and I was forced to get back to work. It was the final stretch of the crossroad that left the banks of the Thames and stopped at a circus on the Rhine.

One of my self-imposed tasks in the study of German was the daily perusal of the Cologne Gazette. That formidable journal never had a more constant reader and surely never such a thorough one, for I read it from beginning to end, laboriously studying through its ponderous editorial leaders down to the final want advertisement. While engrossed one day in this study a prominent advertisement in English arrested my attention. It announced that when a certain American circus then touring through Germany reached the city of Cologne it would seek the services of a young American or Englishman familiar with the German language. Armed with my one year's study, I boldly made application, though never having seen an American circus I had not the faintest idea of what such an institution could be like or what use it might have for me. In a few days and rather to my surprise a reply came requesting me to call on the manager of the circus on the morning of its arrival in the city. With a certain amount of trepidation and awe I complied with this command and with an assumed nonchalance which I was far from feeling gave my name and message to an attendant at the entrance. It was early in the day, which was rather cold, and there were few abroad.

On the Lot

HOW well I recollect every detail of the scene stretched out before me as I stood at the guy ropes which separated the circus inclosure from the outside world! My stolid British conventionality was not yet shattered to the point of seriously entertaining the probability of going off with a circus. Looking back, I suspect the reigning thought in my mind was the possibility of a free pass to the performance!

The picture that unfolded itself for the first time to my English eyes as I waited there was just as fascinating as it has been to countless thousands of boys and girls the world over seeing their first circus. The big top, as I afterward learned to call the big tent under whose shelter the performances were given, lay stretched out on the ground, a swaying, undulating sea of ten-ounce cotton duck, for it was waterproofing day. Under the direction of the boss canvasman a small army of men with mops and brooms were spreading a mixture of turpentine and wax over the vast surfaces of canvas. In the distance a herd of elephants was being watered and the curling and uncurling of their trunks as they plunged them greedily in the water barrels and discharged the water into their mouths was accompanied by shrill, discordant trumpetings. Wagons drawn by four, six and eight horses, filled with curious loads of stakes and chains, seat planks and canvas, animals for the

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The Circus at Laibach, Austria

In the Alps at Grenoble, France

What are you doing Monday night?

THEN how'd you like to do a society stunt, associating with limousines, lords and pearl necklaces on a free and equal footing?

Or take a fling at being a Wall Street king, playing with railroads and millions like toys and pennies?

Or help clean up a gang of western bandits, in a sharp flurry of mustangs, masks and six-shooters?

Or any one of a hundred sensations you'd love to experience?

All right—it's easy—go to the nearest theatre that shows Paramount-Artcraft Pictures—Monday night or Tuesday night or Wednesday, Thursday, Friday or any afternoon or night.

With these extraordinary photo-plays Famous Players-Lasky Corporation places every phase of life right in front of your eyes—makes you the invisible witness and partaker of strange worlds of action and luxury.

The key to this realm is the name Paramount-Artcraft.

Use that key tonight!

Paramount-Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount-Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice-Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

The New Paramount-Artcraft Pictures for September

Listed alphabetically, released up to September 30th. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Billie Burke *in* "The Misleading Widow"
Marguerite Clark *in* "Widow by Proxy"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "The Witness for the Defense"
Vivian Martin *in* "The Third Kiss"
Wallace Reid *in* "The Valley of the Giants"
Robert Warwick *in* "Told in the Hills"
George Loane Tucker's Production "The Miracle Man"

Thomas H. Ince Productions

Enid Bennett *in* "Stepping Out"
Dorothy Dalton *in* "The Market of Souls"
Charles Ray *in* "The Egg Crate Wallop"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy
one each month
Paramount-Briggs Comedy
one each week
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
two each month

Paramount Magazine
issued weekly
Paramount-Post Nature Pictures
issued every other week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures
one each week

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menagerie and musical instruments for the band were still clattering and rumbling on the grounds, for unloading was still in process, and as they entered the great demesne each cage and wagon proceeded to its allotted place with easy automatic swing. At another point on the grounds a great gentle-looking elephant was at work placing cages in their proper order for the menagerie. Bowing her head at the behest of a keeper, she carefully placed it against a stout piece of timber set for the purpose in iron brackets across the back of the wagon; and at the second command her immense hulk moved irresistibly forward and the heavy vehicle with it until at the words "Hold her, Babe" she leisurely straightened up and carelessly tore with her trunk a wisp of hay from a neighboring bale as though moving a huge tank wagon with a full-grown hippopotamus inside was really nothing at all.

All presented an outward sense of chaos and confusion to my unaccustomed eyes, though I was aware, subconsciously at least, that behind and underneath it all lay a perfect plan.

By and by word came that the chief of this strange world would see me. My conductor ushered me into a small tent about ten feet square on which was marked in black letters, Private Office. The day was chilly and the ground inside the little tent was strewn with straw. A small oil stove stood near the center pole, and planks taken from the bleacher seats had been placed edgewise on the ground along the sides of the tent, evidently with the object of keeping out the cold draft from the feet of the occupants of the tent.

Sitting on a high-cushioned chair, fitted with an arm rest covered with papers and telegrams, was a quiet distinguished-looking gentleman, who received me with a pleasant nod and a shrewd, penetrating glance. He impressed me as a man who often worked long after he was tired. The interview was brief. He said that the young man who had brought my message to him had informed him that I evidently spoke German well—I had addressed him in that language at the entrance. Some wavering on my part was brushed aside with an encouraging pat on the shoulder and the remark, "Come along and see how you like it."

The work was to be varied. I was to conduct his correspondence, dispatch telegrams, help on the front door, act as interpreter for himself and the press agent. And at the close of the road season there would be the months in Vienna, where the circus was to play a winter engagement. The remuneration was generous and munificent in comparison with the German idea of stipend at the various commercial houses where I had tried my luck. Here was opportunity to see all Europe and to be paid for doing it! With a mixture of bewilderment and joy I accepted and rushed home to pack my modest valise.

Babel's Tower Out-Babeled

THE few days we stayed in Cologne before the circus pulled its stakes for the next town were spent in acquiring some knowledge of my duties and in recovering my breath after this plunge into a sea of new experiences. On the evening of departure I was directed to report to sleeping car No. 57 and there to confide my person and belongings to the care of the head porter. That busy functionary bestowed the most cursory of glances upon me and turned me over to one of his myrmidons. This latter showed me my quarters. On Upper Berth 19 in Car 57 a typewritten label bore two names—my own was one of them. The other belonged to an official whose acquaintance I had yet to make. Thenceforth my bedroom was to consist of the half of an upper berth!

I learned that the circus was transported in four long trains, each composed of twenty-two or twenty-three cars. The sleeping car to which I had been assigned was occupied by about sixty performers and minor officials and attachés. These came and went and smoked and talked far into the night until the loading was accomplished and the train in motion, when all became curiously and suddenly still. That night I climbed early into my berth and lay there quite overwhelmed by all the different impressions the strange surroundings made on me. Sleep was far from me and I listened intently to the gossip and noise about me. There was also considerable speculation regarding my bedfellow-to-be. When he arrived it was with some satisfaction that I noted he was as slight as myself. This was quite important as the berths were not very wide. They were not the movable Pullman type, but bunks permanently constructed and they did not fold up.

My companion proved of a taciturn disposition. I recognized him as one of the ticket sellers, and without a word of greeting he slipped in beside me and was soon fast asleep. For several hours I listened to his heavy breathing. Perhaps that first night up in that upper berth was the hardest experience during seven years of wandering halfway round the world with a circus. For two long seasons I bore the discomfort of passing the nights on the half of an upper shelf for sheer love of the life and the joy of travel. Later promotion came and I entered into the proud possession of a stateroom all to myself.

Many people seem to think that the circus is purely an American institution, but this is a mistaken notion. Traveling circuses have wandered up and down England and Continental Europe for the past two hundred years. Busch and Renz and Wolff are known from the Baltic to the Caspian Sea. Their names are—or were in prewar days—household words in a hundred cities from Rotterdam to Warsaw. In Great Britain the circus of Lord George Sanger is the lineal descendant of George Sanger's Circus, which was hoary with age before Barnum was born. Incidentally all the advertising acumen was not the exclusive monopoly of American circus men, for the elder Sanger astutely chose the name of Lord for his son, and when in the course of time the circus passed to the control of the latter the name of Lord George Sanger on the rural billboards was not without its effect on the local population, which was never quite certain that the handsome high-school horseman who caracoled into the ring at the opening of each performance was not a peer of the realm.

With its genius for organization, however, America took the one-ring circus from the old world, where it ranked scarcely higher than the gypsy outfit, and developed it into a national institution. Gradually the road show, creeping in the silent night from hamlet to hamlet grew in America to be a city in itself, requiring a mile of trains for its transportation in its passage across a continent. Ways and methods of advertisement progressed in proportion and the billposter's paste and brush reached their apotheosis.

In Europe, however, the circus has changed but little in form or size, and when it comes to town its approach is heralded in the old traditional manner. A lone billposter pastes up a few notices round the city hall and the depot and two small boys distribute several hundred handbills. Therefore when the knights of the paste and brush hit the trail in Europe to show the Old World a trick or two in blazing the way for the greatest show on earth the audacity of their onslaught swept all before them. The American billposter's creed recognizes no reverence and in his path across the continent his brush spared nothing it could reach and the flaming multicolored posters screamed to the passing wayfarer from points of vantage undreamed of by any native advertiser.

Many were the amusing incidents of his trade as he pursued his crusade across the countries of Europe. In Cologne the inhabitants followed the crews as they passed from street to street, fascinated by the dexterous play of the long-handled brush as the billposters pursued their task of obliterating the natural features of the Rhenish city. So big did the crowds become, indeed, that the chief of police with a woeful lack of humor served a summons later on the management of the circus on the ground that its billposters had created an obstruction of the public traffic!

In the ancient town of Nimes, in the south of France, he posted and bannered the gray walls of the arena which the Romans built two thousand years ago and the great age-old blocks of stone, which bore mute witness of gladiator and Christian martyr, were hung with sheet and banner bearing the French translation of the greatest show on earth. In far-off Königsberg, on the Baltic Sea, the cathedral's commanding prominence roused his covetousness and he erected a great billboard which almost inclosed the sacred edifice, while the worshipers walked round the wall of advertising to find the entrance. The waterfalls of Schaffhausen were surmounted by huge posters in two languages so that all who passed might read where the circus played in Switzerland.

As the show wandered through the countries the advertising and posters were necessarily printed in many different tongues. In one summer alone more than nine languages were used. This led to some confusion on the part of the American billposter, who blithely pursued his way quite oblivious of any language other than his own. Sometimes mistakes occurred and the paper was pasted up in the wrong country. Then there was trouble. Racial and sectional animosity runs high in the countries of Southeastern Europe and on more than one occasion the billposter's innocent error was the cause of incipient race riots. In such cases there was nothing to do but rush an emergency box-car crew to the place in question and cover the offending advertising with the proper language. As he frequently zigzagged across the frontiers several times a week it is small wonder that our friend the billposter slipped up occasionally. He neither knew nor heeded any tongue but that of God's own country. As to the rest—Serbian, French, Russian or Czech—they all looked alike to him.

Whether at home or abroad, the billposter has always played an important part in the staging of the circus. He probably sleeps all winter, because from the time he starts out in March with his paste half freezing and his paper fluttering in the wind to the end of the campaign in October his snatches of sleep are short. Three advance advertising cars preceded the circus in Europe, exactly as they had heralded the advent of the show from Maine to California. These cars are usually painted white, with the name of the show blazoned along their length in letters of red and gold, and are fitted out to carry, sleep and feed eighteen or twenty men each. During the day the berths, which are of special construction, can be used as benches for the laying out of the paper for the next day's stand. At one end of the car is the cook's galley, where he prepares the meals and prepares the paste each night which the men are to use the following day.

Blarney and Jawbone Combined

THE first car out usually travels three weeks ahead and its crew carries out the general billposting scheme previously planned by the advertising manager. A week or ten days later the second advance car comes along and supplements the work of Car No. 1, while the third and last car rides seven days ahead of the circus itself. The work of this last car consists mainly of replacing paper and lithograph posters that have become the worse for wear.

The routine on each of these advance cars is similar. In the very early morning hours the boss billposter is poring over maps and studying railway guides for next day's schedule of the routes his men must cover. By the time the car is dropped from the passenger train to which it was attached he has mapped out the routes for twenty men, and as the car is switched to the siding where it is to lie that day the crew is having breakfast. Then they sally forth with paste and brush. Some of them ride up and down the railroad twenty, thirty and sometimes fifty miles in either direction, dropping from a passenger train here to cover a wayside station, riding a friendly freight there to reach the next, stealing a ride on a yard engine here and there. How they do it is one of the mysteries of their craft, but nightfall finds them back at the car with lusty appetites for the chow prepared for them by that much-abused but blessed soul, the cook. Other members of the crew ride out into the highways and byways, radiating in every direction of the compass, and when they return to the car at nightfall it is safe to say that not a barn wall is bare that can be obtained by pass or persuasion. Some of the men are known as lithographers and the window cards and lithograph posters in the store windows on Main Street are testimony to their industry. The ability of a lithographer is gauged by his capacity to obtain the maximum showing for the minimum of passes. The fewer he dispenses the greater the reputation. Blarney and jawbone are the qualities which stand him most in stead, combined with a constant injured air of surprise that shopkeepers are not willing and anxious to display his advertising. When in foreign parts and consequently dumb in the presence of unknown tongues a smiling suave exterior served him well. To watch an old-time lithographer go down a line of shops in a sleepy foreign city and before the worthy landlord recovers from his surprise gum up a pair of pictorial posters in each window and proceed blithely next door to repeat the operation is to witness an illuminating example of peaceful American invasion.

The contract for the show grounds was drawn and signed. The advance agent had rented the billboards and arranged for the newspaper advertising space. Forage for a

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Hungarian Peasant and Baby at Kerchau, Hungary

What is the Basis for Judging the Value of a Tire?

IN general characteristics, except treads, all tires look alike; but there is a great difference in the mileage they give, gasoline economy, in riding comfort and driving ease, in tractive power and in safety.

You cannot see these things when you buy, yet they are there or are not there.

They are the basis of value.

Fisk users are all men and women who know what they want and whether or not they are getting it. That is why they use Fisk Tires.

Why Fisk Tires Give Such Long, Uninterrupted Mileage

Fisk Tires—Cords, Red-Tops, Black Non-Skids—are known as the best tires made today. Each in its class is a master product, and the three types of tires give dealers the best line of tires offered to motorists today. Whatever type of a tire you use, see that it is a Fisk and you will get a tire that is right.

Fisk Cords

The master product of makers who have specialized in pneumatic tires for over twenty years—heavy, oversized, side walls extra thick, tough tread of finest black rubber, smooth riding and resilient. No cord tire made can give any more mileage than a Fisk. Note the tread of a Fisk Cord after seven or eight thousand miles of use. For all 'round motoring, city pavements or country roads, good or bad, Fisk Cords stand up in a way that sets them in a class by themselves.

Fisk Red-Tops

A new tire of super-strength and extra mileage.

Over sized, made with an extra ply of fabric and extra heavy, extra thick tread of tough red rubber. A tire so good that it does not need an advertised mileage adjustment limit.

In point of wear it is without any question the finest fabric tire made. It is a big, handsome tire.

Fisk Black Non-Skids and Plain Treads

Full over size, the Non-Skids made with the famous Fisk safety buttons that insure driving safety under any conditions.

Fisk Inner Tubes

have always been of laminated construction, built up layer upon layer of pure rubber. Only the highest quality of pure gum is used in the making of Fisk Tubes. They are heavy and strong and they wear longer than two ordinary tubes.

On your car Fisk Tires will give you the full and uninterrupted mileage you have been looking for, the value you have a right to demand.

Next Time—BUY FISK—At all Dealers

FISK TIRES

More convincing than pages of type is the quality and flavor of the many Del Monte varieties

—the attainment of two generations of effort devoted exclusively to the packing of fruits and vegetables of quality

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Continued from Page 40

herd of elephants and half a thousand horses had been duly requisitioned and the fish was ordered for the performing seals. As he settled his bill with the demure little cashier at the hotel he left the ancient city of Utrecht with that glow of satisfaction that springs from a sense of duty well performed.

For many years he had gone up and down two continents making smooth the way for the nomadic institution he so ably represented. The circus has no time for argument. It must give two performances, feed a thousand people and as many animals of nearly every species, erect and lower its city of canvas, unload and load again a mile of freight cars and pass on each night to another stand. Therefore the good agent is worth his weight in gold and he sees to it that no hindrance either physical or technical shall arise when the circus comes to town.

The railroad tracks at the runs where the trains disgorge their precious and curious freight must be laid with planks between the rails; proper entrances and exits to and from the circus grounds must be provided; a route laid out from unloading place to show lot which shall avoid sharp turns and low bridges or interfering telephone and telegraph wires which would impede the passage of the ponderous sixty-foot pole wagon drawn by eight horses. By virtue of long habit, therefore, our advance agent had seen to all these things with the assurance and precision born of much experience—and still the old Dutch town was almost his undoing.

Now the streets of Utrecht are merely a concession to type. With the exception of little dog-drawn milk carts and an occasional farmer's chaise, wagon wheels seldom profane their pretty pavements. The city's traffic moves with unlabored motion along the water highways, which are at once the charm and convenience of Holland. And as the roads from any utilitarian standpoint are of no particular necessity, the worthy burghers of Utrecht conceived the idea that they should be ornamental. Asphalt or macadam might serve in those less-favored cities where convenient canals do not pass before one's front door, but the roadways of Utrecht should be made of prettier stuff, and so its streets are laid or inlaid with the daintiest of little bright-red bricks and of course they are washed, cleaned and scrubbed to the spotless perfection so dear to the heart of the Dutchman.

A Mishap at Utrecht

ON THE fatal day when the circus came to town this pristine loveliness was rudely spoiled. It was the heavy range wagon of the cook tent that started the unhappy business. No sooner had that seven-ton car of Juggernaut left the railway yards and gained the streets than its driver felt a strange and curious sinking sensation. The wagon stopped. Horses pulled and tugged and traces strained. Crunch, crunch went the wagon wheels down through the pretty red-brick pavement. The driver was dismayed, but what should he do? His task was to reach the show grounds if man and horse could make it.

With many a "Now Nell" and "Up Blarney," a shake of the long reins and a long hard pull the heavy load moved forward again in the direction of its destination a mile and a half away. In its wake as it passed through the town were two long lines of seared and wounded brick crumpled in their red dust, and very soon as the other wagons followed remorselessly on no road was left at all. By the time the last of the menagerie cages pulled onto the circus ground the streets of the little town looked as though some naughty Brobdingnagian giant had danced on them with seven-league boots.

The good burgesses were not a little perturbed at seeing their beloved streets thus passed as through a stone crusher by these Yankee cohorts, but were speedily assured that the circus would pay the cost of restoring the highways so destroyed to their former pride and beauty. A solemn council sat that afternoon in the quaint old city hall in grave deliberation as to the amount of damage done by these peaceful invaders of old Utrecht, and when the account—amounting to many guilders—was presented it was paid within the hour. I think that when mynheer the burgomaster and his family watched the performance that evening as the show's invited guests their enjoyment was not lessened by the consciousness that their good city would not lose by the morning's mishap and its liberal settlement.

"Do you have this sort of thing every day?" languidly inquired Bertram, looking quite unperturbed as I opened the flap of the office tent and sat down on the chest in which the typewriter and stationery were packed each night.

"Why, of course! Didn't you know it was a daily occurrence?" I replied, in a weak attempt to be facetious with the latest blasé addition to the circus forces.

Considering that my mouth was bleeding where a stone had reached me and my precious new Panama had disappeared in the fracas, my good humor was really quite commendable, but tearing bandages for the doctor and holding a basin as he cleaned divers wounds of the perspiring canvasmen had divested me of the habitual snappy and brilliant repartee which usually distinguishes my conversation.

"Isn't that interesting now?" commented Bertram, making an attempt to stifle a yawn with indifferent success.

"Just how do you find it amusing?" This last remark from me was couched in the sarcastic vein.

"Why," answered Bertram, "I think it's ripping, simply ripping—these picturesque natives coming after a chap with knives and shovels and things. You never saw that sort of thing in the Old Man's office. Besides," he continued with a shameless grin of satisfaction, "there can't be a lot of work done while all this shindy is going on, don't you know."

As I knew that the Old Man—a well-known broker on the Wool Exchange and a prominent stockholder in the circus—had shipped Bertram out to us from London with the private injunction to the management to keep him hard at work I could appreciate Bertram's glee. And certainly he was game, even if his bored demeanor had prejudiced us against him on his arrival at the circus ground that morning.

Adventures in Southern France

DISPATCHED to a ten-dollar job by an irate parent, he had actually driven from the station to the circus in a carriage! And to add to the offense he had with him the inconceivable quantity of luggage that accompanies every middle-class Englishman where'er he goes. Bags and fishing rods and a field glass and a hat box! What did the lad expect a circus was? And that air of boredom! We vied with one another to pierce it and waxed merry over the carriage-load of luggage, but our wit was shaftless or else Bertram lacked our delicate perception, for he remained unmoved and listlessly inquired for a porter to take away his things. He was so innocent about it that he gained his way and a couple of canvasmen escorted them to the sleeping car. Bertram was to assist in the clerical work of the office and just as some minor duties were being assigned to his care the riot started.

For several days we had been having trouble with the crowds, which showed every inclination to fight with the circus men, and there was an electric tensity in the air which threatened at any moment to develop into open hostility. We were showing at the time in the ancient province of Languedoc under the shadow of the Pyrenees and the crowds that filled the tents were composed of a heterogeneous population in whose veins flowed the mingled strains of Spanish, French, Italian and Moorish blood. Floods of anarchistic literature were distributed daily to these voluble and excited crowds as they swarmed to the circus grounds, and a printed leaflet contained a vitriolic diatribe against the Yankee trust which had come to suck money from the European peoples.

On this particular day in Béziers, when Bertram made his initial bow to circus life, the crowd was ugly and unfriendly and there was rough horseplay at the unloading place in the early morning. Immense throngs of peasant farmers and wine growers drove into town to see the circus and when the ticket wagons opened they shook and swayed with the impact of the thousands who fought and pushed round them to buy their tickets.

(Continued on Page 78)

PHOTO BY HARRIET L. WATKINS

Gypsy at Châlon-sur-Saône, France. Breton Peasants. Above—A Bohemian Visitor

The Hudson Has a Patented Motor

The Super-Six is Its Own Creation and No Other Maker Can Use It. Adds 72% to Power and Accounts for Hudson Endurance

Everyone knows the Hudson Super-Six and what it has done in winning all worth while records for speed, acceleration, mountain climbing and endurance.

But many may have overlooked the fact that those records were made possible because of the Super-Six motor, invented and patented by Hudson.

The first Super-Six quality to attract attention was its power, a 72% increase without added weight or cylinders.

But rivals when they saw that said it could not be relied upon to give long service.

Let Us See What It Did

We ourselves did not know the full endurance limit of the Super-Six motor. For that matter we don't even now know its limit, although we have put it to longer, harder tests than is ever asked of an automobile, even in the most famous long distance races.

This was shown in the 500 mile Indianapolis race last May, for while faster cars were entered, the privately owned and raced Super-Sixes showed a continuous performance of unrivaled endurance.

The first Super-Six endurance run was made when a stock touring car carrying driver and passenger was driven at top speed for one hour and officially established the record. Then that same car was pushed to greater tests by driving it with five passengers and with top and wind shield up, 100 miles at 70.74 miles per hour, also making a new official record.

That failing to reveal its endurance, a stock Super-Six chassis was driven by one man 1819 miles in 24 hours. The best previous record, made by a specially built racer, was 327 miles short of the distance covered by the Hudson.

Then the run from San Francisco to New York was made. It lowered the best previous time by more than 14 hours. And to give further evidence of its endurance, the car was turned back and reached San Francisco 10 days and 21 hours after leaving there on 7,000 miles of the hardest driving ever made to establish motor car endurance. The return trip, too, was made in shorter time than any other car has ever done it.

And 60,000 Users Added Their Experience

That is the number of Super-Sixes in use at the time the present model was announced. Every test and every report of owners served as a help in making a better Hudson.

The patented Super-Six motor called for a car that in every detail matched its quality. New standards were made necessary. Each year has seen a nearer approach to the ideal.

Mechanical perfection was not all that Hudson engineers aimed at. They sought to make the Hudson complete in every detail of convenience, beauty and comfort.

For Four Years the Largest Selling Fine Car

Merit is reflected in the way in which the public views the Super-Six.

For four years it has been the largest selling fine car. It is known in every community and on every highway. Present deliveries exceed 100 Hudsons a day. Factory production was never so great and we were never so far behind orders. Men have long known that to get a Hudson it is necessary to make reservations in advance. On some models and in some seasons thousands have waited a month or more.

But They Know It Was Worth Waiting For

No man can drive a Hudson without feeling a growing respect for it. It grows out of the same endurance the car had revealed in all those tests made when the Super-Six was new. They know the real meaning of motor satisfaction. Their needs are fulfilled.

If you plan to get a Hudson next year, now is not too early to speak for it. Think of the thousands disappointed this year.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit

(1094)

Twenty Pages Next to Reading

By BOICE DU BOIS

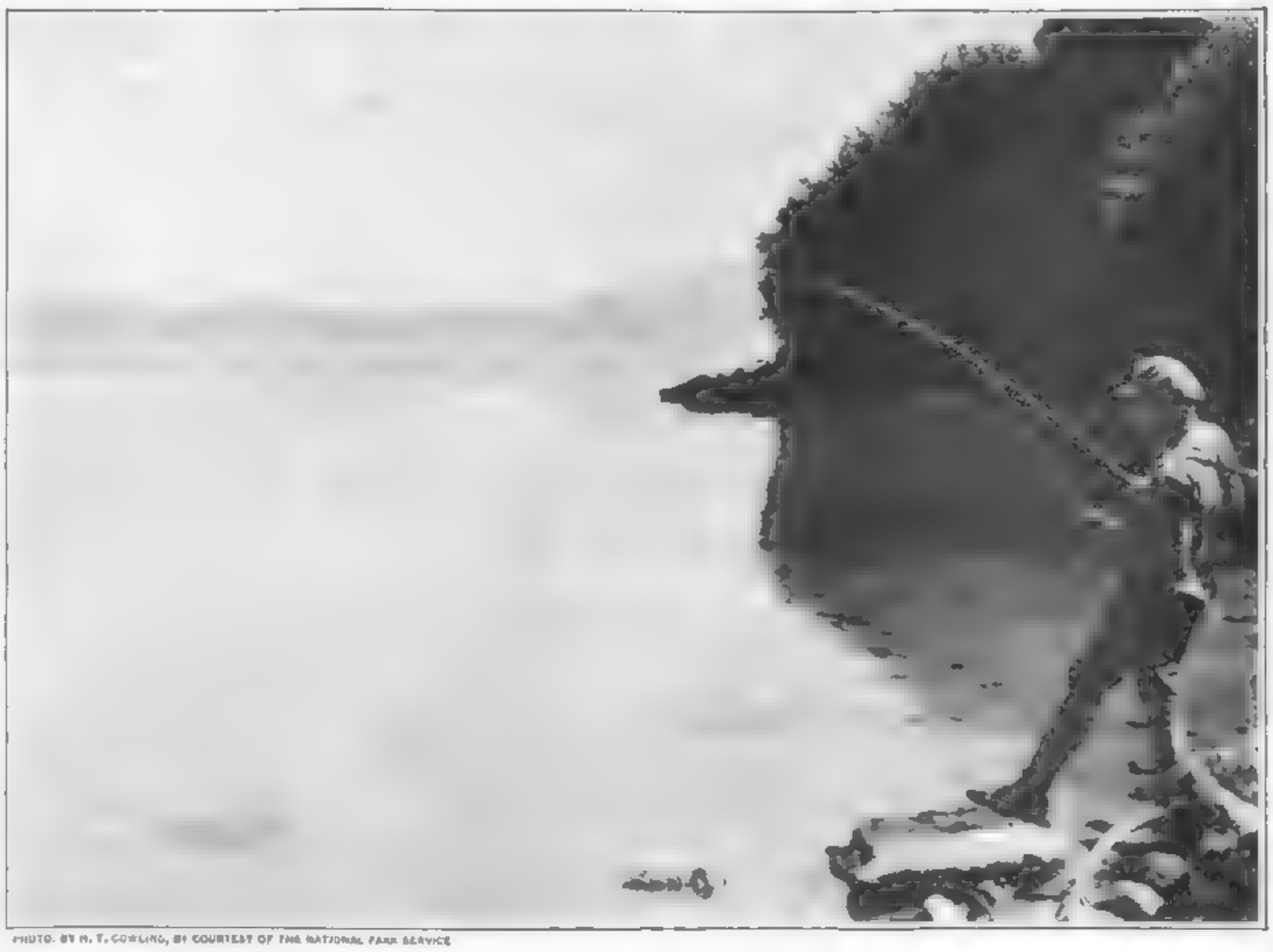

PHOTO BY H. T. GOWLING, BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

BRUNO S. GRINNELL was in a state of verbal eruption. In the secret vernacular of the employees of the firm of Grinnell & Madder he was indulging in "one of his Cotopaxi's." It seemed a perfect shame that such a nice man should become so volcanic and let the lid blow off.

Nevertheless the lid had gone up, and it must have sailed straight into the ethereal blue for several thousand feet or more.

Still, when you consider that Bruno S. qualified for the one strenuous position so essential in every advertising agency, that of "The Old Man," you will have to admit that it was his prerogative not only to hit the ceiling but to go right on through the roof if he so desired.

Even the mellow-toned insurance bells ringing their quarter-hour allotment of silvery chimes from the tall tower across the park could not smother the vocal fireworks of Bruno S. when he thought it was time for the show to begin.

"What is the use of sitting at a mahogany desk in the back room, with a real Persian rug under your feet, if you can't shake 'em up occasionally?" was the way he looked at it. His very words.

As for Madder—he was different. Madder was a good listener. That was exactly what he was doing now—listening.

"S' help me Bob, I never decided to spend a week away from this office but everything about the place caved in. The trouble here is that every employee thinks his gray matter is studded with jewels, and forgets that his feet are made of clay. But, by Jove, I'm going to kick some of them in the shins, just as soon as I get back from the Catskills."

Saying which Mr. Grinnell banged his chubby fist right in the middle of all the beautiful desk accessories; thumped it so hard that the brass calendar and cut-glass pinholder scudded for the dark recesses under the pigeonholes.

"What's wrong now?" asked the mild Mr. Madder.

"Wrong now! Ye gods—did anything ever go right in this agency? I just received a message from the manager of the Empire Auditing Corporation, and for five minutes he didn't say a thing but 'This is the limit—this is the limit!'"

"Well—what was it?"

"You know that special edition-de-luxe booklet we got out for them—the one I wrote myself? Best piece of advertising logic ever written. Deckle edge, gold imprint and all that. Ab-so-lute-ly more wise cracks in it than you could count. I'll say so. Wrote it round the idea of the bank examiner, and showed 'em the value of having a mathematical expert who would walk in and check them up on efficiency, accuracy and economy. The Empire people simply went wild over it. Then—get this, Madder, get this!—I hand it over to this bunch of cripples in our mailing department, and by gad, sir, what do you suppose they did?"

"I don't know," was Madder's meek reply.

"Sent every booklet out—two cents shy on postage! Sweet Lucifer! A mathematical expert on efficiency and accuracy! Get the rest of it, Madder—mailed 'em to two thousand prospects of the Empire Corporation."

"I will admit that it was a bad break," said Madder, shaking his head.

"Yes—and our whole organization is just as weak. Look at this from the copy department. They were going to submit it to the Randolph Medical Company for poster display. See what it says across the top, in big text—regular knock-'em-dead size. 'A real stomach aid,' and by Jove, they have got those hand-made letters so titivated up with curlimajigs that twenty feet away you can't make it read like anything but 'A real stomach ache.' Oh—we are going to do something to that department, just as soon as I get back from this fishing trip."

"Don't blame that on the copy department. Smith did that, and you have got to admit that he has turned out some pretty good stuff in the past. Be just. He has helped to pull us up where we are."

"Fine! It reminds me of some of the arguments the physicians used to hand out when I was a boy: 'This baby will never live unless you bring it up on milk from one cow.' That was the only record they ever put on their professional phonograph. We are doing the same—running our art department on the one-cow plan. Too much sentiment in this office. You keep Smith just because you have known him for years. He stood up with you when you got married or something like that—and you have been married to him ever since."

"There is one thing you forget," said Madder.

"Well—what is it?"

"You are temperamental. Only last night you clapped me on the back and said 'Madder, we are pulling this agency up to a climax.'"

"Climax be blistered! You can't live on 'em! What we need is brains, and we are going to get them! If I had not made arrangements with Bings to meet me for this Catskill trip I would scrap it in a minute. However, maybe it will be a good thing to have a talk with him. He's the best agency man in Chicago. Got his education with the original show-me agency that put silk hats and frock coats on the business. Yes, sir—made it a profession."

"You might give Smith credit for holding the business of the Mocha Products Company," observed Madder, who still smarted under the criticism that had been directed against his friend.

"Yep—you are right; but don't lay that up against him. Take a squint at the last window display he made for them. The slick butler over there on the wall, pouring coffee into a finger bowl—that's what it looks like. There's art for you! What is that dizzy white fluxation that's crawling over his shirt front? Is it coffee aroma going up or whiskers coming down? Madder, I tell you this place is a circus. We have got lots of verbal and artistic acrobats, but blamed few men who know how to sell goods. They are all too clever. Their stuff drips with smartness. They are cribbing their own lines. Go right down—now—to the door of that copy department and listen for five minutes. I'll give up my trip if you hear anything but a lot of small talk about the inspirational of this and the psychology of that. Say—it's all flubdub. I tell you the whole place is soft. We got plenty of bluster but no brains."

"My honest opinion is that you are too severe."

"You are wrong; I'm sore. If you sat where I do and listened all day to some of the talk that comes through the partition from that art department you would be the same. Do you know what the big expression of that pet artist of yours is? Everything he draws has to be 'stressed a bit.' All day long that bird is stressing something; and after this Catskill outing I'm going to inject some stress into things myself—but there will be a little 'dis' tacked on to the stress I turn loose. There is one thing you can do for me while I am away."

"What is it?"

"Fire Miss Beaver, of the indexing department; she writes twice a day to some man she's engaged to. There isn't any nourishment in those letters for us. I've got ten minutes in which to catch my train, but tell me before I go—what have you done about a new solicitor?"

"Advertised for one this morning. Here is a copy of the insertion."

"That's it!" said Grinnell, glancing at the advertisement. "Same old bark: 'Wanted—a solicitor—a young man with experience.' How the mischief is he going to have experience if he is as young as you want him? And half the time he's worse off with the kind of experience he's picked up than if he didn't have any. I tell you it's brains we want in this agency. We'll give him his experience after he gets here."

Thus did Bruno S. Grinnell take his departure for mountain streams and sylvan dells for a week of fishing and loafing; also a season of business gossip with his friend Bings, of Chicago, who was to meet him at Kingston. Bings was a tonic. Bings was personality plus slam-bang. He was known on La Salle Street as Pepper Sauce Bings, and down in his heart Bruno S. knew that a hundred times a day he did things as he imagined Bings would have done them. Shook 'em up the way Bings would shake the rascals. Fired 'em Bings-fashion. Hired 'em the same way. Everything snappy-like.

In accordance with their plans Bings met him at Kingston, where it was their intention to hire someone to drive them over to the Peekamose, where Grinnell's cabin was located.

"Anyone in town from the lake?" asked Grinnell of the hotel proprietor at Kingston.

"Bezonas Hoornbeek is here, from Watson Hollow," was the reply.

"What's his conveyance?"

"Buckboard and the best team of bays in Ulster County."

"That will do if we can get him."

It was by no means difficult to persuade Bezonas to accept the commission, and at six-thirty the next morning he drew up in front of their hotel with a spring buckboard drawn by a team of bays that were matched to a hair. From withers to rump each animal was as clean as a whistle, and the very cock of their ears proclaimed the bond of sympathy that existed between them and Bezonas.

It was a trifle exasperating to have Bezonas remain in his seat with one foot braced against the dashboard while Grinnell and his friend Bings piled on the luggage; but he did. Just sat there with his broad-brimmed hat pulled down over his eyes so low that he had to throw his head back to retain his line of vision. Never even looked round once, but kept right on flecking flies from the backs of his bays.

However, it was a glorious day and Bezonas was simply a dot, or a comma, in their schedule of enjoyment. They were off for the lure of the hills. The mountains were beckoning them from afar, so on they went, past Tonshi, Ticetonyk, Little Mountain, Round Top and High Point, straight through The Gulf, to the headwaters of the Roundout. Hour after hour, mile after mile; and the strange part of the trip was that Bezonas had not spoken a word.

Bezonas the silent, the laconic—the monosyllabic type of Catskill Mountain native, who is the best listener in the world. Grinnell wondered how any man could remain

silent for such a length of time. Wondered if he could train 'em that way in his art and copy departments. Even the rumbling thunder that precursed a violent storm in the mountains ahead of them brought no comment from the silent Bezonas.

Fortunately they reached the cabin before the deluge of waters came, and then it mattered not, except that the storm increased in fury and Bezonas would have to drive back some six or seven miles to reach his home in Watson Hollow.

"Better stay here till morning," Grinnell advised him.

Whereupon Bezonas simply went out to the barn and made his bays comfortable for the night.

Ah, but it was worth the long trip from New York just to smell the bacon and gaze into the crackling fire in the big open fireplace! And after supper—that was the time! Lights out, pipes sputtering, logs snapping—oh, it was great!

Best of all, Bings was in fine fettle, and now was the time to introduce business. Bings was the boy who could tell you how the game was running in the West. Brainy old Bings—he knew! Hence the tuning of the business reeds and strings to the first movement, wherein Grinnell piped all his troubles of the previous day.

Bings listened attentively until Grinnell brought his dirge to a finish; forced himself to sit tight, as if he enjoyed each mournful clang.

"My boy," said he, holding up his hand, traffic-squad fashion, "forget it. You only think you have trouble. You should be in Chicago. Last week, for instance. Listen to the way we have it handed to us out there. Just a week ago to-day my office door opened and Goddard came in. He's president of the Salmon Steaks Packing Company. 'Bings,' said he, 'we are in trouble. For three months we have caught nothing but white salmon. So far as food values go it's just as good as the pink salmon, but some people won't buy it.

"'The minute they see white salmon in a can they send it back to the grocer. Now we have got to market that fish, and you are handling our account. What are you going to do about it?'"

"Some problem!" exclaimed Grinnell. "What did you do?"

"First thing I asked was this: 'What are the rest of the big canneries on the Coast doing?'

"'Every one of them is running strong on the pink,' was his reply."

"What did you say to him then?" questioned Grinnell, hungering for the words of wisdom he was sure would follow.

"What could I say? Just had to fall right back on the josh department. 'Goddard,' said I, 'you remind me of Nebuchadnezzar, the time he had the bad dream that curdled his blood. The one he forgot all about, except that he knew he had it and it was some dream.' Said I: 'Do you remember how he called all the wise boys into session and said "Tell me the dream I forgot"? And there they were—just standing round—first on one foot, then on the other—all fussed up, until finally they told him that he was crazy. "It can't be did," they said. "I've got you," said the wise old king, "but there's one thing I want to say. For years I've been passing the diagrams you fellows have been making on the dreams I remember, and if you are smart enough to hit it right on them you ought to be clever enough to tell me the one I've forgotten."'"

"Wonderful!" gasped Grinnell.

"Wait until you hear the rest of it before you hand me the roses," continued Bings. "'Sure, I remember that story,' said Goddard; 'and the nice part of it was that Daniel stepped forward and told him what the dream was. The trouble with all you advertising men is this, Bings: You are shy on Daniels. You got lots of wise men, but no Daniels.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bezonas from his corner—the first sound he had uttered during the day. "Ha, ha, ha! He was right."

For a moment both Bings and Grinnell were speechless. They had actually forgotten that Bezonas was in the room. Finally Bings winked at Grinnell, as much as to say—"Leave this wise Willie to me. Now watch."

Then in satin-velvet tones Bings spoke to Bezonas:

"What would you have done if you had been in my place, Bezonas? Here, have a cigar, Bezonas. Light up."

"I'd sold the salmon," answered Bezonas, ejecting the cap of his perfecto into the fireplace as he scratched a match on his corduroys.

"Very well, Bezonas; but tell us how?"

"I would have found a market where they never bought salmon before."

Then Grinnell gazed at Bings, and Bings stared at Grinnell. Here was a man who was picking fruit from the barren trees that grew in their own back yard. Plums from wild grapevines. A market in which Jacob knew not Esau. Certainly the man was right; all salmon would look alike in such a market. Bings had reached for the telephone, which instrument of distress Grinnell would not surrender, even at the Peekamose.

"Long distance," he called. "L-3-2-8 Bryn Mawr, Chicago."

"What's the idea?" asked Grinnell.

"I'm going to get my man Simmons out of bed and ask him if there is such a market in the United States. He'll know—that chap can tell you just where a salmon's funny bone lays. Bezonas, I give you credit."

"For what?" asked Bezonas.

"For giving me an idea."

"Want any more?"

"Have you got any more like that one?"

"Certainly. You have only got your market located; there's more than that."

"For instance?" Bings fairly purred his question.

"Why, you have got to paste special labels on your cans."

"What kind of labels would you suggest, Bezonas? Better take a fresh cigar, old man. Light up."

"Thanks. I won't smoke this till Sunday."

"About the label, Bezonas—what do you recommend?"

"Oh, after I had put my white salmon in the cans I'd print a line across the bottom of my label that said 'Guaranteed not to turn pink.'"

"Sweet Lucifer!" was Grinnell's ejaculation.

As for Bings, he was frantically calling the Kingston operator.

"Hey there! Never mind that Chicago. I do not want it."

"Why not?" questioned the astonished Grinnell.

"Because I start for Seattle in the morning," replied the speedy Mr. Bings.

Grinnell protested; he pleaded and he coaxed; but it was all in vain. Live-Wire Bings had received his cue from Bezonas. He was sorry to spoil his friend's vacation, but business was business—and the Pacific Coast for him.

Of course the grinning hoodoo that generally sneaks along with a two-man vacation seldom injects such a deadly dose of poison so early in the game, but after all there are sure to be minor compensations, which flash from every black cloud of disappointment. This would give Grinnell a chance to get back to his office much sooner than they expected him, and there would be some pleasure in going downtown at an unearthly hour in the morning so he could catch 'em when they trailed in late.

The next day saw Bings on his way, Bezonas having agreed to drive him to Kingston, where he would make connections for Chicago. Grinnell was to remain at the camp for a day of fishing, and requested Bezonas to return that night, as it would not be quite so lonesome, and more convenient for an early start the following morning.

You can say what you like, but fishing does stimulate deep thought. Grinnell could tell you. If you were at all skeptical he could take you right to the tall buttonball tree under which he sat when the big thought came to him out of the clear sky.

All day long his mind had been dwelling on the unsatisfactory conditions at the office and his conversation with Madder. "All bluster and no brains," that was what he had told him; and the phrase was hammering his own brain to a pulp. It kept right on repeating in a manner that would have shamed a Welsh rabbit. Even the brook had taken it up, and seemed to be hunting for just the right sized cobbles over which to gurgle the sentence: "All bluster and no brains."

"Dod rot the bloomin' office anyway! Seems to me I can't forget it," he muttered to himself.

But it was no use. When the stream broadened out into a placid pool and loafed along, too lazy to utter a single sound—then all the popular songs Grinnell had ever heard took up the refrain and began to tinker with it so their music would fit. "All bluster and no brains."

Finally—it's funny how those things happen—the words deliberately flopped round and began to race the other way: "All brains and no bluster."

Then it was that Grinnell sat right down under the tall buttonball.

"By Jove! How it fits Bezonas," he chuckled. "I wonder if that guy would make a good advertising man."

Seven black cigars joined the conference which Grinnell held with himself on the important question. There was no doubt about it—Bezonas had brains. He was a bit crude, but what of that? The country produced more big men on the average than the cities did, and sooner or later they would have to introduce some new blood into the organization. There was Bolter, who considered himself the best solicitor in New York. Bolter was becoming stale. They had taken him in because he had assured them that he carried the Daisy Safety Pin account in his vest pocket—the biggest advertising account in the East—a ten-million-dollar concern, with John R. Daisy as its president, the hardest man in the whole U. S. A. to swing. That was two years ago, and so far as Grinnell & Madder could see Bolter still had it in his vest pocket. At any rate he had never produced it. Of course Bezonas was not qualified for work of this delicate nature, but he might be used as a convenient thorn with which to prick the complacent hide of Bolter. It was worth considering; he would talk it over with Bezonas.

The latter arrived about dusk, and directly after supper Grinnell turned on the conversational switch.

"How old are you, Bezonas?" he asked in his best confidential chatty style.

"Twenty-four, coming September."

"Do you think you would like the advertising business, Bezonas?"

"Might."

"Well, I'll tell you, Bezonas, it's this way: You see I've got a nice little advertising business down in New York, and everybody in my office down there is just like one big family. You know—all contented and happy-like. The most—what you might say—congenial lot of coworkers you ever saw. No harsh words in my office. I hate 'em. I've been thinking, Bezonas, that I might make a place down there for you."

"I'm pretty good at selling," said Bezonas.

"Sure you are! I knew that the minute I laid eyes on you. 'He's fine at selling,' I says to myself, looking you over. Of course I don't want to promise that I'll put you right in the New York territory; that business is

(Continued on Page 58)

Where lives depend on resiliency—WOOD is the only material

The resiliency of the wood frame alone saved Alcock's Vickers-Vimy from being smashed when it pounded the Irish bog in landing. Yet, that impact was hardly a greater strain than the sudden gusts of wind which every plane must meet.

Because a plane's frame must be resilient and elastic—because it must be strong and light—no substitute for wood is possible. And because the wheels of your car should have those very same qualities, you should accept no substitute for WOOD Wheels.

Resiliency, strength, safety, lower running costs—those are the essentials of good wheels for motor vehicles.

And they are to be had in perfect combination in *WOOD* Wheels.

AUTOMOTIVE WOOD WHEEL
MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
105 West Monroe Street Chicago, Ill.

WOOD WHEELS for MOTOR VEHICLES

His pleasure in getting dirty is equalled by his pleasure in getting clean if you give him Goblin Soap.

Its rich, easily made, creamy lather is pleasant to the skin, cleans it, and leaves it in a healthy condition.

Good for office or home, shop or garage. Good for all purposes—meets everyone's needs.

If your dealer does not have Goblin Soap, send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

CUDAHY, 111 West Monroe Street, Chicago
69 Macauley Avenue, Toronto, Canada

Goblin Soap
WORKS WONDERS

WHEN EXPERTS DISAGREE

By CHESTER FIELD, Jr.

WHEREVER paintings are sold the name of John Boudinot is not unknown. For fifty years he has plied the trade of art dealer. He has sold millions of dollars' worth of pictures. He has seen masters supposed to be immortal go out of vogue and he has seen younger men rise to take their places. Not so long ago, measured in decades, he sold certain Whistler etchings for seven or eight dollars apiece; and he has lived to resell the same prints for two or three thousand dollars each.

Mr. Boudinot fairly drips with the romance of pictures, and what he knows about the seamy side of the traffic in dubious and worse than dubious paintings would make a cynic of a far more guileless man than he.

We were seated in a quiet corner of the Boudinot Galleries and our talk had veered round to a famous lawsuit then engaging the attention of the courts and of the art world on both sides of the Atlantic. A rich collector had bought an old master whose authenticity had been guaranteed by the seller. Before it had been in the buyer's house a month four reputable connoisseurs had pronounced it to be spurious. Naturally the collector wanted his money back. The case had come to trial and the morning paper had told how four experts had sworn in court that the painting was genuine and how four others of equal repute had kissed the Book and pronounced it an impudent forgery.

"Don't talk to me about experts," hissed Mr. Boudinot. "Shades of Morelli! Experts, indeed! There isn't any such animal. Why —— But let me tell you a story that involves a whole crew of experts." And my cynical friend proceeded to unfold a tale that is true in every essential detail save that all the names, including that of John Boudinot himself, are fictitious.

I

SOME years ago I had occasion to spend a few days in a certain large city on the Atlantic seaboard. As my business permitted me plenty of leisure I spent many pleasant hours making the rounds of the local shops and studios in the hope that I might unearth an important canvas or two to repay me for my search.

One memorable day my wanderings led me into the studio of Larkin Holt. Many a collector who never even heard the name of Larkin Holt cherishes more than one example of his splendid work. Holt is a real genius and it is entirely his own fault that he has not won for himself a wide-world reputation. The man has an incredible aptitude for imitating the work of other painters. He is no slavish copyist, but a veritable artist who has imbibed not only the mannerisms and eccentricities of his favorite painters but their very spirit and atmosphere as well. A chance reference to his work had roused my curiosity and wakened a desire to see some of his paintings.

Holt received me cordially. As he motioned me to a chair with one hand and proffered a Kavala cigarette with the other, my gaze fell upon one of the most remarkable paintings it has ever been my good fortune to see.

It was a picture of two cows coming down a country lane. I would have staked my whole fortune upon the assertion that it was one of the noblest animal pictures Van Marcke ever painted. I had not forgotten the great Frenchman's wonderful canvas entitled the Swiss Cow and the Normandy Cow. Doubtless the picture before me was a veritable Van Marcke from which Holt drew his imitative inspiration.

As soon as courtesy would permit I pointed to the picture and asked my host if it was for sale.

"Certainly!" replied Holt briskly. "Everything in the studio is for sale and the price of every picture is the same. Forty-five dollars buys anything in sight."

Old poker player that I am, I gasped.

"Do you mean to say that this painting is not genuine?"

"Certainly it is! Every painting in the studio is a genuine and authentic Larkin Holt. I swear it."

"But—but this one is labeled Van Marcke on the frame and it certainly ——"

"Yes, yes! To be sure. Fools buy labels and names. Wise men buy pictures."

I went nearer to my find and examined it stroke by stroke. I could have sworn that it bore Van Marcke's brushwork as certainly as it betrayed other little technical mannerisms of the master.

The more I studied it the more authentic it seemed. It was not only capitally painted but it had none of those cramped and overcareful aping airs that betray the work of the forger; none of that contemptible fussiness employed, not to delight the eye of the beholder but to withstand the lens of the "expert."

A few feet from the Van Marcke hung what appeared to be a veritable Troyon. As you no doubt recall, Van Marcke studied under him and became one of the most celebrated of all his pupils. I thought I could tell a Troyon when I saw one; but Larkin Holt had thrown me into the delighted bewilderment of a child at a conjurer's show. Presently I espied a Holt-Daubigny river scene that I should have bought without question had it been offered to me as a Daubigny at a fair price.

To cut a long story short I wrote a check for forty-five dollars to the order of Larkin Holt and left his studio with the "Van Marcke" under my arm. The illusion of its value was so strong that I could not bear to trust it to some careless expressman.

II

WHEN I returned to town I hung the "Van Marcke" in the place of honor, over yonder, in the north light of that big window.

The painting had not been in the gallery for a week when Senator Black came in. The cows caught his eyes at once.

"What is the price of that Van Marcke?" he asked.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," said I without batting an eyelid.

"M-m-m," said the senator. "You'll guarantee it of course?"

"Most certainly not. It had Van Marcke's name on it when I bought it, but that means less than nothing. Do you suppose I should offer it to you for a paltry two thousand and a half if I could guarantee its authenticity?"

"Will you let me send it to my expert for an opinion?"

"Not unless I first receive your check for the amount named."

"Well, do you object to my bringing an expert here, to examine it on your wall?"

"Certainly not! Bring all the experts you like. I should like to hear their opinions."

Black took me at my word. Next day he reappeared with two of the cockiest sure-thing "experts" I have ever seen. They went through all the known motions of expertism. They shaded their eyes, they looked first from one angle and then from another. They went up close and then retreated.

Next they produced magnifying glasses and studied the brushwork. They conferred in whispers and made sweeping gestures with their thumbs. They did everything except examine the back of the canvas. At last they drew the senator off into a corner out of earshot and conversed with him in low but excited tones. Then, with much bowing and scraping they took themselves off, leaving me alone with my client.

"Mr. Boudinot," began the senator in his most impressive tones, "allow me to tell you the verdict. Doctor Barchester, curator of the Lackland Collection, and Professor Neroni, of Genoa, who happened by great good fortune to be in the city, both pronounce this canvas to be the work of the late Emil van Marcke beyond all question of doubt. They assure me that it is one of the noblest of his masterpieces and they are at a loss to explain how it could have so long remained unknown to them.

"If you will oblige me with a pen, Mr. Boudinot, I shall have the pleasure of writing you my check for twenty-five hundred dollars."

Black was reaching over my desk in his eagerness to snatch up a pen, but I waved him aside.

"Softly, senator! Wait just a moment. Before you sign that check allow me to tell you that the painting which has just been certified to you as a Van Marcke was, to my certain knowledge, painted by another hand. It is not a Van Marcke. It is not even a copy of a Van Marcke. It is the work of a master, but not the one you suppose."

Black's puffy face, pink with excitement, had gone white with consternation. He could only stammer: "But the experts! The experts! Barchester! Neroni!"

The senator's face became pink again, then red.

"I'll take it anyway!" he shouted.

I could read Black's mind like an open book. He conceived the idea that his experts having certified my painting I was determined to prevent his buying it so that I might dispose of it in some other quarter, backed by my own guaranty, at a far higher price than I had at first named.

Before Black could insult me by telling me what was in his mind I lifted the painting from its hook and turned its back toward the light.

The senator's quick eye at once perceived the newness of the canvas. His gaze followed my finger as I pointed to the mark of the American shop at which the canvas had been purchased.

"Well, I'll be swizzled! Eternally swizzled!" was all Black could murmur as he sank down into that big plush chair yonder.

My client looked so pathetic that I had not the heart to laugh.

"Cheer up, senator, and get down to brass tacks. Let me tell you what to do. Suppose you buy that canvas and hang it on your wall. Who will dare to say that it is not a Van Marcke? It took in Barchester and it deceived Neroni. Who goes to your house that is cleverer than they? Who will think of disputing the label? It is a fine painting and I advise you to buy it. You may have it for just two hundred and fifty dollars. Not a cent more."

Black wrung my hand with unaccustomed cordiality. Again he reached for a pen and this time I did not stop him.

Next morning when I came down to the gallery I found that Black had arrived ahead of me. He had his purchase, back up, resting on a table and I perceived that he was busily at work with a tube of paint smearing out the name of the artist's materials shop from which the canvas had come. Also, he seemed to be aging the stretcher and to be doing his best to remove the look of newness which Larkin Holt had not taken the slightest trouble to disguise.

A few years later Senator Black died—keeled over with apoplexy in his club one hot summer day. His paintings were sold at auction in another city, and his Larkin Holt-Van Marcke —— But I mustn't go into that. We art dealers have to be as discreet as prime ministers or florists or jewelers! No doubt the buyer had the advice of an "expert." But let me tell you of some further dealings with Larkin Holt.

III

SOMETIME in the spring following my sale of the "Van Marcke" to Senator Black I was telling the story—using fictitious names—to Harry Hathaway. Harry, you know, is a great clubman and cotillon leader. He has nothing to do but spend the old man's money, and he never spends it so freely as when he thinks it will buy him a good laugh.

Hathaway was much diverted by my yarn and instantly came back with a characteristic sporting proposal.

"I'll tell you what let's do, Mr. Boudinot! Let's have Larkin paint us about forty pictures of the Modern French School and next fall when the sales begin we'll put them up at auction at the Nouvelles Galeries.

"We'll have a perfectly honest sale and announce that not one of the pictures was painted by the artist whose name it bears. We shall have no end of fun and perhaps make a little money."

I was quick to veto this preposterous proposal; but Harry Hathaway has a way with him and he so talked up his idea and flattered and wheedled me that I finally gave a reluctant consent. Harry offered to advance all the funds that would be required, but win or lose we were to split fifty-fifty.

That very day I wrote to Holt and ordered the forty paintings. I asked to have them divided about equally between Troyon, Henner, Van Marcke, Daubigny and Diaz with two or three of Vibert's merry old cardinals, and one each of a few other names for sake of variety. I stipulated that they must reach me by the last day of September and told Holt that the day they were shipped he might draw on me at sight for eighteen hundred dollars plus charges for freight and packing.

I found that Holt was not too much of a genius to be a good business man; for next day at noon I received his answer by wire:

Contract accepted. Will ship entire lot September twenty-fifth. HOLT.

The Modern French School was as good as his word. On the twenty-eighth of September Larkin Holt's sight draft for $1915.75, bill of lading attached, was presented at my office for payment and two days later the Forty French Immortals arrived in good order.

While my porters were unpacking the pictures I called up Harry Hathaway at his club and asked him if he would not like to inspect them.

"As soon as a taxi can bring me!" he replied; and twenty minutes later he entered the gallery.

Hathaway was so impressed by the first picture he examined that his boyish ebullition of animal spirits almost instantly gave way to an awed silence. He was looking at a magnificent "Henner"—a typical Henner girl with the wonderful hair with which the old masters loved to crown their Magdalens, and those luminous magical flesh tones that only Henner—and Larkin Holt—know how to put on canvas.

Oh, of course, there are a thousand fakers turning out Henners by the gross—but not the kind that Holt had sent me. The forgers of the Buckeye School can copy the master's general style and his mannerisms. They can buy the same colors that he bought; but they can't "mix them with brains" as Jean Jacques Henner did.

When Hathaway had completed his inspection he turned to me with shining eyes. "Mr. Boudinot," he said, "it seems almost like sacrilege to sell these noble paintings under the hammer, just to carry out a silly joke. I don't like it. It goes against the grain."

I was glad to hear Hathaway speak in this way; for though he does not pretend to know much about paintings he has what collectors call the quality eye, and it is not often that he goes far wrong in his artistic judgments.

I experienced no little difficulty in overcoming Hathaway's artistic scruples. He was all for buying the whole collection himself, paying me a liberal commission and calling the public sale off. At last I talked him back to his original plan and the sale was duly announced by the Nouvelles Galeries.

IV

ON THE night of the sale the Nouvelles Galeries were packed. I recognized in the audience several out-of-town collectors and dealers, many old clients and two or three "experts," who, I was aware, had no love for me and had probably put in an appearance to make trouble and discredit the sale. But I was ready for them. Mounting the rostrum by the side of Hammersley, the auctioneer, I spoke my little piece.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said: "This evening you will have an opportunity to bid on no less than forty magnificent paintings, a collection such as has never before been dispersed in this city. Every canvas is a masterpiece. Some of the most eminent names that adorn the Modern French School of Painting are represented. Every picture is an original painting. Among the entire forty there is not a single copy. I ask you to disregard the names of the artists to whom the paintings are attributed in the catalogue. I pledge you the word of honor of a Kentuckian that not a single one of these noble compositions was painted by the artist whose name appears upon its frame or in the catalogues in your hands!"

As I paused for breath a chorus of gasps rose from the audience. Then there was laughter, a few jeers and at last a veritable salvo of applause. I raised my hand for silence and continued:

"If any of you have come here to-day merely to buy great names you had best withdraw before the sale begins. If you are genuine lovers of art you will remain and take advantage of the opportunity of a lifetime.

"Number One in the catalogue, Young Girl Weeping, for which Mr. Hammersley will presently invite your bids, is painted in the manner of Henner. The magic brush of Jean Jacques Henner never touched that canvas. That I guarantee; but the picture itself is not unworthy of the master's genius. I challenge you one and all to deny that it is a highly meritorious work of art; in fact, the work of a genius. . . . Mr. Hammersley."

There was another burst of laughter, followed by a silence that threatened to become embarrassing, when Judson Howard, who was sitting in the first row, said laughingly:

"I'll take a chance on it! It's a mighty good 'Henner' whoever painted it. Seventy-five dollars!"

Howard knew; and Howard set the ball a-rolling.

"One hundred!" from a rich widow in the rear.

"And a quarter!" from a fat New York dealer in the third row.

And so the bids mounted by twenty-five-dollar leaps till the Young Girl Weeping went to Harry Hathaway's father-in-law for $275.

Every one of the Forty Immortals sold as readily as the "Henner," and not a single painting in the sale fetched a penny less than $170.

As you perceive, Hathaway and I cleaned up an absurdly big profit; but poor Harry had such a genuine and pathetic reverence for our Larkin Holts that the transaction brought him far less pleasure than remorse. Indeed, he said our profits were little cleaner than blood-money and I experienced considerable difficulty in persuading him to accept his share of the proceeds of the sale.

Of course I am far too busy a man to have taken the time and trouble to trace the migrations of the Forty Immortals since the day of their dispersal; but I have, quite by accident, remarked at least five or six of them in rather pretentious collections. I am not at all sure but that forty or fifty years hence at least a round dozen of them will be hanging on the walls of some of our great museums.

■

THE episode I have just related to you did not terminate my business relations with Larkin Holt. In fact, Harry Hathaway's artistic prank served to pave the way for a still more extraordinary series of occurrences that involved the most comic situation that I have ever witnessed in the most amusing of all professions.

About a year after our sale at the Nouvelles Galeries I received a call from my young client, Emlen Perkins, assistant cashier of the Lincoln Square National Bank.

Mr. Perkins had been a small customer of mine for several years. He had never appeared to have any too much money to spend, but his taste was excellent and I had never known him to make an unwise purchase. Perkins was a quiet, rather shy, well-spoken young man and I was always glad to welcome him to my galleries.

On the day in question Mr. Perkins instead of examining the paintings in the gallery or turning over the etchings in the portfolios and solander cases in my print-room as was his wont, came directly to my little office and asked if he might have a few moments' conversation with me.

In the five minutes that followed I learned more about Mr. Perkins' personal affairs than he had told me in all the years of our acquaintance. It appeared that for some time he had been practicing rather rigid economies in order to save up enough money to allow him to marry. His wedding day was fast approaching. Perkins had just bought a pleasant colonial house in an attractive suburb at a price so much lower than he had expected to pay that he felt he could afford a few worthy paintings to adorn the walls of his living room. He had come to me to ask if I could not supply him, at a price he could afford to pay, with a few pleasing canvases which he need not be ashamed to have seen on his walls.

I pondered the matter.

It was with real distress that I came to the conclusion I was not in a position to serve my client. Among the minor paintings in my gallery there was not one I felt Perkins should have; and all my more important canvases ranged in price from eleven or twelve hundred dollars upward.

I was about to express my regret to the young banker when suddenly a thought of Larkin Holt flashed into my mind.

"Mr. Perkins," I asked, "would you feel like spending one thousand dollars for twelve paintings of the Modern French School, not one of which was painted by the artist whose name appears on the frame, but all of which I can guarantee to be really distinguished works of art?"

Young Perkins hesitated. He had no more liking for chicanery than Mr. Ruskin had. At last he said: "I can afford to spend a thousand dollars but I don't like the idea of buying fakes."

"But I don't want you to buy fakes. The pictures will all be honest-to-goodness paintings touched with the fire of real genius. The only fake is the small gilt label on the frame. Trust me. Let me order for you the paintings I have in mind, and if you do not like them you need not take them off my hands."

Mr. Perkins rather reluctantly accepted this proposal, and the same day I dispatched a telegram to Larkin Holt. In due course the Holts arrived and I had them hung in my gallery. I confess I experienced a little of that feeling which Harry Hathaway had felt when the previous lot had been unpacked for his inspection. Holt was a genius indeed. There was no doubt about that.

Next day I called up the Lincoln Square National and invited Mr. Perkins to come in and examine his paintings. The young man reacted just as I thought he would. He was in the presence of really good work and he had sufficient knowledge to realize that it was good. Without a word he sat down at my desk and made out a check for one thousand dollars. As he left the gallery he shook my hand very heartily and begged that I would personally superintend the hanging of the paintings in his drawing-room.

Within the next day or so I did as he desired, and when my work was finished it seemed as if that modest parlor had been transformed by the touch of a magic wand into the salon of some collector of substantial wealth.

VI

SEVERAL months passed before I came into possession of all the facts surrounding the startling dénouement which formed the sequel to the sale of the twelve Larkin Holts. You must let me tell the story just as if I had been an eyewitness of each of its succeeding phases.

Perkins married shortly after my visit to his house. After his honeymoon he applied himself with redoubled vigor to his duties at the bank, and to such good purpose that when Christmas week arrived Appleton Peters, president of the Lincoln Square National, called the young man into his private office and told him that in view of his good work the directors at their January meeting would promote him to the post of cashier, at a salary nearly double that which he was then receiving.

Perkins and his wife were jubilant. As they talked over their rising fortune and cast about for some fitting way in which to celebrate their good luck, Mrs. Perkins proposed that they have an evening reception and

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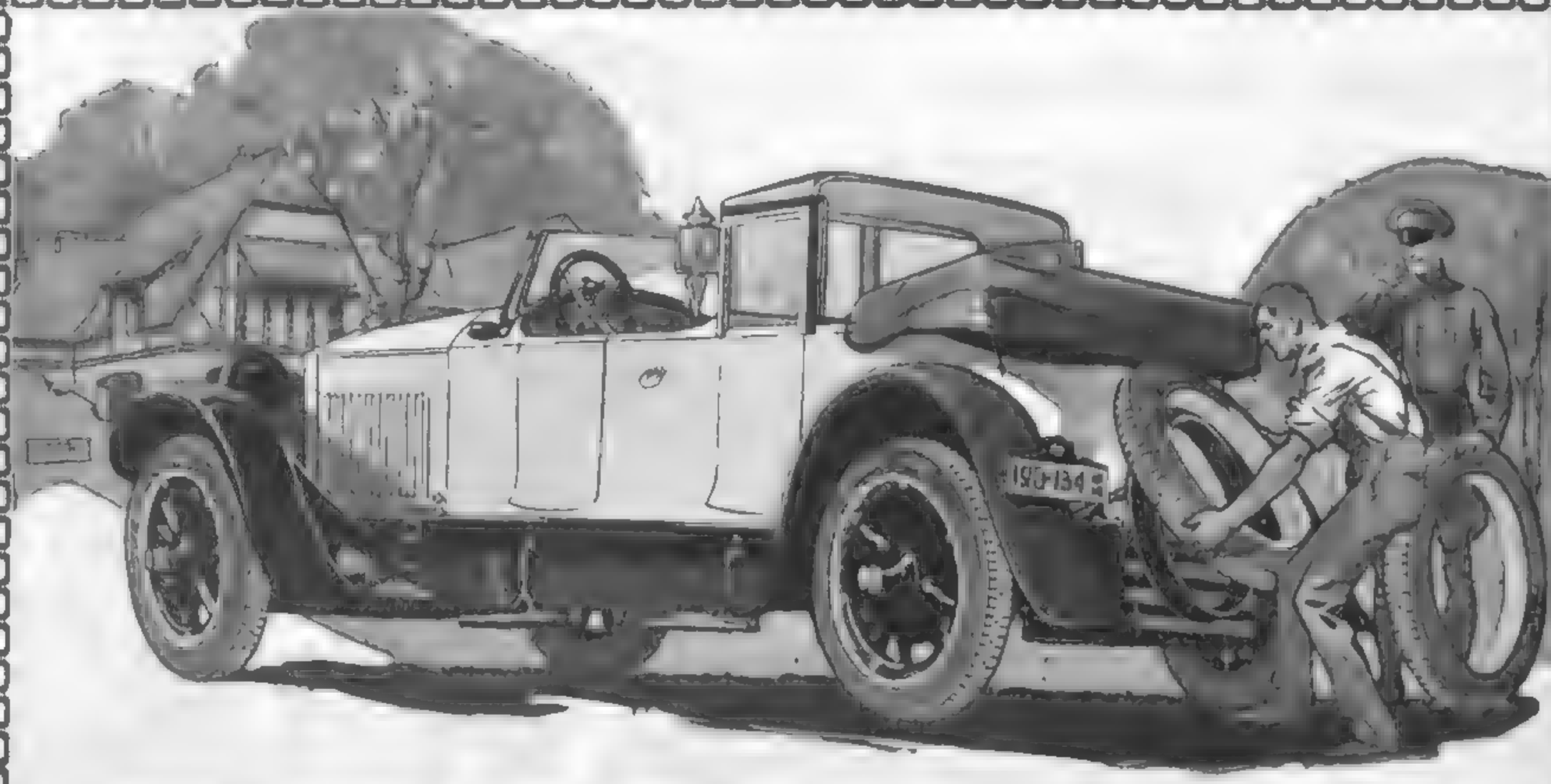

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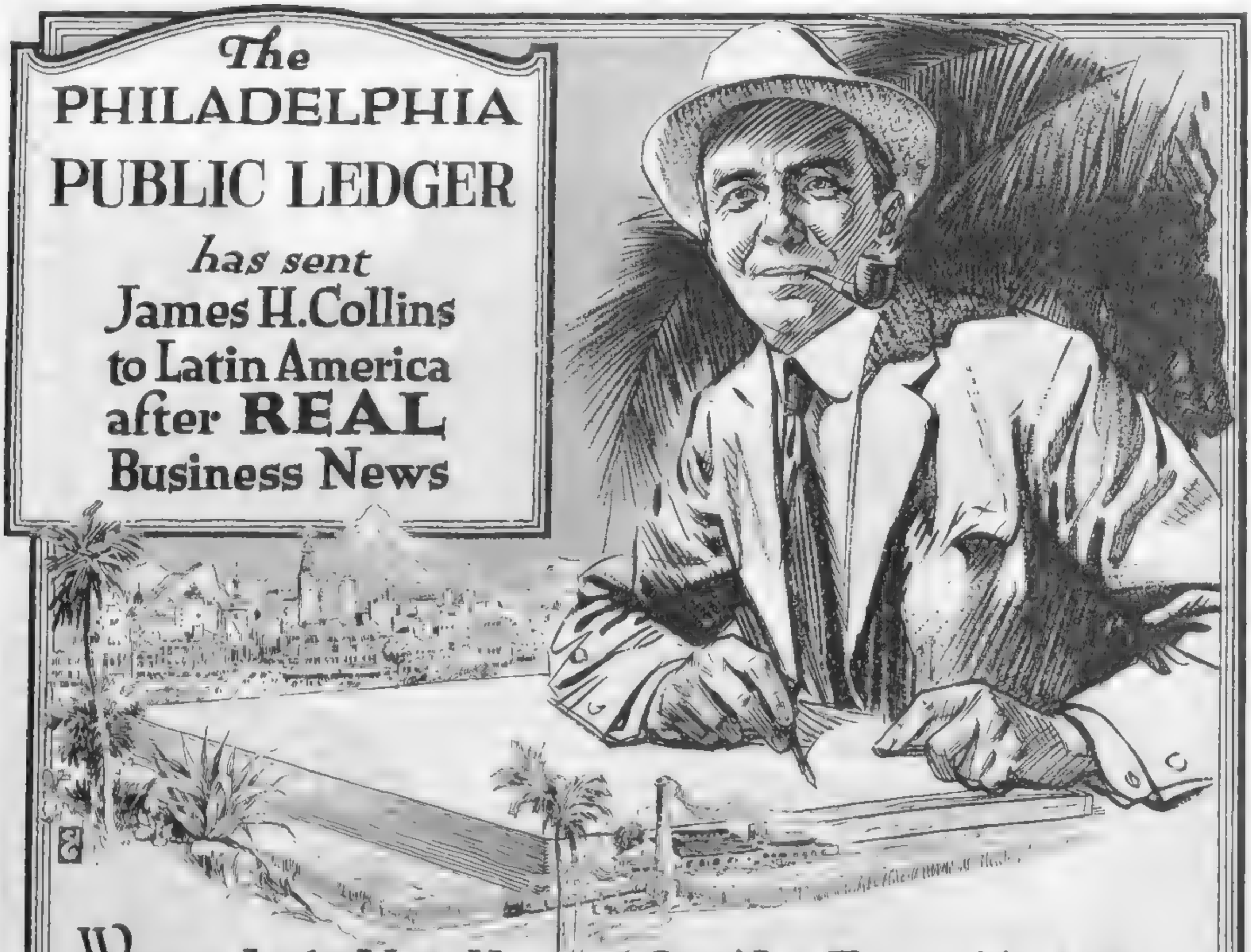

Written In the Very Heart of Our New Export Markets

WHY have European countries retained so strong a hold upon South American commerce in spite of four years of war?

Why is America so far behind other countries in perfecting the mechanism of its foreign trade?

Nowhere else are business men shrewder, more scientific or more successful,—nowhere else are their plans laid with more exact precision than in the United States. This is true so far as domestic trade is concerned; it is unfortunately not so true of our international trade.

English, Dutch and German trade has been a matter of careful study. The young men of these countries are sent to grow up in the regions where their fathers' business is to be built. They have reduced international trade to a definite practice with definite rules and policies. They have adapted their goods to the markets of foreign people. They have learned their languages and invested money in their enterprises. The result of their far sighted policies is seen in an enduring foreign commerce which has withstood the storms and stress of a world war.

In sending James H. Collins to South and Central America, The Philadelphia Public Ledger purposes to do for American business something that has never been successfully done before. Mr. Collins knows how to place definite, concrete business information in its *human* background. Our hope is to establish the human foundation for a definite American practice of foreign trade with Latin America,—to lay down the lines of least resistance, to find the way to the Latin heart, to lay bare our failures and to discover wherein we have succeeded. In short, we shall expect this column to supply the human material which naturally escapes the eye of the ordinary business representative.

Other nations have centuries of international trade experience behind them. To bridge the years, to glean the best of all past experience, to show how, when, and where success has been or may be achieved,—this is our task. The Public Ledger, through Mr Collins' work, hopes to make a profoundly important contribution to the real business history of the United States.

In the meantime, while waiting for Mr. Collins' articles, which will begin about Sept. 1st, why not become better acquainted with the business section of the Public Ledger? Every day it carries authoritative business news not found elsewhere, gathered by its own correspondents in every trade center at home and abroad.

Send two dollars for a four months' subscription

Cyrus H. K. Curtis

THE PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER, Philadelphia, Pa.

BUSINESS ETHICS

By William Almon Wolff

Jimmy Thought He Was Doing Pretty Well, and Judging by Some Standards He Was

JIMMY HUNTER was working and living in a deep rut, and the worst thing about that was that he didn't know it. He plodded along contentedly, and he scarcely saw what was going on outside his rut, in the broad road other men were traveling toward success, toward wealth or fame or whatever their goal happened to be. He thought he was doing pretty well, and judging by some standards he was. Only he had no business to have such standards for himself.

The Crescent Construction Company was paying Jimmy forty dollars a week. In Meadville that wasn't a bad salary, especially for a chap like Jimmy, who wasn't married and had no particular intentions of taking a wife. He lived comfortably, and he saved some money. He liked his work, and he had no reason to suppose that he couldn't count upon his job.

He'd been with Crescent ever since he took his engineering degree. He had worked with the field force on an interurban trolley line during one vacation, and had done well enough to get the promise of a permanent job. And he had settled down into that job and his rut quickly, because he displayed special talent in the making of estimates, and so landed in the office.

Jimmy really was a good man in his job. He had a curiously vivid memory and a passion for figures. He knew all about the market; you could never stump him on the price of any raw material. And he had an uncanny way of anticipating important price variations. Once the company was figuring on its bid for a monolithic grain elevator; there were special reasons for making it important that the contract should be landed. Jimmy knew that, and he turned in a set of figures in his estimate that made McArthur, the vice president, jump.

"Great Godfrey, Hunter—have you gone insane?" McArthur asked. "I told you to figure close on this—but this means a loss at present prices!"

"They won't hold," said Jimmy quietly. "My estimate is based on these other figures, sir. Will you look at them? I've made a table showing the prices to-day on cement and some other material, and the prices I think will prevail when we have to buy them."

McArthur looked over the table in silence. "What are your reasons for expecting such a drop?" he asked.

Jimmy gave them—convincingly. McArthur frowned.

"It's a gamble," he said reluctantly. "If you're wrong—we're in for a heavy loss. Still—a bid based on your figures means the contract, and a sizable profit if you happen to have guessed right. I may take a chance."

He did, and the event justified Jimmy's prediction. In the same way Crescent lost a contract six months later because Jimmy based his estimates on rising costs, and the rival bidder, who obtained the contract, lost heavily. Jimmy was well pleased with himself, and McArthur was liberal in his praise, even though it didn't occur to him to push Jimmy along into more important work. McArthur was not an executive of the new type; his theory was that if a man was doing a thing well it was a good thing to keep him at it.

Then came the consolidation that swept the Crescent Construction Company's individuality away. A branch office was maintained in the small city of Meadville, to take care of the local territory, but the main office of the Crescent Company was sucked into the big New York headquarters of a national organization, the Dow-Beltner Corporation. A good many men lost their jobs altogether in the process of consolidation and absorption—among them McArthur. But Jimmy was ordered to New York, to find himself one of a dozen men doing the same sort of work and, as he soon learned, with about one-tenth his old chance to distinguish himself. His salary remained the same, but the rut was about twice as deep, though he didn't realize that.

What he did realize, almost at once, was the difference between his salary in Meadville and in New York. Money didn't go so far in the metropolis as it had in a small city in the Middle West. Things cost more, and there were so many more ways of spending money. Jimmy found it much more difficult to save anything. But he didn't worry. He would get a raise soon, he thought, in the normal course of affairs, and things would straighten out. Meanwhile he was fairly comfortable in a small room that he found, and he was too busy to do any worrying.

He wasn't too busy to be lonely, though. In Meadville he had had a good deal of fun—how much he didn't appreciate until he was cut off entirely from relaxation and social activity. He didn't feel resentful; he understood that he had come to a place where people were already fully occupied, and that there was no reason why they should stop to consider him. But he did wish he could make some friends. He made some tentative efforts in that direction, but they weren't successful. In Meadville he had been something of a catch matrimonially; in New York he wasn't. But he didn't think along those lines, naturally.

Had he done so he might have realized sooner that he was moving along in a rut. He might have considered the difference between himself as he was now and as he had been when he was in college. He had been popular then; he had been regarded as a promising man, sure to make his mark. Whereas now he was just like any one of a score of other men, or a hundred. His place was safe enough, but he wasn't in the way of drawing one of the big prizes.

He needed a jolt. He got it. It was on a warm evening in the autumn, an evening when summer had come back. The day had been hot in the office; he had spent it in close and trying work, estimating on the details of a big bid. And when he had had a bath his gorge rose suddenly at the thought of eating dinner, as he usually did, in a cheap, stuffy little restaurant near his lodging house. He couldn't afford it but he decided to ride uptown on a bus and dine at the riverside restaurant he had so often seen on hot nights when he had cooled off by taking the long bus trip uptown.

The Meadville equivalent of Claremont hadn't been beyond his means at all. But things had been different then, anyway. He told himself, half apologetically, that as a matter of fact he couldn't afford not to be extravagant once in a while. So he went, and—"Hang the expense!" he said to himself.

He looked very well. He had put on his one thoroughly good suit of clothes—raiment he had ordered at a good tailor's when he first came to New York, before he realized how careful he would have to be. He didn't wear that suit very often; he saved it for special occasions. But he felt that this was one by all means. And so, when he walked up the steps, there was nothing in his appearance to make the head waiter who greeted him feel that he was different from any of the other prosperous young men who were among the guests that night.

He enjoyed his dinner thoroughly; his table was on the river side, and a cool breeze fanned him. Over his coffee he lighted a much better cigar than he was in the habit of smoking, and sat back, relaxing. And then he started. He heard a familiar voice at a near-by table; identified it just a minute later. Buck Hanford! He hadn't seen Buck since their senior year.

Buck was playing host, it appeared, to three girls and another man. Jimmy regarded their table enviously. Buck had done well—you couldn't mistake that. He had the sleek, prosperous look that is almost a hall mark of New York. He and the other man wore dinner jackets; the girls were in shimmering soft dresses, and all three were pretty. The sight of them, the sound of their softly modulated voices, their laughter—stabbed Jimmy, roused all the devils of loneliness and discontent in him.

Buck hadn't seen him yet; he had a chance to study the party. One girl in particular received more than her share of his attention. She was so—wholesome. He liked the way she was tanned; he could see a V that spoke of a bathing suit, and her arms, too, showing through filmy sleeves, were brown. She laughed less than the others; smiled more. He thought that perhaps at least one of the other girls was prettier, but this was the one he liked. And it seemed to him that she was just a little apart; he had a feeling that Buck and the other man were more attentive to the other girls.

He wanted to go over and speak to Buck. He didn't like the idea of butting in. But the chance to talk to someone he really knew was tempting.

And then his doubts were resolved for him. Buck turned and saw him. He waved his hand and sprang up; he paused a moment for an explanation, and then came over quickly to Jimmy's table. But Jimmy, even as he rose to greet his classmate, looked past him and saw the friendly light in the girl's eyes.

"Well—Jimmy Hunter! Lord—Lord—how long is it since I've seen you? What a town—you never meet an old friend except by some such chance as this! Come on over—want you to meet Mrs. Hanford and the rest."

It was all right. Jimmy learned that the girl he liked was a Miss Thorpe—heard Mrs. Hanford a minute later call her Molly. He shook hands with Buck's friend, Mr. Thomas—bowed to Mrs. Thomas, sat down. It was generally agreed that the world was a small place after all, and that New York was the limit—you could live in the next apartment to an old friend and never see him; Thomas knew personally of a case like that, by Jove!

"Oh, no you don't!" said Buck genially half an hour later when Jimmy reluctantly, but feeling he mustn't outstay

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his welcome rose to go. "You stick right round. Lots of room in my car—and we're going for a spin and then find a place to dance—over by the Sound, I guess. We need you anyway—you make the party even. And I'm not going to lose sight of you right away, now I've spotted you."

Mary Thorpe's eyes echoed the invitation, and she laughed a little.

"I've been hoping you'd come along, Mr. Hunter," she said. "I'm the odd number, you see."

It was all very pleasant. But there were undercurrents that bothered Jimmy. Buck's obvious prosperity was one of them. In college no one had expected so very much of Buck. Jimmy happened to know that whatever Buck had he must have won for himself. Mrs. Hanford looked expensive; all three girls did, for that matter. And the car to which presently Hanford led the way was not cheap. Jimmy knew you couldn't cut the sort of swath all this represented unless your income was in five figures. And it made him uncomfortable.

But it was what happened later that did the mischief, so far as Jimmy was concerned, and betrayed him into something that violated every article of his creed. It may be that there is no such thing as love at first sight, as practical folk insist. But it is certain that sometimes when a man and a girl meet a spark is struck that lights a flame that may leap far indeed. And that night Jimmy had no doubts.

He tried to be sensible. He did a good deal of thinking while out of sheer politeness he was dancing with Mrs. Thomas. He danced very badly indeed with her, and there is some reason to believe that a subsequent comment led to a sharp difference of opinion between her and Miss Thorpe, with whom Jimmy had not danced badly at all. You didn't fall in love with a girl the first time you saw her—of course not. You wanted to know whether she liked the same things you did, had the same interests—all sorts of things. He got that all worked out to his satisfaction. And then his heart and his soul began to sing within him, and the burden of their song was that she was the loveliest creature he had ever known, and that to dance with her was like nothing he had ever dreamed life could offer him.

Then, while Thomas and his wife danced some strange measure that the rest didn't know, Jimmy and Miss Thorpe and the Hanfords sat together at their table, and Hanford asked the question Jimmy had been dreading.

"What are you doing, Jimmy? Last I heard of you you were in Meadville, with a construction outfit."

"Yes," said Jimmy. "Dow-Beltner swallowed them up in a big consolidation though, and brought me on to New York."

"Good enough!" said Hanford respectfully. "They're first-rate people, Jimmy. Out of my line, of course. I'm with an advertising agency—Carter & Hanford."

"Good Lord—are you that Hanford?" said Jimmy. "Fine work!"

"Well, I guess you haven't any kick yourself, if Dow-Beltner thought enough of you to bring you on. What's your end?"

Jimmy swallowed the words that would have revealed the truth. He couldn't utter them, with Mary Thorpe's eyes full of a friendly interest fixed upon him. For the first time since his boyhood he told a deliberate, almost unqualified lie.

"I'm working right with Mr. Beltner," he said. "Haven't really settled down yet—they're deciding how to use me."

Hanford nodded.

"Good enough," he said. "Let's have lunch some day this week. You've been too busy to play round probably, but you'd better let me put you up at a club or two and see that you're comfortable. Where are you living?"

"I haven't found a place yet really," said Jimmy. "I want to get a small apartment."

"Don't stick to a hotel. It's no fit way to live," said Hanford. "I know just the place you want—couple of rooms and a bath, good service, meals if you want 'em. Chap I know is off to South America for his concern—rent it furnished if you like. Cheap, too, though I don't suppose that matters to you. Get it for a hundred and twenty-five a month probably."

Jimmy was amazed and appalled by the way that lie of his grew; by the implications it contained. It was like a snowball rolling downhill, getting bigger with every turn. But now that he had told the first lie he had to go on—there was no withdrawing, without revelations infinitely worse than Mary Thorpe's eyes in the beginning had made impossible. He danced with her twice more—and as they danced he forgot everything save the sheer delight of the rhythmic motion with her. But he was glad when a move was made toward the car and a breaking up of the party; he knew he had to do some quick thinking.

He was rather quiet on the way back to the city as the car sped along through the parks in the Bronx. He sat with Mary Thorpe in the extra seats; the Thomases were in the back; Mrs. Hanford sat in front with Buck. He wondered about seeing Mary Thorpe again.

"I wish you'd come to see me, Mr. Hunter," she said, just as he was trying to make up his mind that he might ask permission to call. And boyishly he told her what he had been thinking.

"I was trying to get up my nerve to ask if I might," he said. She laughed, and he almost thought there was some special note in her laughter.

Miss Thorpe was dropped at the door of a towering apartment house on Park Avenue; the Thomases three blocks farther downtown.

"How about you, old man?" asked Buck. "Take you anywhere you like. We head uptown again to the Drive."

"I'll walk—I want to get a bit of exercise, thanks," said Jimmy hastily. "I'll call you up to-morrow or next day."

He had to promise that—would have to do it, too, he knew. He was to have lunch with Buck; he was to dine with him and his wife; Buck was to let him know about his friend's apartment. So much had grown out of the chance encounter—and out of his wretched boast. He groaned as he remembered that. What was he to do? He couldn't confess; he wouldn't. For that would mean that he couldn't see Mary Thorpe again. And that could not be.

Jimmy's obsession did strange and desperate things to him. He was shaken completely out of that rather complacent satisfaction with his lot that had kept him in a stagnant backwater for so long. It wasn't the spectacle of Buck Hanford's affluence, his success, so much more dazzling than his own, that tore at Jimmy; it was the knowledge that his true self, the sort of man he really was, had no points of contact with a girl like Mary Thorpe. She wouldn't have asked the true Jimmy to call on her, because he wouldn't have known her.

It hadn't been he, the true Jimmy Hunter, who had put on a decent suit of clothes and dropped into Claremont for dinner and been hailed and brought over to his table by a classmate. His first lie had been told really when he stepped out of his own environment, got away from his true background. He worked out something like that, and then groaned. Oh, it was easy enough to make excuses for himself! But to what end? What good would it do to prove to his own satisfaction that anyone would have done the same thing? That wouldn't help him to see Mary Thorpe again, to go on seeing her, to become so intimate with her that, a long time hence, he might ask her——

Only one thing would help, as a matter of fact. He saw that suddenly; saw it, as he lay tossing on his uncomfortable bed. And that one thing was to make good his boast—to turn a lie into truth. How? He didn't know. But even in his torment he saw that it was something that he had seen that. If he stayed in his rut now it would be because he wasn't strong enough to get out—because circumstance or lack of ability kept him in it. It wouldn't be because he was content.

Strangely enough he went to sleep after he had come to that point. And he woke with an extraordinary happiness informing him—a happiness for which just at first he couldn't account, and which deserted him as soon as he remembered. It deserted him as he realized, with a sinking feeling like that which comes when the elevator in a skyscraper plunges down in a twenty-story drop, what he was in for. But it came stealing back as he remembered Mary Thorpe and the way she looked at him. She hadn't looked at the others like that.

He didn't think she cared for him—oh, he was far too sane—and far too decent too—to cherish such a thought as that. But this much some part of him did know—that there was in her a response, a readiness at least to respond, to that leaping flame that the sight of her, the sound of her voice, the touch of her hand had lighted in him. So much his instinct told him—and his instinct taught him that the crisis of his life had come upon him when he was unready, that it was for him to fight now with such weapons as he could find for all that would make the rest of his life worth the living.

He went to the office. At his desk he was overcome by a reaction of sheer disgust as he contemplated the neat pigeonholes, each ticketed and labeled. What sort of work was this he had been doing? Why, any automaton could do it as well as he. In Meadville it had been different. He had been in touch there with the affairs of the company. He had been in daily consultation with the executives. Here—here he did nothing important, save as the turning of the smallest wheel in a great machine is important.

Beltner didn't know he was alive probably—certainly would not recognize him should they meet in the elevator. He knew Mr. Beltner by sight. His own chief was an overworked chief clerk who was in a rut himself and was not likely to be interested in making other men climb out of theirs. And Jimmy's work here was not what it had been under McArthur. All he had to do now was to estimate the quantities of material and the hours of labor involved in carrying out a piece of work. Costs were not in his province; other men saw to their part in shaping a bid.

He knew much more about the business than, for his job, he had need to know. He had followed up as well as he could the fortunes of the old company as a part of the greater organization. And he knew that a good many of the things McArthur had done, and that had made Dow-Beltner hungry to absorb the Crescent Company, were no longer being done. He knew the old Crescent territory; knew the peculiarities of people in that section. And Dow-Beltner was not getting the business McArthur would have had had he been retained after the merger.

In a sense that didn't matter. The enormous volume of business Dow-Beltner did offset any sectional deficiency. But that was not the point, and Jimmy knew it. He could guess that in conferences the question must from time to time be raised of why Dow-Beltner hadn't held the Crescent business. Under McArthur the Crescent Company had spread out; it had obtained business outside its own proper territory. It had attracted Dow-Beltner precisely because it got some contracts the bigger corporation had regarded as its own. And now these were going to local people.

He knew now as he thought things over that he could remedy the condition that was responsible for the leak of business. He knew what was wrong; that the Dow-Beltner estimating department when it had to deal with small contracts was too highly standardized to compete with men to whom a contract that was just an incident to Dow-Beltner meant the difference between a profit and a loss on the year's business. And he knew that the aggregate of such lost contracts in a year meant a good deal, even to Dow-Beltner. But how was he to apply his knowledge get the chance to prove his case?

The executive chiefs of so great a business took no time for details. Beltner, for example, scarcely knew, probably, that the corporation was preparing a bid for a reservoir for the city of St. John. His attention, Jimmy knew, was probably all being given to a project for a union station in a Southern city—a project in which millions were involved against the tens of thousands of the St. John reservoir. The St. John specifications were in the office. Jimmy had handled them; had prepared his careful estimates of materials, labor hours, freight shipments. From his desk the file had gone on, costs would be calculated by other men; finally the bid would be ready, and would be submitted—a bid mathematically exact, based upon current prices, providing for a specified profit. If it was rejected—well and good. If it should be accepted the contract would come up on Beltner's desk some morning for his signature, and after listening to a word of explanation from his secretary he would sign.

In small business Dow-Beltner's method was as impersonal as that of the post office. In a great project it wasn't. Beltner went after a job like that Southern terminal as McArthur would have gone after the St. John reservoir. And Jimmy couldn't see that it was good business to slight the smaller jobs. McArthur in this reservoir

(Continued on Page 57)

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EAGLE SHIRT

Reflects the Highest Ideals of Fabric Weaving

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Greek mythology thus describes the weaving contest between Pallas Athene, goddess of Arts and Crafts, and the mortal Arachne who had dared challenge the goddess' skill. And so the earliest records of the world evidence the interest that weaving held for ancient peoples.

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For this reason the makers of Eagle Shirts themselves weave the fabrics from which Eagle Shirts are made. This insures in Eagle Shirts, in addition to faultless tailoring, guaranteed service and moderate prices, absolutely exclusive patterns in exclusive weaves.

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If you do not know where to obtain Eagle Shirts, write us. We shall send you a card of introduction to the merchant and also a brochure on The History of Weaving.

EAGLE SHIRT

(Continued from Page 54)

matter would have known, thanks to Jimmy, just what could be accomplished in the way of savings by buying materials near the job. He would have known whether cheap labor could be found near by. Dow-Beltner ignored such details—felt, Jimmy had decided, that small savings weren't worth the effort.

So it was that to Jimmy, glowering at his desk, getting hotter and hotter as he contemplated what seemed to him a needless waste, there came like a flash a vision of how to solve his own problem. He would have to take a chance, but—he could hardly be worse off than he was now. He realized that at any rate for the first time

He unlocked the drawer in which he kept his personal papers and examined the figures in his bank books. Then he made some swift calculations, and nodded his head, up and down, several times. He could manage nicely. And then he surprised Scott, the chief clerk.

"Mr. Scott," he said, "some important personal matters make it necessary for me to go West for a few days. I'd like either to shift my vacation dates or to get—oh, say, a week's leave of absence. Can you manage it?"

"Either way," said Scott. "Fix your vacation with Lester, if you like—or take the week, if you can be back by the tenth. Your vacation is scheduled so late that it won't leave us short-handed."

"Thanks," said Jimmy. "Then I won't be down to-morrow."

Next he telephoned to Buck Hanford. Hanford was just as cordial as he had been the night before.

"I'd like to see that place to-day if you can manage it," Buck, said Jimmy. "I'm going West to-morrow for a few days, and if I could move in right away ——"

It was arranged. Hanford called him back in ten minutes, and they made an appointment for the late afternoon. After that the matter was settled without any fuss at all. Hanford's friend's rooms turned out to be admirable—they were in a house near Park Avenue, in the Murray Hill section. Jimmy wrote a check for a month's rent without a qualm. He'd been paying twenty-five dollars a month—the extra hundred might have made his hand tremble a little, but didn't. Before dinner he had moved his things in and was in possession.

And his first act in his new home was to telephone to Mary Thorpe.

"I know I oughtn't to take you at your word so soon," he said when she answered, "but I've got to leave town unexpectedly, and ——"

She laughed, and little thrills chased up and down his spine.

"Why, I'm awfully glad you telephoned, Mr. Hunter," she said. "I think it's very nice of you. And ——"

"I don't suppose you're free this evening, by any chance?" he asked.

She laughed again. "Why, yes, I am," she said. "Would you like to come up?"

Miracles happened just as easily as that when you once started in to bring them about!

His heart sank a little when he saw her home. Mary Thorpe's setting became her, but it was rather appalling to a young man of Jimmy's income who was harboring such thoughts as filled his mind.

But he wasn't troubled very long. She was extremely nice to him; it would have been plain to anyone who saw them together that she liked him. She played for him, and he broke out in his delight.

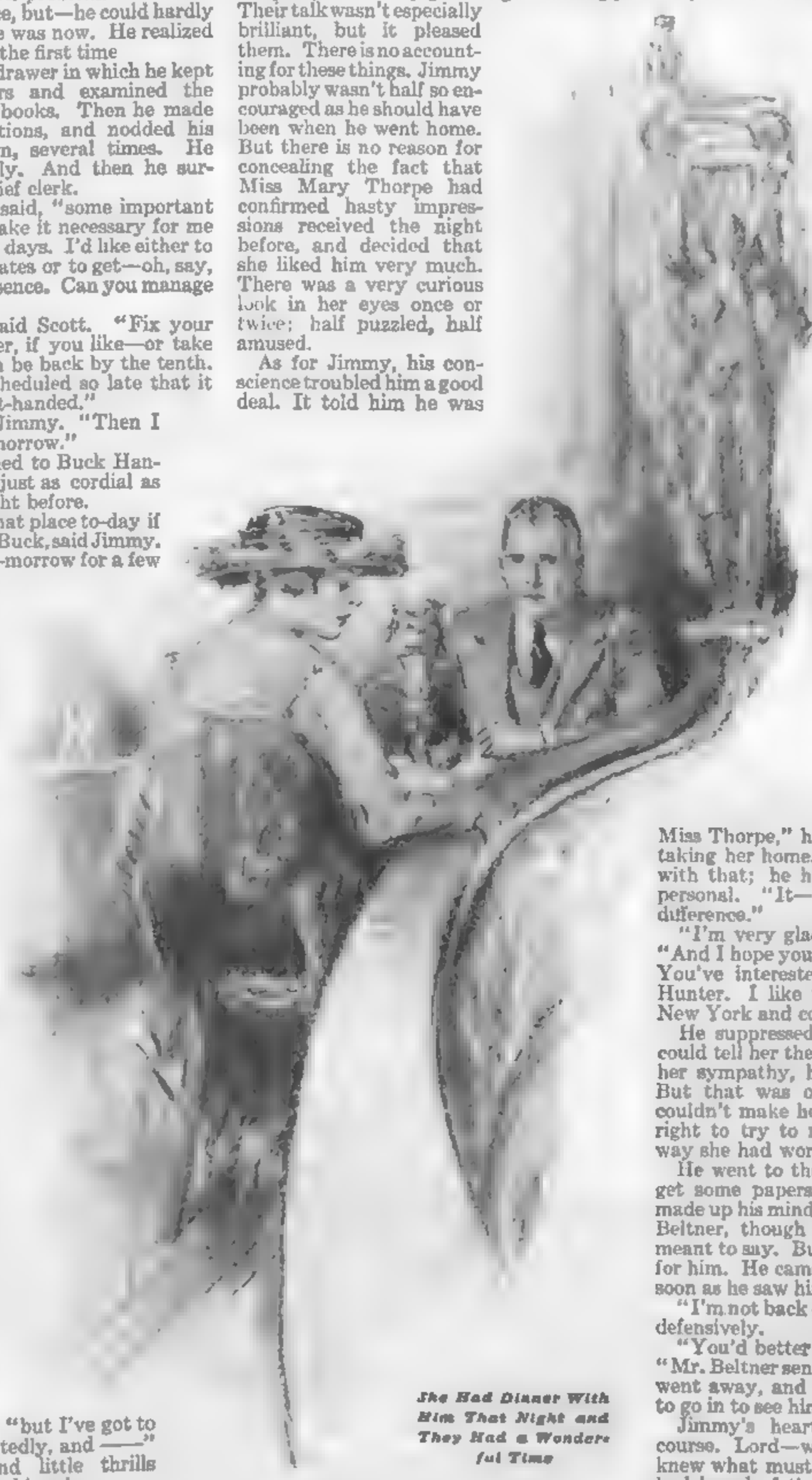
"I haven't heard a piano except in a restaurant since I came here!" he said. "I'm awfully glad you let me come, Miss Thorpe."

He told her about his apartment, and she made him describe it in detail, and frowned when he told her about curtains and upholstery.

"It sounds dreadful," she said. "I wonder—perhaps you'd let me make some suggestions? Mrs. Hanford and I might come to see it sometime."

"Would you?" he said. "It would be bully of you." They got along swimmingly. Their talk wasn't especially brilliant, but it pleased them. There is no accounting for these things. Jimmy probably wasn't half so encouraged as he should have been when he went home. But there is no reason for concealing the fact that Miss Mary Thorpe had confirmed hasty impressions received the night before, and decided that she liked him very much. There was a very curious look in her eyes once or twice; half puzzled, half amused.

As for Jimmy, his conscience troubled him a good deal. It told him he was acting like a cad; that he was in this girl's home, trying to worm his way into her friendship under false pretenses. But he was resolute with his conscience, for once. He had gone too far to withdraw now; the only thing to do was to take his hundredth chance to make good.



She Had Dinner With Him That Night and They Had a Wonderful Time

He went West the next day, and was in St. John, where that new reservoir was to be built, thirty-six hours after he said good night to Mary Thorpe. Here he took another long chance. He called on the city engineer at once and announced himself as a representative of Dow-Beltner. Technically, of course, he told the truth; actually he was stretching the facts a good deal. But he accomplished his purpose. When he went back to New York he knew all that was to be known about local conditions. A full notebook was in his bag, but he had all the essential facts and figures in his head. And he left behind him in St. John men to whom Dow-Beltner was no longer an impersonal distant bidder, appearing only through the mails, but a living, personified contractor, interested in a local problem, ready to help in solving it.

So far everything had gone well. But the real crisis lay ahead, and Jimmy knew it. Everything depended on his attack on Beltner. And he had to wait overnight before he could launch it; his train brought him into New York late in the afternoon. He telephoned to Mary Thorpe promptly.

He wanted to dance with her that night, and rather hesitatingly said so; asked her if she would have dinner with him. She did, and they had a wonderful time. He was conscious, just at first, when she came in to greet him, after keeping him waiting fifteen minutes, of something curious in her manner. She was rather excited; the note of her laughter was pitched a little high. He thought she looked lovelier even than his memory of her, but it was natural that he should.

She was capricious that evening. He was so nervous himself that he wasn't really sensitive to the shifting of her moods; he didn't heed the curious way she looked at him. Her eyes were on him a good deal. They betrayed a variety of emotions. Interest, curiosity—and toward the end, as if she had come to a decision, something like tenderness.

"I don't believe you know what meeting you has meant to me, Miss Thorpe," he said suddenly as he was taking her home. He caught her unaware with that; he had been so rigorously impersonal. "It—it's made a tremendous difference."

"I'm very glad if that is so," she said. "And I hope you will come to see me often. You've interested me a great deal, Mr. Hunter. I like the way you've come to New York and conquered it."

He suppressed a groan. He wished he could tell her the truth—enlist, if he could, her sympathy, her hopes for his success. But that was out of the question. He couldn't make her understand; he had no right to try to make her understand the way she had worked upon him.

He went to the office in the morning to get some papers he needed. He hadn't made up his mind yet as to how to approach Beltner, though he knew about what he meant to say. But Scott settled the matter for him. He came over to Jimmy's desk as soon as he saw him.

"I'm not back officially yet," said Jimmy defensively.

"You'd better be," said Scott solemnly. "Mr. Beltner sent for you the day after you went away, and he's given orders for you to go in to see him as soon as you come in."

Jimmy's heart abandoned its normal course. Lord—what a fool he'd been! He knew what must have happened. Beltner had heard of that boast of his—he'd met Hanford probably, and Buck had, naturally enough, spoken of his acquaintance with Beltner's personal assistant! He saw his whole plan shattered by that accident. But there was nothing for it but to take his medicine.

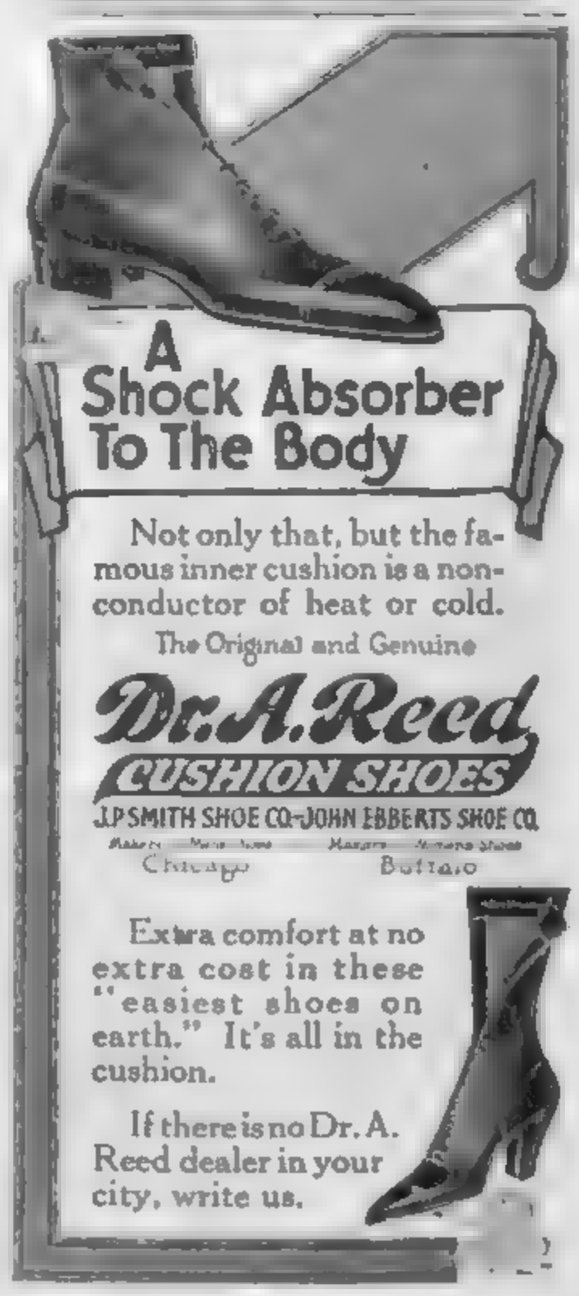
He had to wait nearly two hours before Beltner was ready to see him; the interval wasn't good for his nerves. And there was nothing reassuring about his reception. Beltner stared at him when he entered.

"H'm! So you're Hunter!" he said. "I understand you're working with me personally, Hunter?"

"Will you let me explain, Mr. Beltner?" asked Jimmy.

"That's why you're here," said Beltner rather grimly.

"I'd like to take the long way round," said Jimmy. "I think I have a business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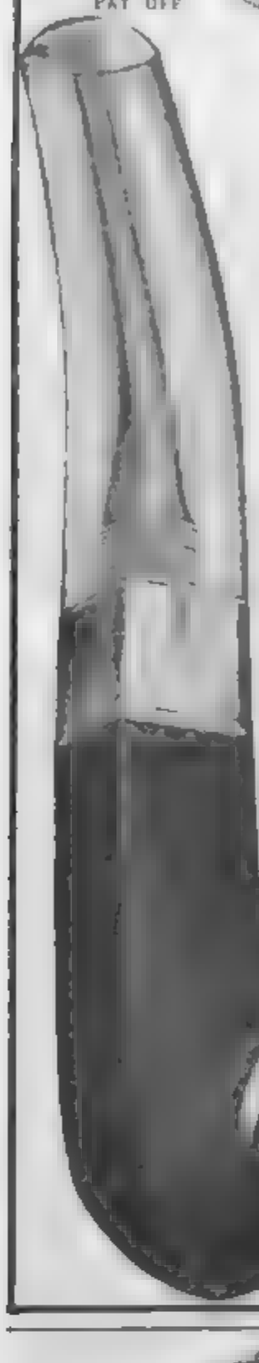

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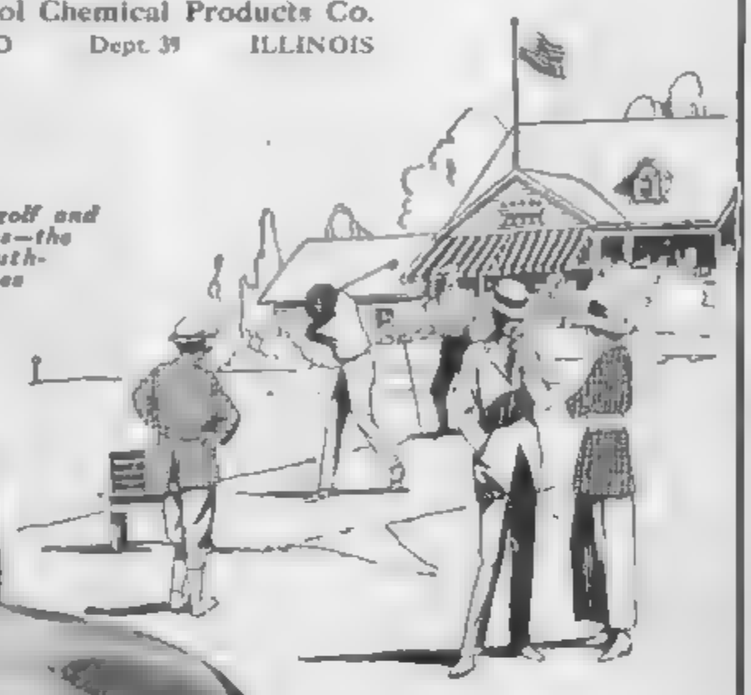

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WILLSON GOGGLES

THE Willson Welding Goggle—Carefully designed and constructed to afford maximum comfort and protection. The shape of the lenses permits wide vision and their color effectively excludes injurious light. Indirect ventilation is accomplished by ports which protect against light and particles. All parts can be changed without tools.

Willson Welding Goggle (Style L1)
Full particulars on request

Our Service Bureau will gladly suggest the correct type of goggle for any industrial operation. Write for catalog.

T. A. WILLSON & CO., Inc.
Reading, Pa.
Makers of Optical Goods Since 1870

for every need in work, rest or play.

suggestion to make that will interest you—and if it does you'll understand the other matter. If it doesn't there won't be much use going into that."

Beltner nodded.

So Jimmy sketched, hastily, the facts of the St. John reservoir project and the method by which Dow-Beltner had been handling the bid.

"The instance is typical of the way we handle small contracts, sir," he said. "We don't take local conditions into account. Often we don't even send a man to look over the ground. I took a pretty big chance this time. I went out there to St. John at my own expense and studied the situation. There are peculiar conditions there. I've got the details of the bid we've prepared here. And I've got another bid, based on what I found out. Mine is the lower bid, but it allows a bigger profit for us."

Beltner reached for the figures, studied them, and nodded.

"But it seems to me there's more to it than that," Jimmy went on. "I think we lose a lot of small contracts because we try to handle them with an adding machine and a card-index file. They're not important to us—but they are to the people who are letting them. And people like the men I saw in St. John resent the impersonal way we deal with them. I've been thinking that if we had a special department for taking care of the work of landing small contracts we could establish personal contact with the people behind them. You can't land a five-million-dollar job every month, but the country's full of small projects that count up to something in a year if they're properly handled."

"H'm!" said Beltner again. "Let's see."

And then for fifteen minutes he cross-examined Jimmy. When he had finished he sat back in his chair.

"Dictate a digest of what you've told me," he said. "Make a diagram of the department you suggest—its organization and expense. I'll give you a chance to make good. You haven't explained how you came to give a wrong impression about your work here, by the way. But I don't know that that matters. I'll let you try handling this department—and until you've been tried out you can draw salary at the rate of five thousand a year."

Jimmy gasped. He closed his eyes for a moment, because the room seemed to be going round in circles. The snapping of the tension left him pretty limp.

"Thank you, sir," he managed to say at last, pulling himself together. "If you want me to explain ——"

"Not interested—now," said Beltner. "Your results are the only things that concern me, Hunter. Better get busy. I want that digest and the diagram as soon as you can get them out."

They were ready before Jimmy left the office that afternoon. He was tired, but he ought to have been elated. And he wasn't. He was distinctly troubled in his mind. His conscience, which had accepted its dismissal while he was trying to make good his boast, attacked him again. And about eight o'clock he telephoned to Mary Thorpe.

"There's something I want to tell you—must tell you," he said. "Can you possibly see me to-night?"

"Yes," she said directly. "Come on up. I've been expecting you to telephone."

He missed the significance of that, but he went up at once.

"Miss Thorpe," he said, "I'm ashamed of myself. I've got a confession to make."

And without preamble, without trying to excuse himself, he told her the whole story.

"But—you've made good!" she said. "Why do you tell me now? What you said about yourself has come true. You can keep your apartment."

"I know!" he said. "It's queer, isn't it? I took every sort of a chance with Dow-Beltner so that I wouldn't ever have to tell you. But I couldn't go on lying to you."

"Oh—I'm so glad!" she cried. Her laughter rang out. "You see—I've known right along, Mr. Hunter! Not all you've told me—but that—that you hadn't told Mr. Hanford all about your work. Mr. Beltner's my uncle—and I mentioned that I'd met you. And he'd never even heard of you! I felt dreadfully over having said anything—he seemed so indignant. And I was—I was awfully puzzled, Mr. Hunter. I couldn't understand at all, because I liked you so much."

"I don't know why I did it," he said. And then he caught himself. "Yes, I do know!" he said. "I'm not going to pretend I don't. I did it because I was afraid if I told the truth I wouldn't be able to see you again. And now I won't, anyway, I suppose—but I deserve that."

"You'll see me just as much as you please!" she said hotly. "Mr. Hunter, don't you know any girl would be proud to think she'd had anything to do with making a man do as brilliant a thing as you've done? My uncle's delighted—he called me up this afternoon to tell me how you'd made good. He says he's been looking for years for a man like you."

"But it seems to me I just lied and cheated ——"

"Oh!" she said impatiently. "You were the only one who could have suffered, if you did. And you made good. Don't be silly now."

She laughed. And suddenly he found that he could laugh with her.

TWENTY PAGES NEXT TO READING

(Continued from Page 46)

buttoned up pretty tight. Why, sometimes you can't even get in to see a man when you call on him down there."

"They can't be any worse than some women," observed Bezonas.

"What experience have you had with the women, Bezonas—that is—er—in selling them?"

"Never had any trouble when I was canvassing for Beadleston's Compendium of Household Hints. And say—some of the fellows couldn't get 'em to open the front door!"

"How did you manage it, Bezonas?"

"I used to walk up on the front stoop in my shirt sleeves, and no hat. They always thought I was one of the neighbors. I used to sell 'em too."

Far into the night Grinnell listened to Bezonas. His quaint selling philosophy amused him, and before they retired it was understood that Bezonas was to come to the city and join the congenial coworkers that nestled under the wings of the Grinnell & Madder agency.

Perhaps it is time to emphasize the fact that the employees of the above-named firm were just plain, human, cosmopolitan citizens, with the average run of virtues and graces. None of them had ever been cited for medals which would proclaim their angelic dispositions, and when Bezonas arrived it jarred them some.

"Grinnell's hick," that was what they called him.

Just what Grinnell intended to do with him no one seemed to know; in fact Grinnell himself would have found it hard to answer the question.

"About all he's good for is to nose round and ask foolish questions," was the way Madder put it.

Two—three weeks slid by; then one night Grinnell made a remark, in the bosom of his family—one that to say the least was illuminating.

"Any man that goes on a vacation to make love or do business will get stung. He's sure to be out of focus."

All of which may or may not have been touching and appertaining to Bezonas; in fact at this time Grinnell was dividing his time between wrathfully advising his office force to let him alone; give him time, and muttering to himself, "He's a skyrocket—shot his brains in one big flare."

The worst of it was—every time he asked Bezonas how he was getting along he would answer "Scrumptious"; a Catskill Mountain term, which implied an exalted state of well-being and success.

That was more than could be said about some of his force—Grinnell knew that—Bolter, for instance. As a solicitor Bolter was gathering moss.

"By Jove, I'll hand some of his prospects over to Bezonas," said Grinnell one morning, thumping his blotter in the same old place.

(Concluded on Page 61)

IPSWICH SERIES HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

THE Ipswich trade-mark is a safe guide to hosiery that looks well, fits well, wears well, and sells at a price you will willingly pay.

For almost a century Ipswich Mills and good stockings have been synonymous. We have been quite content to do one thing well for 97 years—study and satisfy the hosiery needs of human feet. That's why 50,000,000 pairs of Ipswich Hosiery gave satisfaction last year. That's why many millions of pairs gave satisfaction to our fighting forces. That's why Ipswich is the honor mark on hosiery.

IPSWICH MILLS, Ipswich, Mass.
FOUNDED IN 1822
Oldest and one of the largest Hosiery Mills in the United States

The Triumph of the Years
The Corbin
Cylinder Lock
The Corbin
Door Check
Distinctive
Hardware
The Corbin
Night Latch
The Corbin
Unit Lock
1916
1919
CORBIN
1849—1919
THE Corbin industries had their beginning in New Britain seventy years ago, with three men in the organization.
From that time on Corbin history has been one of growth and development, keeping pace with our expanding nation, until the name of Corbin is recognized everywhere as standing for all that is best in locks and builders' hardware.
Great institutions of learning, art and science; churches, schools and colleges; public and business buildings; mansions and cottages—are equipped with Corbin hardware of the proper quality, function and finish, and all made with the same care and attention to detail. The Corbin standard of quality covers every product.
Write us to-day for
"The Hardware that Harmonizes"
P. & F. CORBIN
The American Hardware Corporation Successor
New Britain, Connecticut
New York Chicago Philadelphia

(Concluded from Page 58)

"Give him the Daisy Safety Pin account," said Madder, who knew that the worst would be the best so far as the office was concerned. His idea was to have the operation performed at an early date. Furthermore the Daisy Company was located in Newark, and it might be the means of keeping Bezonas out of the office.

Two weeks went by and nothing happened, except that Bezonas was increasing his expense account and came in regularly for his weekly stipend.

Along about this time Mr. Bolter invited Mr. Smith, of the art department, to dine with him at the Advertising Club, where he delivered himself as follows: "Did you ever hear anything to equal it—Grinnell putting that Rube on the Daisy Safety Pin account? Did you? Say, he can't get that business in a thousand years! Why, Jordan—the advertising manager—is a personal friend of mine. I'll admit that I'm not bringing in any autographed contracts from there, but just the same I got it fixed so he can't get in. Now listen, Smith, and say—keep this under your front piazza—I got it framed so they will fire him out every time he goes in. He won't be able to see the assistant manager, to say nothing of Jordan and Old Man Daisy. Why, as long as I've been calling there myself I never saw the old gent, and say—the nerve of that hick! Do you know what he told me the other day? Thanked me for something I did, and said he would be glad to put anything my way he could!"

Whereupon they both laughed so boisterously that George came down from the coatroom and glanced into the grill.

It almost seemed as if the office force was not digging the pit, in which Bezonas was to be buried, fast enough, and that he had to jump in and help the gravediggers along. It happened the following morning. Bezonas was coming out of the office just as Grinnell was about to enter.

"Well, Bezonas—how are things coming?" asked Grinnell.

"Fine," replied Bezonas; "I sold twenty pages this morning."

Grinnell gasped. The statement was incredible.

"You mean to tell me that you have the copy for twenty pages of advertising?"

"No—I haven't got the copy—yet."

"The contract—then?"

"No—not the contract."

"Somebody's promise?"

"No—not that either.

"What then?"

"Oh, I just sold him in my mind, before starting out. I always do things that way."

The only reason Bezonas was not fired on the spot was because Grinnell had actually lost his voice, and when he found it Bezonas was going down in the elevator.

About ten o'clock that morning Bolter knocked at Grinnell's door and was invited to come in.

"Look here, Mr. Grinnell," he began, "there are a few things about this chap Bezonas that you ought to know."

"Go ahead, I'm ready for anything," replied Grinnell.

"How do you suppose he's spending his time out in Newark?"

"I give it up."

"Sporting—that's what."

"Go right ahead and give me the second reel, Bolter. It looks like a good scenario."

"All he's doing is riding round town with a friend of his out there. Straight goods, Mr. Grinnell; I've seen him myself upon three different occasions. Furthermore I saw Jordan yesterday, and he says that Bezonas has never been near the Daisy Company."

"Thanks, Bolter. Come in at five o'clock, if it will add to your joy, to be among those present when I fire him."

The fatal hour arrived—five o'clock—and with it Bezonas.

"Bezonas—you are fired," said Grinnell.

"That's something you can't do," exclaimed Bezonas with great earnestness.

"Can't do!" thundered the exasperated Grinnell. "Why not, I'd like to know?"

"Because I chucked up my job at four o'clock this afternoon, and I only came in now to close up my account with you."

"Your account is closed—not another cent from this office—for you."

"All right—then I'll turn in my stuff."

"What stuff?"

"This," replied Bezonas, handing him an envelope.

"Good heavens, man! This is a contract from the Daisy Safety Pin Company for twenty pages of advertising next to reading matter."

"Yes, sir."

"But—I have a report to the effect that you have never been near their manager."

"When did you get it?"

"This morning."

"It's ancient history," said Bezonas; and for the first time since his arrival in New York there was a flash of anger in his eye. "I was in that office five times this afternoon."

"And got this contract from Jordan?" asked Bolter, who had turned white.

"No," replied Bezonas. "This contract is signed by John R. Daisy."

"Is that the man you have been riding round with for the past week?" asked Grinnell, upon whom a great light was breaking.

"It sure is."

"Sit down, Bezonas. You may have decided to leave us, but I know that you have a big story to tell before you go. Out with it. How did you get John R. Daisy to sign this contract?"

"First thing I did was to stand outside his factory and talk to every advertising man that called there. Used to be just sort of leaving as they happened to come out—then I'd walk along with 'em. Came all the way to New York with one chap, just to find out what he knew. It paid too. I know why you never got any of that business."

"Why?" gasped Grinnell.

"Because Jordan places it with an agency he's got stock in."

"Go right ahead, Bezonas. We're listening."

"The next week I discovered that Mr. Daisy went out for a drive every afternoon. A colored boy used to bring his horse over from the livery stable about two o'clock. It was easy after that. Next time Mr. Daisy came out of his office I stood there feeding his horse an apple. Stood there calm-like, peeling and quartering that apple for the beast. Every once in a while I'd pat his neck and fuss a bit with his forelock.

"'Young feller, you seem to like horses,' says John R., coming up behind me.

"'I do, when I see a good one,' says I, without paying much attention to him.

"Then we got to talking horse talk. End of it was he asked me to ride with him; and as I was leaving he says, 'What business might you be in?' or words like that.

"'Advertising,' I answers, quick-like, as if I didn't want to talk business when I was out for pleasure.

"I knew it would be all right to leave things that way, because I was to meet him in New York this week and help him pick out a span of coaches. We got 'em yesterday.

"'Come in and see me some day,' says he when I was leaving last night.

"'What's the use? I'd never get past your manager,' says I.

"Then I up and told him all I knew, and bet him fifty dollars that I could call on his advertising department five times hand running and they would turn me down. He took me up, and loafed round in the front office so he could see what happened. I won—got fired out five times in two hours. Four o'clock I had his contract—also the fifty. He seemed to be tickled stiff because I took it."

"Bezonas, would an increase of five hundred dollars keep you with this agency?" asked Grinnell.

"Hardly. You see, I'm going to get a thousand more than you gave me, to manage the advertising department of the Daisy Safety Pin Company, but you brought me down here and I'll see that you get the account. Send Mr. Bolter out to see me next week. I told him the other day I'd put anything his way I could."

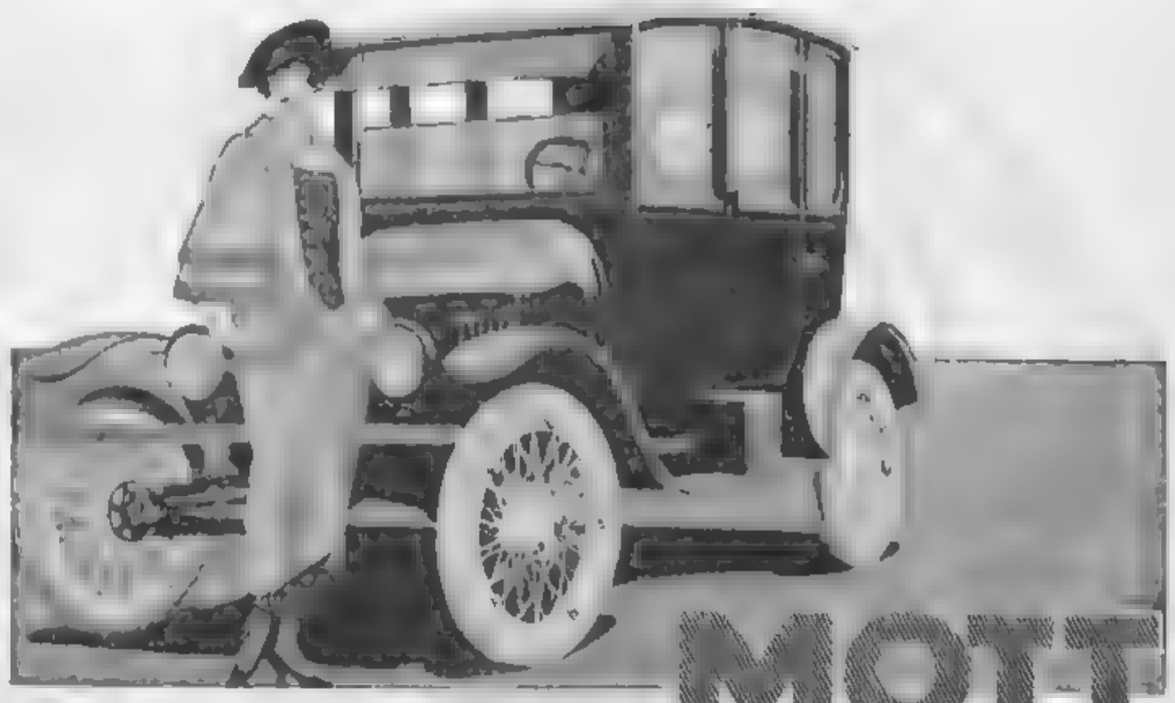
"Bezonas, I'm sorry to lose you, but good luck."

"I won't have it if I don't use my brains better than I have been doing lately."

"How so?"

"Well, I made a big mistake when I sold this twenty pages—you know—in my mind. I should have closed for thirty."

Which after all was as fine a piece of business philosophy as Bezonas had ever voiced, as few men travel beyond the Promised Land of their imagination.



Beautify your car with MOTT Demountable Rim Wire Wheels for Fords

A set of this best looking wire wheel equipment consists of four wheels and five removable rims; all rims are interchangeable. To make a tire change you simply exchange rims—they are light, slip on and off without effort, retain their snug fit always, do not squeak.

$65.00 per set f.o.b. Jackson

You are not limited to one spare inflated tire as with ordinary wire wheel equipment, and should you ever be compelled to ride home on the rim, the strong MOTT Demountable Rim will protect the MOTT Wire Wheel Band from injury.

MOTTS save weight, fuel and tires; add beauty, strength and resiliency; provide convenience and comfort; cost less.

Let us refer you to the nearest MOTT dealer.

MOTT WHEEL WORKS — JACKSON MICHIGAN

Look, Mother!

Here are the nattiest, best wearing kind of clothes any boy ever wore. See that snappy looking little chap with his wheel. Your boy can look just as well dressed all the time if you buy him the famous

STEEL FIBER NIK SUITS

Talk about wear. Why, these suits stand all that fence climbing, marble playing, wrestling and everything else just as if the fabric was actually made out of steel fiber. Why? Because they are reinforced at the seat, knees and between knees with an extra thickness by patent interweaving stitches. Stand the roughest play, yet cost no more than the ordinary kind.

At Most All Good Stores

Made by

SHEAHAN, KOHN & CO., CHICAGO

Also Makers of "Young American" Boys' Long Pants Suits

Gordon Vests

NOWADAYS men in all walks of life know the comfort and convenience of a leather vest—and most men know that leather vests as well as coats with the Gordon label are far and away the best.

Gordon has been making good coats for fifty years and telling the truth about them because it was the best thing that could be said of them.

Good dealers sell coats and vests with the Gordon label because they like to sell merchandise they know about. You'll like to deal with this kind of merchant.

GORDON & FERGUSON

Saint Paul, Minnesota

MANY ARE CALLED

(Continued from Page 4)

campaign manager who discerns a chance to abolish a long-felt want, Ohio not having more than seven or eight presidential candidates as it stands, and certainly Atlee Pomerene has a winning, not to say a tropical-fruit sound.

Of the others there remain among those qualified Citizen Harmon, of Ohio, who has been prominently mentioned since the days of Palmer and Buckner; and the most effulgent of them all, Citizen James Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois, who in order that he might qualify did not wait to be mentioned by three others, but mentioned himself four times hand running, and thus gets into the concordance. Also it is reported on good authority that, further to qualify, Citizen Lewis, since his retirement from the Senate, has been taking singing lessons in Chicago, and will sing his speeches in the campaign instead of speaking his songs, as formerly.

This ends the list thus far of those who have complied with the requirements, for it must be distinctly understood that no press agent, publicity fomenter or propagandist counts as one of the requisite four. It is probable that there are others, but they are excluded here. The rules are simple, but they must be observed. Otherwise the records would be all cluttered up, for the only Democrats of consequence in Washington who have not mentioned themselves are Citizen Lane, Secretary of the Interior, and Citizen Wilson, Secretary of Labor, and they were not born in this country, as previously pointed out. However, and notably so in the case of Citizen Lane, that fact does not prevent some protagonist from rushing into print about them from time to time.

However, each and every one of these flowers may be wilted by the frost of a Wilsonian declaration that he'll take it himself, and until that frost either does or does not blight, these are mere contingents—tentative only, and in early to avoid the rush. The real show is on the Republican side, where any Republican who has arrived at the distinction of making a speech before a commonwealth club or a chamber of commerce who is not a candidate has some private disability that he is afraid will come out if he enters himself. It is quite impossible to enter any public place in Washington without stepping on a Republican candidate for President. There are so many of them that if they all could be induced to vote for any one of their number that one would win by a great majority.

The Gibraltars of the G. O. P.

However, the line of demarcation has been drawn, in a way, and by the Elder Statesmen themselves. I refer to the Republican leaders, so called, who are at present engaged in the task of keeping their fences up by propping them on both sides with candidates. Therefore, in case any Republican candidate does not find himself in this succeeding congeries he must ascribe the blame where it belongs. One must stop somewhere, and the rule of three supporters, so far as Republican candidates go, is interpreted to mean three of the leaders.

To begin: Citizens Taft—Hughes—Root. Need anything more be said? Not a thing; and nothing shall be. There they stand, the three pillars of Republicanism, and there it is likely they will continue to stand—Taft—Hughes—Root—Gibraltars of the Grand Old Party, and, like Gibraltar, with a good many holes in them when it comes to more than conversational consideration for the race in 1920.

We leave them and pass on to that great incubator of presidential candidates, the United States Senate—where so many presidential booms are hatched and of which so few live after they emerge from the brooder. One would think that the United States Senate would be the reservoir for Presidents from which one would be dipped each four years. That is, one would think that if one hadn't a political almanac handy so one might observe how many places other than the United States Senate Presidents come from. However, that cold historical fact does not deter a multiplicity of candidates each time there is a presidential convention in the offing, and this year the supply is greater than ever before.

Look them over: Citizens and Senators Borah, of Idaho; Johnson, of California; Knox, of Pennsylvania; Poindexter, of Washington; Watson, of Indiana; Cummins and Kenyon, of Iowa; Harding, of Ohio; Capper, of Kansas; Lodge, of Massachusetts; Wadsworth, of New York and plenty more, plenty more. And each revolving in his own particular orbit, save Johnson and Borah, who are doing a brother act and taking turns at the spotlight. I ask you, man to men, do you think it possible that the Elder Statesmen of the Republican Party could be so steeped in the iniquities of their politics as deliberately to play both ends against the middle? Is it conceivable that they have pushed Citizens Johnson and Borah out in front to do their rough stuff against the League of Nations and are sitting back themselves awaiting the turn of events and the suggestion of compromise? Can you imagine a situation wherein these two ardent declamatory patriots, Citizens Borah and Johnson, have been put out on the end of the political limb by these designing and machinatory persons—can you? It is past belief, and yet ——

Citizens Borah and Johnson are candidates for the nomination in 1920. I disclose no secrets when the remark is made that their platforms will be opposition to the Peace Treaty, the League of Nations, and, in general, Woodrow Wilson and all his works. Nor do I betray any confidences by pointing out that their candidacies will have a much greater substance than at present when the Senate finishes with the League of Nations and the Peace Treaty—or much less substance, as the case may be. And the case is extremely likely to be.

Ready for the Water Jump

Likewise Citizen Knox, of Pennsylvania, who has been hopping in with resolutions from morn to dewy eve, and hopping out again. And Citizen Lodge, who has exhausted all his broad a's in denunciation of the perfidious proceedings of the Peace Conference, is now using up rapidly his broad b's. Likely candidates, these. Then, too, there is Citizen Poindexter seeking to grip the great Northwest; and Citizen Harding safing and saning all over the place as the sterling representative of Ohio's Gops. And Iowa's entire visible supply of senators, Citizens Cummins and Kenyon, is on the job and in the same manner, which shows a lack of versatility that extends to Citizen Watson, of Indiana; Citizen Wadsworth, of New York, and Citizen Capper, of Kansas. Really, what the Senate needs is fewer candidates and more imagination. How the dickens can a proletariat pick a presidential nominee from a dozen presidential candidates all of whom say the same things in the same manner? Or, mayhap, the proletariat will not be bothered to pick a nominee. There may be something in that. One never can tell.

The activities of the candidate-inducing machine of the Elder Statesmen have not been confined to the Senate, however. They have gone outside for a few—that is, though it is quite possible they may not have picked, personally, some of those on the outside who are entitled to mention, it is no doubt true that they have not impeded the picking of whosoever picked them, including themselves, in any way. Thus we discover that there are numerous of the unofficial Republican citizenry who aspire, and are encouraged or tolerated in their aspirations, all pending the day certain, along next spring, when the real choice will be made.

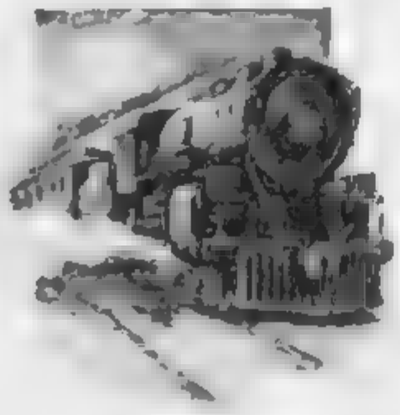
Chief of these is Citizen and General Leonard Wood, who appears to be in the lead, so far as talk is concerned. Nor was the senatorial end of the Wood candidacy overlooked, for did not Senator George Moses boldly nominate Citizen and General Wood some time back? He did, thereby apprising the world of the fact that Citizen and General Wood has the undivided and hearty support of Senator George Moses, which set many fears at rest. We learn that Citizen and General Wood is a proponent of preparedness, a great if unappreciated soldier, a transcendent executive, and many other things; and it is undeniably the fact that as matters stand he is further in the consideration of the people than any of the others. Wherefore there comes the haunting fear that mayhap they let him get out in front for just that reason. Such things have been done. It isn't the candidate who begins sprinting a year before the water jump of the convention is reached that

(Concluded on Page 65)

Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

IN twenty seven years at the throttle, Engineer Jesse J. Breckenridge of the New York Central Lines has learned the value of accurate timekeeping in keeping on schedule. For the past ten years he has run his trains over the New York Central lines on Hamilton time.



Back of Every Time-Table

It's not the big clock in the station that keeps your train on time.

Railroad schedules are so complex these days, that to avoid confusion and delay trains must keep close to schedule every mile of the way.

For every train, on every time-table, there are dozens of men—dispatchers, conductors, engineers—who work with an eye always on their watches. They time their trains with the watches they carry. Were these watches inaccurate, time-tables would lose half their dependability and convenience.

Since the manufacture of Hamilton Watches was begun, nearly thirty years ago, the story of Hamilton's remarkable accuracy has spread to railroad yards and roundhouses the country over. Today, the Hamilton is by far the most popular watch in use on America's railroads.

When you get your Hamilton, it will help you to catch your train as it helps the railroad man put that train into your station on time. And by just so many times as you consult your watch each day, will you profit by having Hamilton time—accurate time.

Make Your Gift a Hamilton

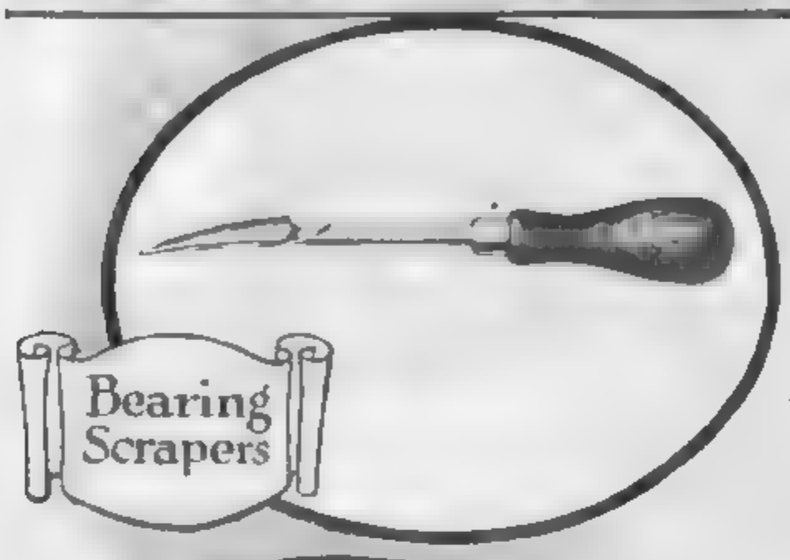
A Hamilton Watch makes the ideal gift a life-long inspiration and reminder to one you love, a fitting reward for unusual achievement. There's accuracy, beauty and enduring service in the Hamilton—an appropriate gift for any occasion, any season.

See some of the many Hamilton models at your jeweler's. There's one to suit your individual taste—thin models for men, watches especially built to stand rough service, ladies' bracelet models, and wrist watches for men. The prices range from $36.00 to $185.00. Movements, $19.00 ($20.50 in Canada) and up.

Send today for the "Timekeeper." You will be interested in this little booklet about the manufacture and care of fine watches. The various Hamilton models are shown with prices.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY Dept. J LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

GOODELL-PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS



You Need These

Makers of Mr Punch

Because your car or motorcycle needs attention and repairs Save your gasoline by adjusting your car to run right. Cut your repair bills by fixing the little troubles yourself.

These tools are everything fine motor tools should be. In their construction, quality and fitness have been the only considerations.

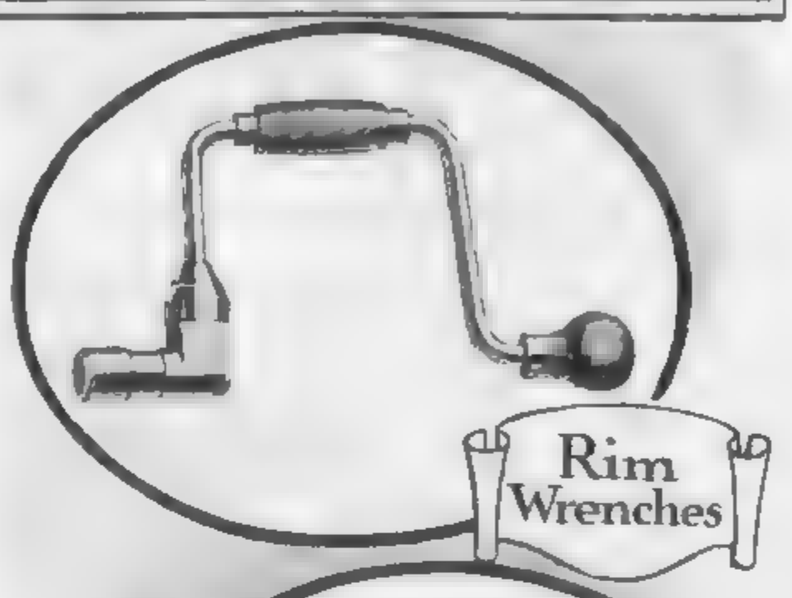
Your dealer will be glad to have you examine these tools. Write for our booklet,

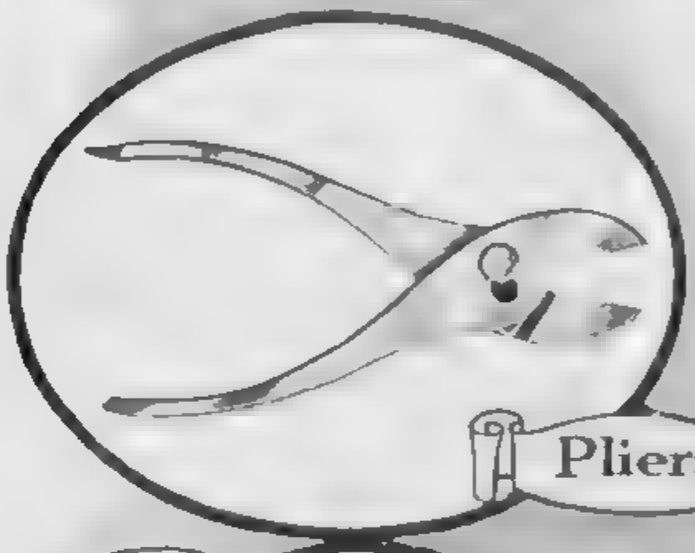
"Tools for the Motorist"

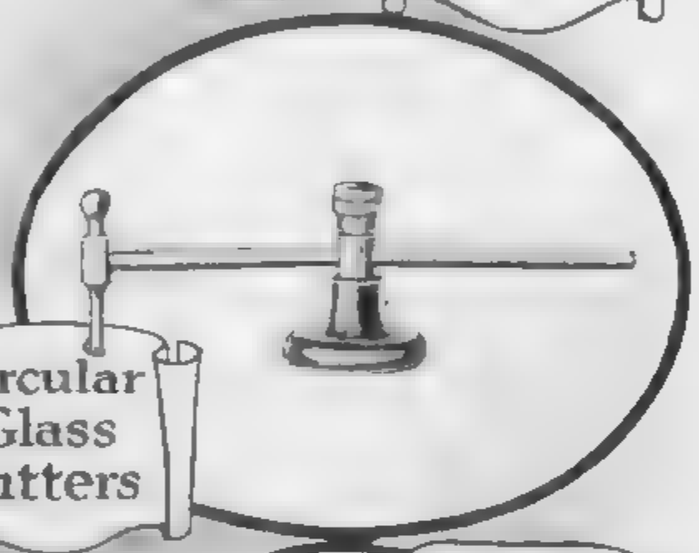
GOODELL-PRATT COMPANY

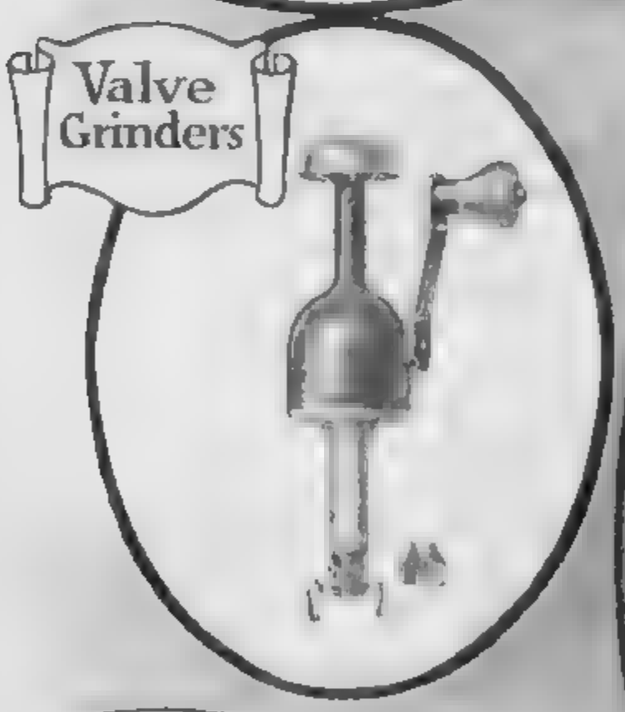
Toolsmiths

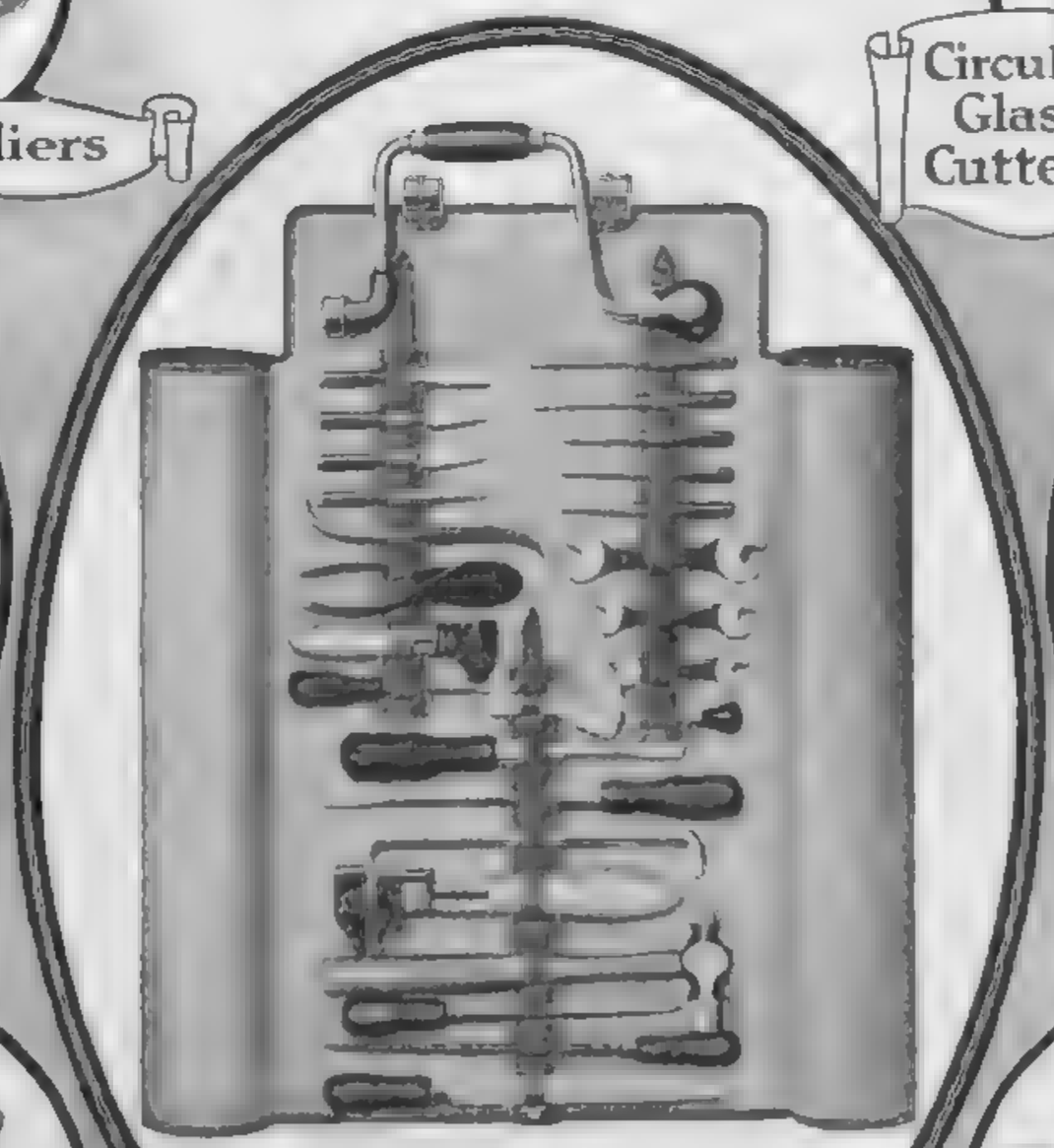
Greenfield, Mass., U. S. A.

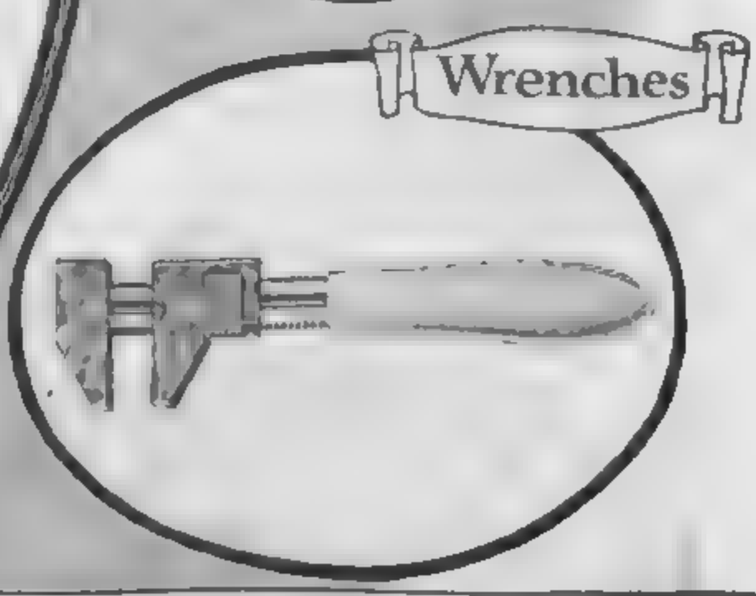












GOODELL-PRATT COMPANY *Toolsmiths* Greenfield, Mass. U.S.A.

(Concluded from Page 62)

usually wins. Perhaps—just perhaps—they helped push him out in front, these sly old boys, knowing that the farther in front he gets the fairer target he will be for all the others in the race—the shining mark for all to shoot at, with a fair chance of some of the marksmen hitting him. This is a wicked world.

We note that Citizen Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, and governor of the same, has Lowden-for-President Leagues cooking in all parts of the U. S. A., and that his letter-writing factory is running overtime. We observe certain signs and tendencies on the part of Citizen Henry Allen, of Kansas, which imperial commonwealth he is guiding happily through the biggest wheat crop of history as chief executive at Topeka—certain signs and tendencies that lead to a train of thought not entirely disassociated from a campaign for the nomination on somewhat different lines from those laid down by Citizen and General Wood. We hear that Citizen Nicholas Murray Butler, of New York, wonders if the people would take another chance with a professor, and observe that the valued pivotal-state stuff has not been overlocked by Citizen James P. Goodrich, once governor of Indiana. Likewise there is Citizen Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and also from Indiana. There he is.

Furthermore, in order that there may be no lack of candidates from Ohio, Citizen Simeon D. Fess, of Yellow Springs, has stepped three paces to the front and pinned a few decorations on himself—Citizen Simeon D. Fess, who at present is in the House of Representatives, but there is a dark secret in his life: He was a professor once himself.

This brings us to the military phase of the game, wherein Citizen and General Wood is playing actively. If it should so fall out that the Republicans desire a military candidate it has been arranged that there shall be no lack, and the usual condescension has been extended to the friends of Citizen and General John J. Pershing, of Missouri, and to Citizen and General Omar Bundy, of Indiana—geographically correct. But it may possibly develop that the Republican Party does not desire a military candidate. Stranger things than that have happened politically in this country. Still, it has been deemed wise by the Elder Statesmen to lay in a few military specimens in case there is a demand. They are forehanded old gentlemen, those Elder Statesmen.

Bosses Dictate and Voters Obey

This is about the list as at present constituted. It is printed as a matter of record. These candidacies are promoted diversions of an off year. It is easily in the future of things that no one name here will be nominated, albeit if that is the case some mysterious strangers must be groomed rather expeditiously and skillfully. Still, the mere fact that a man is a candidate ten months before a convention means nothing much more in his life, so far as convention results are concerned, than a certain amount of pleasant or unpleasant publicity, nor anything in the life of anyone else. It is all a part of an old and tiresome game.

The men who direct the politics of each of the two old parties are playing those politics in the same way they played them back in the days of McKinley and Hanna; in the days of Whitney and Lamont. They confidently expect to pick candidates, provided, first, the President does not pick himself and save the Democrats the trouble; and provided, second, the Republicans can control the machinery, which they expect to do. If they do control the machinery that will be the fault of the people who do the voting in this country. There is no reason why they should continue in control save the reason of indifference of the voters. They can be ousted from power easily, because they are impotent unless their machines can operate in the various states and send to the convention delegates who will be amenable to dictation.

All that is required in this country—and it isn't much of a requirement—is the concentration on a suitable man for either nomination, and an attendance at the primaries. An amazing feature of our national life is the entire complacence with which the people as a whole accept the dictation of these few political bosses in the matter of their presidential nominations. As I go about the country I am asked not who is to be the candidate strongest with the people but who is the candidate strongest with the bosses. This question is based on the assumption that the bosses have real power and can do what they desire in the matter of naming candidates, and the truth of it is that the bosses can do nothing that the people do not allow them to do.

A reading of the list of candidates presented here will show that all of these men now discussed as possible candidates are politicians or soldiers or both—professionals. This country has the party system of government, and that, of course, has developed the politician to such an extent that the main reason for putting a man in office is that he is a politician rather than for any other cause of availability. We have made an occasional experiment with our Presidents, selecting now a military man and now an academic man, but there is one experiment we have not made, and now is the time for making it.

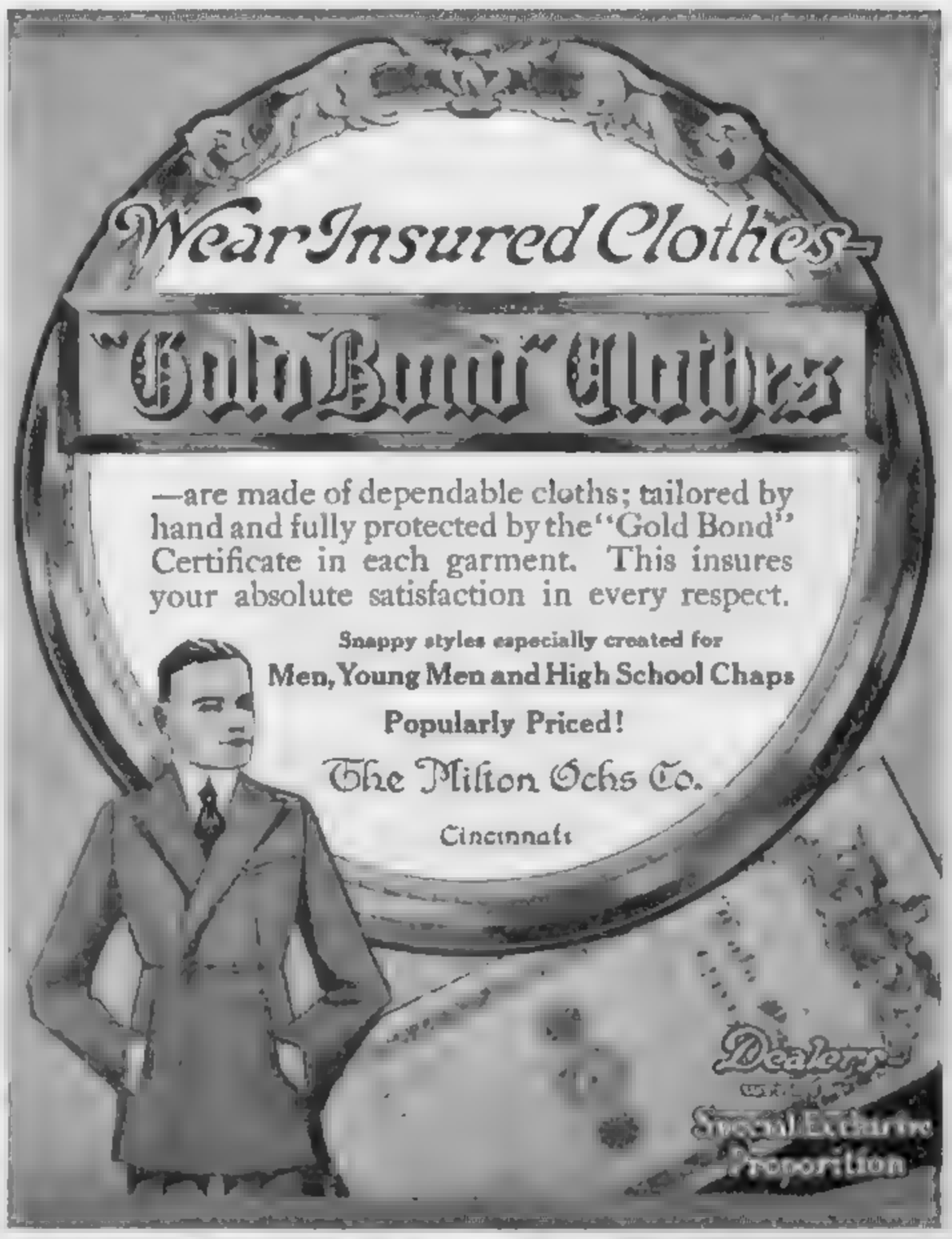
Why Not a Business Man?

Why not try a business man for President? This is the greatest business nation in the world, and has the greatest business men. Those who know of the inner conduct of this war, for example, know how enormous the services of the business men of the country were, and know just what sort of war we would have made if it had not been for the business men who took part in the direction of it. So far as running the government goes it would not be an experiment. It would be a certainty of efficient direction. When one looks over this list of candidates and makes any additions of his own that may seem desirable and then compares this list with a list of the great outstanding business men of this country the advantages that would accrue to the United States by electing a business man President are instantly apparent.

Write down the names of our ten greatest business men—real, active business men, not speculators or promoters, but men engaged in manufacturing, trade and commerce. Without venturing to suggest any single name for any list there is no doubt that in any list made with full knowledge of the capabilities of the leading American business men there will be half a dozen men any one of whom would be of greater value to the people as Chief Executive than any man on the list of the political and military candidates who are now before the people.

What always has happened will happen again unless a concerted movement is organized. The politicians will nominate a politician, but only because of the lack of interest and effort among the business men. The politics of this country is now in such a condition that the leaders of the parties are moving cautiously. They will use strong-arm methods only if they think they will be allowed to use them. They will not start anything. There will be no steam-rollering. Those days are past. They can be made servants instead of masters, but not unless the people exert themselves. It all rests with the men who should do the voting, but who until this time have suffered themselves to be voted, to a large extent.

We take our orders, accept the candidates handed to us and complain of results. That will happen next fall unless there is an organization against it. If the business men of the United States want a business man for President they can get one by making that demand intelligent, single, emphatic; by picking a candidate and uniting for him. All it requires is concerted action, one candidate instead of many, and insistent and sincere demand. The bosses will acquiesce. They dare not do anything else. And now, with the United States first in business in the world, with a business future ahead of us that transcends any imaginings of prewar days, is the time to act.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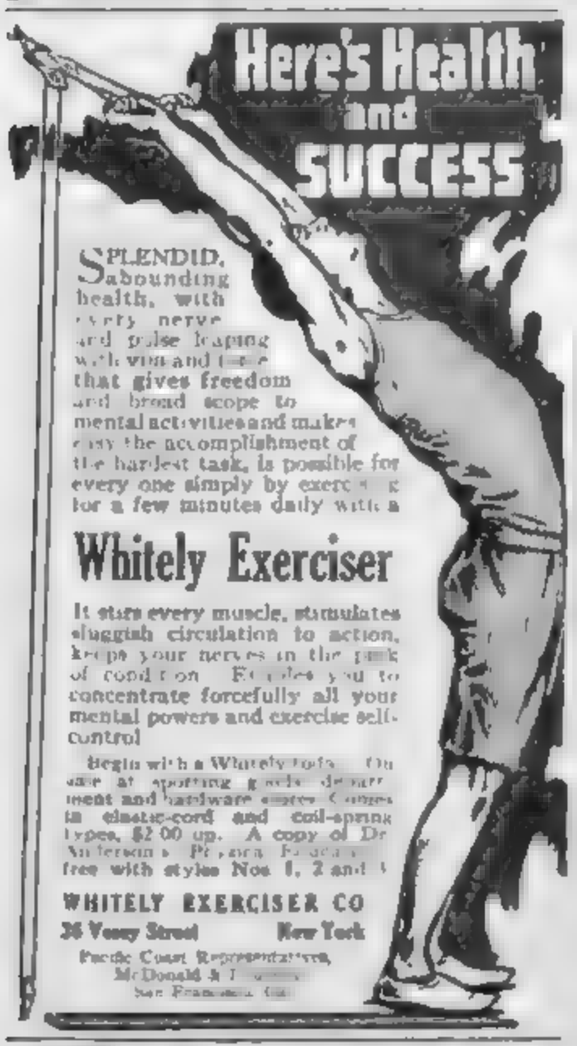

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THE LEAKY DOLLAR

Continued from Page 16

war tax had taken half to two-thirds of it. In the United States, which has been less affected than any other big country, a thousand-dollar bond or mortgage, when measured by the actual value of the income derived from it, is worth only half what it was five years ago.

It is quite true that the real value of money has never been fixed, but has always fluctuated. As a general proposition that real value, or actual purchasing power, has pretty steadily declined. The farther back you go the more difficult it becomes to make a satisfactory comparison, but it is said that the purchasing power of money in France five hundred years ago was four to six times as great as before the world war, which of course is only another way of saying that commodity prices, measured in money, had risen that much. But as a world-wide rule price changes, or changes in the purchasing power of money, have come gradually. Five hundred per cent, spread over five hundred years, would come to an average of only one per cent a year.

If Bushels Changed

For a dozen years before the world war a fall in the purchasing power of money—or a rise in commodity prices, or in cost of living—had caused a great deal of dissatisfaction and discussion in the United States. From the low point of 1896 to July, 1914, just before the war broke out, prices here had risen nearly fifty per cent. The Bureau of Labor Statistics in the Department of Agriculture takes the wholesale price of two to three hundred common staple articles, averaging that price over the United States, and then melts those various prices into an index number which represents the price of all the goods in the list. According to its tables, a dollar in 1896 would buy 151 goods—all goods—but in July, 1914, it would buy only 102 goods. A man who loaned a dollar in 1896 parted with 151 goods; but if the dollar was paid back to him in July, 1914, he received only 102 goods—as though a farmer loaned his neighbor a bushel of wheat containing four pecks and then Congress decreed that something less than three pecks should make a bushel, so though the lender got back a nominal bushel he actually received one-fourth less wheat.

That caused a great deal of dissatisfaction. "Rising cost of living," people called it, meaning that their dollars would buy decidedly less goods. Yet that was a comparatively gradual rise. Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale, who has given a great deal of study to this subject, calculates that the rise of prices in the United States from 1896 to the beginning of the war averaged only one-fifth of one per cent a month. Obviously if Congress changed the contents of a bushel or of a yard only in a slow, gradual way—say one-fifth of one per cent a month—people could adjust themselves to it after a fashion. The change that occurred before the war in the actual contents of a dollar—in the goods embodied in it—caused inconvenience and hardship and dissatisfaction, yet it came about in a comparatively gradual way.

In eighteen years before the war commodity prices rose about fifty per cent. Some little time elapsed before war affected prices powerfully. Then in less than five years prices rose one hundred per cent. Professor Fisher calculates the rise from 1896 to the war at one-fifth of one per cent a month, and since the war at one and a half per cent a month—or more than seven times as fast. The contents of the bushel changed while a man was carrying it from the threshing machine into the barn

Those figures are for the United States, and in every other big nation the rise in prices, or the shrinkage in the actual goods contents of a dollar, has been more pronounced than in this country.

If a bushel measure, or a quart measure, or a pound avoirdupois, fluctuated in that manner it wouldn't be very useful, because nobody could tell from month to month what it meant. Imagine a housewife going into a retail market with a twenty-dollar bill and a list of provisions to be purchased for her larder, and then finding that the scales have been changed so that what was six pounds of meat before amounts only to four pounds now, and her peck of potatoes has shrunk by a third, and so on. She would be considerably at sea. The familiar terms—pounds, pecks, quarts, and so on—would serve only to confuse her. That is what has been happening to her twenty-dollar bill. Its actual contents in goods, or in real use values, has been shrinking overnight.

Money was made a universal common denominator of values, and then the common denominator had a fit. There is in the world to-day an enormous quantity of stuff called money whose actual value has fluctuated so violently that no very exact meaning attaches to it. All contracts still run in terms of this money, all goods are made and sold for it, labor is paid in it; but broadly speaking nobody knows what it means—what he is actually going to get.

The disturbance has been less violent in this country than elsewhere. Before the war, for example, four German marks, roughly, would exchange for an American dollar, whereas it now takes about twelve marks to make a dollar. By far our most important export to Germany before the war consisted of raw cotton, and that is one of the things that Germany most needs now. But raw cotton in the American market has about trebled in price the last five years. Before the war, roughly, forty-eight German marks would buy a hundred pounds of American cotton, whereas it now takes more than four hundred marks. Say a German manufacturer at the beginning of the war had liquidated his stock of raw material and put the proceeds into German Government war bonds. Say he now sells his bonds at par to stock up with raw cotton again. He gets about one-ninth as much cotton as he had before. Austria is in even worse case, for whereas five Austrian crowns would exchange for an American dollar before the war it now takes—according to such scrappy quotations as are available—thirty-two crowns to make a dollar; and Austria needs to buy American goods. As for Russia, while a ruble would buy, say, four pounds of American cotton before the war, the stuff in Russia now that goes by the name of ruble would exchange for cotton about pound for pound. England's pounds sterling are cheaper, in terms of American dollars, than ever known before; and while five French francs would exchange for a dollar before the war it now takes more than seven francs to make a dollar; and nearly nine Italian lire.

All of which means that the fall in the purchasing power of money has been more violent elsewhere than here. Just as a matter of foreign trade that is a handicap to us, for it makes American goods cost that much more in the foreign market. When a bale of American cotton costs nine times as many marks as it used to cost, German consumption of American cotton will, of course, be held to the minimum. That applies to all American goods in Europe. But as Europe must have many American goods, and as those goods are fearfully dear in European currency, Europe will have the greatest incentive to settle the bill with goods instead of with money—in other words, to export.

What is a Ruble?

But this foreign-trade aspect is a comparatively small matter. It serves now to throw into clearer relief the fact that there is an enormous quantity of stuff in circulation called money whose usefulness as money has shockingly deteriorated. Economists say the use and purpose of money is to afford a common medium of exchange and to set up a common standard of value. Nowadays all exchange of goods is carried on by means of money and all material values are measured in money. In the extreme case of Russia, money is of very little use for either purpose. A ruble means so little that trying to trade in terms of rubles is a good deal as though two farmers should attempt to make a trade on the basis of swopping one sorrel horse for two red cows, without either of them knowing any more than that about the condition and real value of the animals.

The Czar's government issued an enormous quantity of paper rubles before its downfall, and since then the Bolsheviki have turned them out by the bale. It is doubtful that anybody knows how many billions of so-called rubles there are in circulation, but everybody knows their purchasing power has steadily fallen until the contents of actual goods in a ruble has reached almost the vanishing point. The Bolshevist leaders frankly admit that this was part of their scheme for destroying capital, and without any decrees of confiscation it would have destroyed a great deal of capital. Say a Russian had saved a thousand rubles which stood to his credit in a savings bank. The Bolsheviki then multiplied the number of rubles in circulation by ten or twenty. They wouldn't need to confiscate the man's savings. They would duly pay him a thousand rubles, but as the rubles were nearly worthless the effect would be about the same as though they had confiscated his savings by decree. In old Austria-Hungary the case is much the same, though not carried as yet to the same extreme.

The monetary affairs of those East-Europe countries are still so obscure that no exact statement can be made of them. In Germany the situation is clearer. A recent London report said that the German Reichsbank had fixed the price of gold at nine thousand marks the kilo, which would mean that in gold value the mark had fallen about sixty-nine per cent since the beginning of the war, and that substantially agrees with its fall as measured in American dollars; but American dollars have fallen about one-half in goods value since the beginning of the war, so it would seem that the goods value, or real value, of a mark is about a sixth what it was in 1914.

Too Much Money

The last available statement of the German Reichsbank in July shows that it had just short of thirty billion marks of paper money outstanding, against twelve billions the year before, and less than nine billions two years ago. In short, as the number of marks in circulation has multiplied, the purchasing power, or real goods value, of the mark has fallen. Germany affords a good illustration because during the war it was pretty largely shut up within itself.

The trouble with money, or with prices, is mainly that there is too much money. The quantity of it in the world has multiplied during the war, and its purchasing power, or real value, has fallen proportionately. Another cause namely, scarcity—doubtless affects prices. When the armistice was signed last November a good many people believed that increased production of useful goods, as distinguished from war goods, and freer transportation would cause something of a fall in prices. Generally speaking there has been no fall; in some cases prices have risen considerably, and it is now the common opinion among those best informed that inflation is the big important cause of this great rise in prices, or fall in the real value of money. On that point, A. C. Miller, of the Federal Reserve Board, a trained and sound economist, recently said:

"Whatever differences of opinion may have existed during the war as to the cause or causes of the revolutionary advance of prices it is now coming to be more and more clearly recognized and frankly admitted that the chief factor in the price revolution is to be attributed to the enormous increase in the volume of circulating credit, bank notes and government currency put out in the past four and a half years."

If the United States is least affected it is because there has been relatively less inflation here. Taking the world over, nothing like such an extensive and violent disturbance of prices, or of the real value of money, has ever been known before. Mr. Miller is right in calling it revolutionary. Even in the United States it is all of that.

The situation of the railroads is one big illustration. Before the war operating expenses consumed about seventy per cent of their gross receipts. So far this year operating expenses have run from eighty-five to ninety per cent of gross receipts for the roads as a whole, while certain roads have failed to earn even their costs of operation. Except that the Government now stands behind them and guarantees a minimum return the whole railroad system of the country would be well on the way to bankruptcy and a value of some eighteen billion dollars would be in an exceedingly dubious state. Not that the railroads are taking in any fewer dollars than formerly. On the contrary, they are taking in decidedly more

(Continued on Page 69)

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Ahrens Fox Fire Trucks	Cadillac	Dodge Brothers	Hatfield	Knox Tractors	Mitchell	Owens Light & Power Plants	Riker Trucks	Standard Trucks	United States Motor Trucks
American-La France	Chalmers	Dort	Haynes	K Z Trucks	Moline Knight	Packard	Robinson Fire Trucks	Stearns Knight	Verrac Motors
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Avery Tractors	Conestoga Trucks	Gabriel Trucks	Jackson	Maccar Trucks	Nelson Tractors	Peerless	Saxon	Strauble Engines	Wilcox Trux
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	Deere Tractors	Gray Dort	Kissel Kar	Maytag		Premier	Signal Trucks		

U S Pat No 1,135,727, April 13, 1915 U S Pat No 1,210,159, Feb. 13, 1917 Other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 66)

dollars than ever before. But when they come to get the use out of those dollars—to buy the goods and services they must have—they find that each dollar has suffered a painful shrinkage in purchasing power.

It is true that increased cost of operation is in considerable part due to higher wages; but higher wages are due to increased cost of living. The Government's commission which recommended the first big wage increases based its findings on that. In other words, as the workman's dollar was worth less he must have more dollars. The situation of the railroads is simply a result of the fall in the real value of money. The Government raised freight rates twenty-five per cent and passenger rates nearly fifty per cent; also, it introduced some incidental economies by operating all the roads as a single system; but those measures by no means overcame the tremendous shrinkage in the real value of the dollar.

Victims of the Shrinkage

If freight and passenger rates had not been raised and if the Government were not standing behind the railroads with a guaranty they would now be insolvent and a great part of the eighteen billion dollars or so which is invested in them would be destroyed as much as though a Bolshevist régime had decreed confiscation. And a great many individuals are in just that painful situation of receiving no greater number of dollars than before—or at least not many more dollars—while the purchasing power of each dollar has shrunk one-half.

The street railroads and public utilities generally are in worse position than the railroads, for no government has taken them over with a guaranty of minimum return on the investment. In a good many cases fares and charges for service have been raised, giving them more dollars; but in a good many other cases they are restricted to the old fare or charge. They get no more dollars than before and the real value of the dollar has fallen by half. Probably twenty-five per cent of the street-railroad mileage of the country is bankrupt already, and the President recently appointed a commission to hear the evidence and see what remedial measures should be adopted. Back in 1912 the Census Bureau valued the street railways and privately owned electric light and power concerns at something more than six and a half billion dollars. As the case stands to-day, and so far as concerns the individual investor, a considerable part of that value has been destroyed by the shrinkage of the dollar. A large part of the railroad and public-utility investment is held by people of moderate means and by savings banks and insurance companies on behalf of people of moderate means.

The price at which railroads and public utilities sell their product is fixed by public authorities, which means that, comparatively speaking, the number of dollars they receive is fixed. Everybody in that situation of receiving a positively or relatively fixed income—savings-bank depositor, bondholder, pensioner, salaried man—has been the victim of a sort of gigantic confiscation through the shrinkage in the real value of their dollars.

In 1914, for example, there was outstanding more than twenty billion dollars of ordinary and industrial life insurance—excluding the great amount of insurance carried by fraternal organizations. The policies amounted to so many contracts that at the death of the policyholders their beneficiaries should receive in the aggregate twenty-odd billion dollars. But if those contracts fell due now the beneficiaries would be legally paid off in fifty-cent dollars. A man who calculated in 1914 that a given amount of insurance would support his wife and children finds the calculation upset. The Government wrote some forty billion dollars of insurance on the lives of its soldiers and sailors during the war. It is now inviting them to convert that temporary contract into a permanent one; but in view of what has happened to the dollar in the last five years who knows what any given amount of life insurance may actually be worth at some time in the future? Who knows what any contract may be worth? All our ideas of material value are very much unsettled.

If anybody has been able to beat this game of shrink the dollar it would seem at first glance that the strongly organized, aggressively led organizations of labor have. Since the Government took over operation of the railroads it has raised wages to the amount of about one billion dollars a year. But at this writing the heads of two of the big railroad labor unions—with the sympathetic backing of the others undoubtedly—are at Washington demanding either that wages be further increased in the immediate future or the cost of living reduced, and hinting at a strike unless they get prompt relief in the one way or the other. They say that mounting cost of living has already overtaken the big wage increases they have lately received, which is only another way of saying that their dollars have shrunk in purchasing power. At this writing, also, Chicago street and elevated railroad employees are on strike, paralyzing local transportation. They received a large wage increase last year, but demand a still larger one now on the ground of cost of living. Boston recently settled a like strike. There have been others, and still others are pending.

The railroad brotherhoods express a doubt that raising wages will do any real good, and President Lee, of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, gives his opinion that unless some real remedy is found "there will be hell in this country; it is nearer to-day than I have ever known it in my years of experience."

Undoubtedly that is a pretty common attitude on the part of labor, and it goes to the root of a great deal of the labor disturbance and social unrest all over the world. Italian workmen are rioting as a protest against the high cost of food. German workmen are striking for the same reason and driving the government to sell food at a loss in order to placate them. British workmen are exasperated and ready to strike at the drop of the hat, very largely for the same reason. Much organized labor in the United States is in the highly irritated and truculent state to which Mr. Lee gives expression. And to say that goods are dear is only another way of saying that money is cheap. The loss in real value, or purchasing power, of a dollar is at the bottom of very much of the trouble. Workmen negotiate, or strike, and get more dollars. They presently find that their dollars will purchase less goods or no more goods than before. They feel that they've been buncoed—paid off in stage money—and are mad about it. Moreover, their ideas of value are unsettled. It is easy to get them to make extravagant demands because if you're going to be paid in stage money no demand looks really extravagant. These violent price changes are revolutionary.

More Goods and Less Credit

But if the economists are right about it—and it can be broadly said that recorded experience backs them up—the root of the trouble lies in currency inflation and credit inflation, and there can be no real change without changing that. Common sense backs the economists too. If the number of marks in circulation in Germany is multiplied by five or six, common sense would say that each mark will purchase less goods. In many special cases there are other reasons—principally scarcity of particular goods. Foodstuffs would be high in Germany, irrespective of the currency situation, when imports, on which the country partly lived, were shut off. Cotton has advanced much more than coal because there was a short crop last year and the outlook is for a short crop this year. Steel would be high because war increased the demand for it. But neither decreased supply nor increased demand adequately explains the world-wide price revolution. Inflation is the big cause, and deflation is the only cure for that cause. Deflation means more goods and less credit.

But nobody can get mad at inflation. Exasperated humanity demands a personal agent upon which to vent its displeasure. So, naturally, exasperation over high cost of living blames it on the profiteers. Within a fortnight the Federal Government and several state governments have started a hunt for them.

Without doubt there has been a great deal of unconscionable profiteering—in small and inconspicuous ways quite as much as in large and conspicuous ways. Without doubt, too, every reasonable means of stopping it ought to be adopted. But even the unconscionable profiteering is a sort of natural by-product of the violent shrinkage in the real value of a dollar. That unsettled everybody's ideas of value. Loosely speaking, it seemed about as easy to get one price as another—something as though the trade were being carried out in stage money. In that state of affairs sellers have very often asked an unreasonable price and bewildered buyers have paid it because both of them were sort of adrift on an uncharted sea.

But if profiteering means taking a larger profit than usual, then profiteering is inevitable in a period of such violent price advance as we have gone through, and no governmental ingenuity could prevent it. For generally speaking goods are a long time on the way from producer to consumer. The more highly developed and elaborate the industrial system is the longer the time. Probably green vegetables pass more quickly from producer to consumer than any other important line of staple goods, but nowadays even they travel long distances and go through several hands. With all imperishable goods the lapse of time between production and consumption is greater. With rapidly rising prices the longer the time spread between production and consumption the greater the price spread.

To take a very simple case: A forehanded miller lays in a large stock of wheat with the perfectly honorable intention of grinding it into flour and selling the flour at the usual manufacturing profit. During that manufacturing process wheat and flour go up in price. The miller naturally sells his flour at the market price and in addition to his usual manufacturing profit gets a profit on the price movement. Business consists mainly in carrying goods along from production to consumption, or taking goods in one state, converting them into a more usable state and then passing them on to consumption. Naturally and inevitably, when prices are steadily advancing it profits from the price movement. There is abundant evidence that business on the whole has been unusually profitable the last five years—or since this war movement of prices got under way. That was a natural result of the situation.

Profits in Stage Money

Government did considerable price fixing here. In England and elsewhere it did even more price fixing. But prices on the whole went up hand over hand just the same. Economists said they would as long as currency and credit inflation went on. Those who turn to price fixing as a remedy now are leaning on a broken reed. Some few particular prices may be fixed and the pressure lessened at those particular points; but there is no likelihood that commodity prices as a whole can be changed by that method.

Business, using the word in a broad and loose manner, may be said to have profited through this price revolution; but the profit, like the wage-earners' increased wages, is a good deal stage money, and when you come to examine business more particularly you find that the balance, even of immediate profit and loss, is very dubious. The census estimate of 1912 puts the value of manufacturing machinery, tools, and so on, and of manufactured products at twenty-one billion dollars—which in a rough sort of way may indicate the part of business which has profited. It puts the value of steam and street railroads and light and power plants at twenty-three billion dollars. That part of business has suffered from the price revolution. And the gains are dubious. Business, loosely speaking, is now confronted with demands for still higher wages, with labor unrest due to the shrunk dollar, with suspicions of unconscionable profiteering and a generally disturbed social state that are certainly not profitable. It is also confronted with a chance of a fall in prices which would diminish its profits in exactly the same way that the rise in prices increased its profits. Broadly speaking, this price revolution has been finally profitable to nobody.

If you borrow a thousand hundred-cent dollars from a neighbor and pay him off in a thousand fifty-cent dollars you gain and he loses so far as that particular transaction goes. Back in the days of greenback agitation it used to be said that currency inflation and a rise in prices would benefit the debtor class and injure the creditor class, and farmers were then supposed to constitute a debtor class because many of their farms were mortgaged and they owed current bills. Many farms are mortgaged now; but judging by the bank deposits in rural communities farmers are probably

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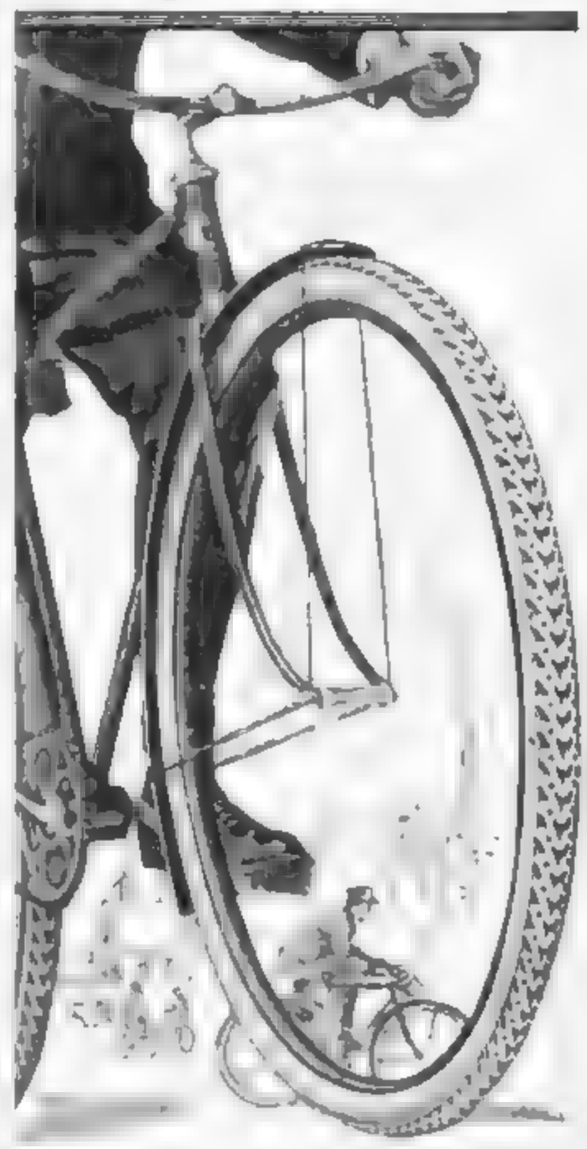

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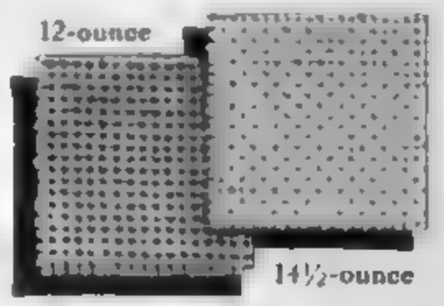

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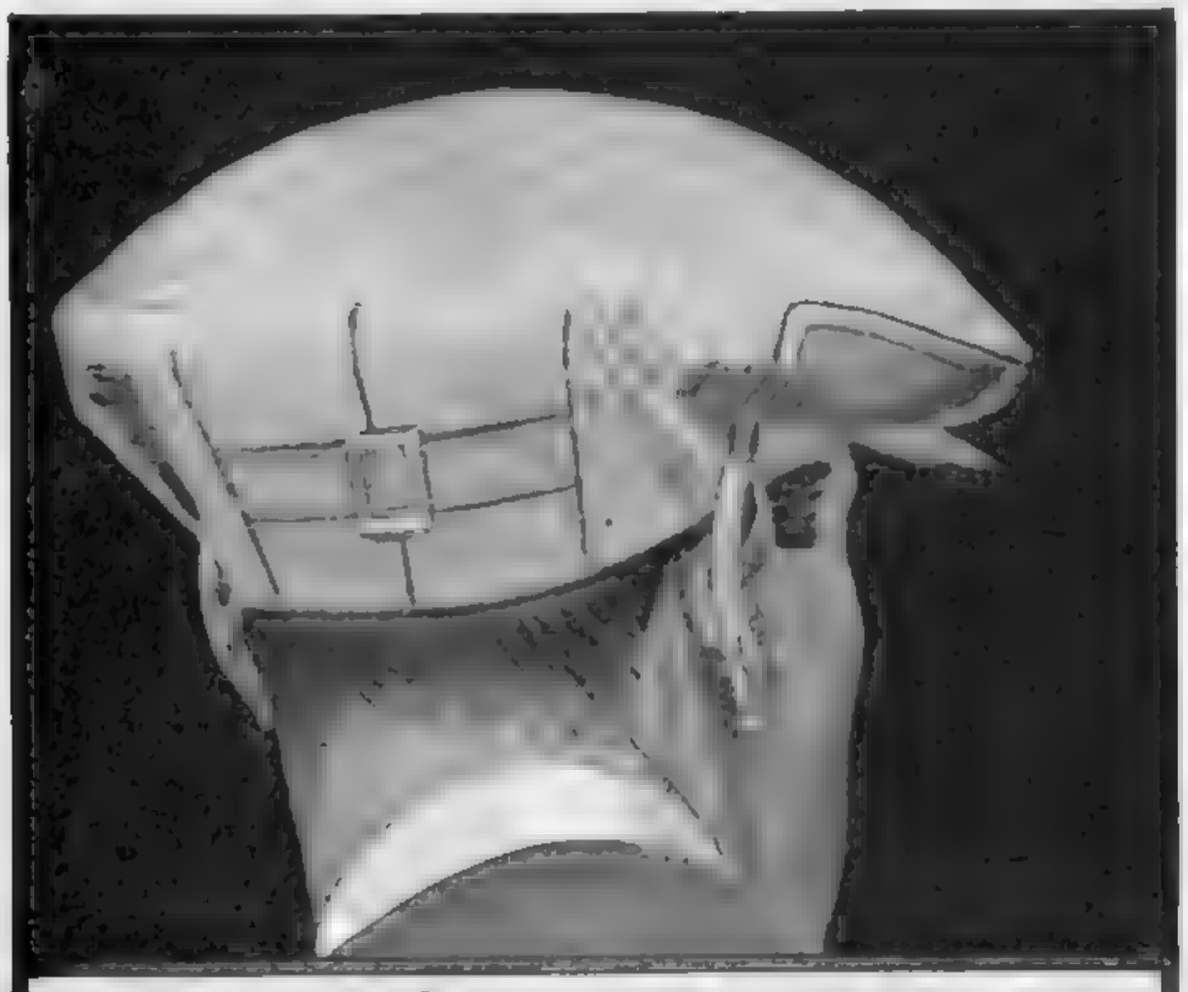

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creditors to about as great an extent as they are debtors. If they pay the mortgage in fifty-cent dollars the bank pays them off in fifty-cent dollars.

Mostly they do not pay off the mortgage, but renew it or even borrow more because they want to make improvements, get more machinery, better livestock, and so on. They get fifty-cent dollars; that is to say, the borrowed thousand dollars will buy only about half as much building, machinery and livestock as it would have bought several years ago. If the new mortgage runs for five years and prices should fall in that time as much as they have risen in the last five the farmer would then be paying back hundred-cent dollars for the fifty-cent dollars he gets now. For if there is any profit to any set of persons in rising prices there is an equal loss in an equal fall of prices. Both the profit and the loss are finally unfair and unjust. They amount to measuring off the cloth at one time in a long yard and at another time in a short yard, when fairness demands an unvarying yard.

Anyone can see how a decided fluctuation in the real value of a dollar unfairly affects an explicit contract—an agreement, say, to pay so many dollars five years hence, or so many dollars at the death of the insured, or so many dollars out of a savings bank. But the tacit contracts are perhaps even more important. Through the experience of many years, during which the real value of a dollar changes but slowly, people get an idea that certain services are worth about so many dollars—the services of a school-teacher, a clerk, a policeman or other public officer. It is exceedingly difficult to bring about a revolution in that idea corresponding with a revolutionary price movement. Men reconcile themselves to doubling the wages of organized wage labor because they have to and because in most cases they add the increased wage to the cost of production and hand it on to the consumer. But school-teacher, clerk and salaried people generally can exert no such pressure, and in the school-teacher's and public officer's case there is no selling price that can be marked up to cover the increased wage.

A great deal of unorganized and not very efficient wage labor is in the same state. A recent investigation by the New York City Health Department showed how among the poorer population family after family had been compelled to take a boarder into its scant quarters, to take boys and girls out of school and set them to work, cut down on diet and make other like painful shifts in order to eke out bare living.

What is the Remedy?

In all such cases—and first and last there are a very great number of them—this fluctuation in the value of the dollar is no mere economist's abstraction but a most real and shocking impoverishment of life. And it is very doubtful, broadly speaking, that anybody finally gains from it. For the time being it does tend to enhance profits, and of late there has been a rather riotous speculation in stocks, but when the books are finally closed after any riotous speculation the losses about offset the gains. As Professor Fisher observes: "At first glance it might seem that what some lose others gain. But the secondary evils are very general, namely, the evils from speculation, uncertainty, crises, depression, resentment, ill-considered legislation. As with ordinary gambling, the gains of the winners are swept away in the end. Thus at the present time the strikes, riots and violence which are a secondary effect of rising prices destroy the profits of the winners."

What is the remedy?

Particular cases of extortion may be discovered and checked; government may even fix some particular prices. But if inflation is the big cause of high prices nothing but deflation can be the big cure. Where inflation has gone farthest that might well be taken in hand arbitrarily. In Russia, as the extremest case, there are billions of so-called money in circulation that may be worth five or ten cents on the dollar, or not so much as five cents. Of course there can be no stability about prices and no real measure of values until that fiat stuff is gotten out of the way. It must be written off or scaled down before a ruble will have any particular meaning. As Russia's internal war debt is already worthless that would not be a very difficult operation.

In Germany there are about thirty billion marks in circulation, which are worth, it seems, about thirty cents on the dollar in gold. At first glance it might not seem very difficulty to supplant that thirty billion of watered marks with one-third as many good marks that would be worth par in gold. But Germany has a war debt of more than a hundred billion marks, a great part of which was contracted at inflated prices—which means that the government got watered marks when it issued the bonds. To treble the real value, or purchasing power, of the mark would be to make that debt practically three times as heavy, for it would take three times as much goods or service to pay each mark of it or each mark of interest on it. The country would be in the position of paying back hundred-cent dollars for the fifty-cent or thirty-cent dollars that it borrowed. Of course any such burden would be utterly out of the question. The war debt would have to be very drastically scaled down.

No Short Way Out

That is one of the difficulties of the present prices situation everywhere in Europe, and even to an extent in the United States. The enormous war debts were contracted in increasingly inflated currency—that is, as war progressed and prices rose, or the purchasing power of money fell, the governments got less and less real value for each dollar, pound sterling, franc or mark of bonds issued. To increase the purchasing power of money now would, of course, increase the burden of the debts, for it would take that much more goods to make a dollar, pound sterling, franc or mark.

We have a sufficiently difficult affair here, where there has been least inflation and depreciation. There is positively no short cut out of the difficulty. There are undoubtedly a great many individual cases of extortion. Government investigations, threats and prosecutions will be helpful in stopping that.

A violent fall in prices, which is another way of saying a violent rise in the purchasing power of money, works as much injury and injustice as a violent movement in the other direction. If by waving a wand we could put prices back to the 1914 level at eight o'clock to-morrow morning we should mostly go into insolvency by noon. And it isn't at all necessary that prices should go back to the 1914 level, or to any other particular level. In 1914, if you remember, we were talking about high cost of living, or shrunk dollars, and saying that prices were abnormal because they were fifty per cent higher than they had been in 1896.

Prices are abnormal only when they change rapidly, either by rising or falling. Any continuing level of prices is just as normal as any other, for in time the whole social scheme adjusts itself to them.

Some economists, notably Professor Fisher, believe it is possible to stabilize the true value, or purchasing power, of a dollar so that no rapid changes in the price level will occur. Without going into that theory now, it may be said that the price level appears to depend first of all on the relation between the volume of money and credit in circulation on the one hand, and the volume of goods in circulation on the other hand. Money and credit are in the left-hand scale, goods in the right-hand scale. Increase the quantity in the left-hand scale and it tips down; money becomes cheaper, or goods become dearer, whichever way you choose to state it. Increase the quantity in the right-hand scale and the balance tips the other way. Now one plain, homely method of preventing the scale from tipping either way is to keep up the production of goods and abstain from an undue use of credit. If no more was thrown into the one scale than into the other the balance would remain even and the dollar would stabilize itself.

To say that the big trouble is inflation is very cold comfort to the harassed individual who is struggling with this day's cost-of-living problem. If he is a sensible individual he struggles with his problem by trying to increase his income and keep down his outgo, and if he increases his income by producing something more he is then exactly, to the extent of his ability, redressing the big balance by adding weight to the right-hand scale and lightening the left-hand scale.

There is no short cut. Extortion may be discovered, discouraged, checked, but that cannot be expected to have any important effect on the general level of prices. Any violent remedy will be at least as bad as the disease.

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What Next ?

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 13)

the reception of the deputations was taking place in the Winter Palace I was visiting an old friend—who, it is rumored, not long ago met, as so many others, a horrible fate at the hands of the peasants on her estate—the wife of the last descendant of a prominent and wealthy princely house. When her husband returned from the palace, where he had attended as one of the members of the zemstvo of his province, he with burning indignation related that not only the Emperor's speech had been greeted with a thunderous volley of loyal hurrahs but that part of the deputations had repaired to the cathedral to hold a thanksgiving service to celebrate the event.

This spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm was certainly in a large measure due to a generous feeling of loyalty toward a sovereign so young and inexperienced, on whose shoulders had fallen the crushing burden of responsibility for the destiny of the Empire. Nor can it be denied that there was in Russia at that time a large and influential class of people whose sincere and honest belief in the necessity for the country of an autocratic régime had been considerably strengthened by the unquestionable outward success of the late Emperor's reign and who would naturally acclaim the new sovereign's declaration as a happy omen for the future.

And then also the threatening language of a stern autocrat harmonized so little with the young Emperor's gentle appearance and modest bearing that its purport and meaning were perhaps hardly realized at the moment.

But it was not long before the application of the contemptuous expression "senseless dreams" to the hopes and wishes for the peaceful development of their country entertained by earnest men and loyal patriots began to be felt as a deliberate insult offered to the majority of the educated classes, without whose willing coöperation and conscientious support, after all, no government could be successfully conducted.

An irreparable blow had been dealt at the young sovereign's popularity in the very beginning of his reign, which was fated to end in the unspeakable horrors of a tragedy such as the world had never yet seen.

A few days later I had the honor of being presented to the Emperor, whom I had met only once before, as a little boy in a sailor's blue jacket, when he rushed into the anteroom outside his father's study, where I was waiting to be received by His Majesty, and laughingly asked the aide-de-camp on duty whether he could tell him when papa would at last get rid of his guests. The presentation took place in the Empress Dowager's palace, known as the Anitchkoff Palace, where the young imperial couple were temporarily residing.

We were some twenty people commanded for presentation to the Emperor on that day and we were shown into a large hall next the Empress Dowager's private drawing-room. After a while the A. D. C. on duty—who happened to be one of the grand dukes—appeared and requested us to form in a line on the side of the room opposite the door leading to the drawing-room, where His Majesty was apparently waiting. The grand duke placed me at the head of the line as the ranking personage present, and told me that the Emperor would come up to me first and engage me in conversation.

Then the grand duke returned to the drawing-room, the folding doors of which were soon thrown open by the traditional colored doorkeepers in fantastic Oriental costume and the young Emperor appeared on the threshold in the undress uniform of a colonel of the guards, a graceful slender figure of supreme distinction and elegance, followed by the towering form of his imperial cousin, the A. D. C. on duty. His Majesty advanced, smiling, across the large room, came up to me, shook hands with me most graciously and at once began asking me all sorts of questions about Mexico, where I was still accredited as Minister, showing an astonishing acquaintance with things Mexican and even putting me to some embarrassment by inquiries about the state of the negotiations between Mexico and Guatemala in regard to some frontier dispute between these two countries.

Having shaken hands with me again the Emperor turned to my neighbor, the governor of one of the central provinces, and after a similar cordial handshake engaged him in conversation on different questions concerning the administration of his province in a way that displayed a seemingly very thorough knowledge of the state of affairs there. This was one of the first receptions he had held since his accession to the throne, and he had evidently been carefully reading up for the occasion. But in later years whenever I had occasion to approach the Emperor I was always struck by the astonishing amount of detailed information on every subject he seemed to possess and his faithful recollection of even quite insignificant circumstances.

He had a most retentive memory and possessed in a supreme degree the art of agreeing with his interlocutor in such a way as to make him believe that he had been much impressed and quite convinced by what he had been told—a most delicate kind of flattery which has the natural effect of confirming the person who has been its object in the conviction that he has met with such deserved appreciation as only superior intellect and deep insight could bestow.

Before leaving St. Petersburg to return to my family in Switzerland I had the honor of a presentation to the young Empress Alexandra, as she had been rechristened upon joining the Orthodox Greek Church. The new sovereigns had temporarily taken up their quarters in the Empress Dowager's palace, where the Emperor as heir to the throne had been occupying a bachelor apartment on the ground floor consisting of a small reception room, an equally small study, a bedroom and a bathroom. It was in this apartment that we were received—two high functionaries and I—one after the other. While I was waiting in the reception room for my predecessor to emerge from the study where he was having his audience with Her Majesty I heard the sentinel on guard in the corridor shouting the customary salute: "Good health to Your Majesty."

Answering my astonished look the aide-de-camp on duty, who was keeping me company, said: "You need not think the Emperor will come in here; he is going to the bedroom. He has no other place to wait while the Empress is receiving presentations—unless he should prefer to sit in the bathroom."

Such were the more than modest surroundings in which a great sovereign and his bride, owners of some of the most magnificent palaces in the world, were passing the first months of their reign, which was fated to have such a terribly tragic ending.

When I was shown into the little study, among the furniture of which two moderate sized flat writing desks placed against the opposite wall and side by side—one His Majesty's, the other Her Majesty's—seemed to overcrowd the room somewhat, I found myself in the presence of the young Empress, standing by the side of one of the desks, tall, strikingly handsome, extending her hand to be kissed with a trying-to-be-gracious smile struggling against a natural expression of haughty pride. She addressed me in French, not having acquired as yet a sufficient mastery of Russian; in that international French, correct and fluent, but not idiomatic, which is the common language of the great world everywhere in Continental Europe. Knowing her to be half English and that English was the language mostly used in the imperial family circle I committed the breach of etiquette of attempting to pilot the conversation into an English channel. This well-meant attempt was, however, instantly met with a frown and a pointed reply in French, as if to make me feel that it had been taken as an undue presumption on my part.

The impression I carried away from this audience was that the young Empress with all her striking beauty and dignified stateliness possessed none of that winning manner and kindly graciousness springing from the heart that had gained for her mother-in-law, the Empress Dowager, the devoted affection of all those who had the good fortune to approach her, and the widest popularity among all classes of the people, which perhaps preserved her from the worst indignity in the hour of trial when the barbarian hordes of Bolshevism invaded the Crimea, where she had sought safety, and even the very palace where she was residing.

XII

SOON after my return to Switzerland I learned of the death of Mr. de Giers, who had been the Emperor Alexander III's Minister of Foreign Affairs during nearly all the thirteen years of his reign, and I made up my mind to go to St. Petersburg as soon as his successor should be appointed and try to get transferred to a new post instead of having to return to Mexico.

The choice of a worthy successor to Mr. de Giers must have been a matter of considerable embarrassment to the young sovereign as he had never had any occasion to come into contact with the personnel of our diplomacy and he had no basis upon which he could exercise his personal judgment. Public opinion seemed to favor the candidacy of our Ambassador in Vienna, Prince Lobanoff-Rostovsky. But for some reason he had not been in favor with the late Emperor and it was natural for the son to hesitate about beginning his reign by the appointment to this most important post of a man who he knew would not have been his father's choice.

Negotiations were therefore begun with the Ambassador in London, Mr. de Staal, who was next in rank to the prince in our service. He was a most distinguished diplomat of the old school, a level-headed prudent statesman, utterly opposed to any kind of adventurous foreign policy, the pursuit of which—such was his profound conviction—could only entangle Russia in complications ultimately leading to disastrous consequences; a firm believer in the advantage for both Russia and Great Britain of renouncing the policy of mutual distrust in favor of a frank and friendly understanding, since Asia—the only point where the interests of both Powers could possibly be considered to clash—was large enough to present to both a sufficiently vast field upon which they could, without interfering with or antagonizing each other, develop their beneficent activity in the cause of culture and civilization, each in the measure of its lights and capabilities.

These views had been inspiring Mr. de Staal's activity during his long residence in London as Ambassador to Great Britain. His straightforward honesty, his high character and winning personality had earned him not only the confidence and regard of the court and of English statesmen of all parties but also warm sympathies in the widest circles of English society. His appointment to the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs would undoubtedly have been welcomed by public opinion all over Europe as a guaranty that the direction of Russia's foreign policy placed in such experienced and reliable hands would be exercised as heretofore, in support of the cause of European peace.

But Mr. de Staal having long ago passed the age of three score and ten did not feel equal to undertaking the labor and responsibility of such an important office, and requested to be excused from taking upon himself a mission to which he might no longer be able to do justice. Maybe another reason for his reluctance to accept the offered post was the apprehension lest the appointment of another Minister of Foreign Affairs bearing a German name might adversely affect the popularity of the young sovereign with the panslavists and extreme nationalists, whose growing influence on public opinion since the days of the fraternization of the French and Russian fleets at Toulon and Kronstadt had to be considered. Be that as it may, Mr. de Staal's refusal, after a renewed attempt to make him change his mind, having become final, Prince Lobanoff-Rostovsky was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The prince belonged to one of the families of the highest nobility, direct descendants of Rurik, the Varangian founder of the Russian state in the ninth century. He was a man of great personal distinction, of very aristocratic, perhaps slightly supercilious bearing, and of great social and political prestige, having occupied the post of Ambassador in Vienna for some thirteen years, after several years' service in the same capacity in Constantinople and in London. He possessed a mind less profound than subtle, but highly cultured, a ready wit, a shrewd judgment of human character and

(Concluded on Page 75)

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(Concluded from Page 72)

an extended knowledge of political affairs of the past, having always been deeply interested in historical research.

Among his shortcomings, of which no mortal man ever is entirely free, I would mention a certain not to say levity, but a disposition to look upon things with a little too much calm philosophy, as if they really did not matter; and then a certain intellectual pride, which made him reluctant to seek authoritative expert advice in matters in regard to which he could not be expected to possess either sufficient knowledge or practical experience. This latter trait of his character rendered him a very poor service when, in the very beginning of his stewardship of Russia's foreign policy, he found himself face to face with the necessity of making a momentous decision as to the line of policy to be definitely adopted in the presence of the grave situation created in the Far East by the outcome of the war between China and Japan. But this is a question the more or less exhaustive treatment of which I must reserve for another chapter of my reminiscences relating to the time when, as Minister to Japan, I was called upon to deal with the consequences of the line of policy then decided upon.

A week or so later I arrived in St. Petersburg and went to the Foreign Office to present myself to my new chief, whom I had never met before.

He received me very courteously but I felt at once that he would prefer not to be bothered with a prolonged interview and I confined myself to telling him in a very few words the reason why I wished to be transferred from Mexico to some other post.

He replied just as briefly that he would keep in mind what I had told him and would let me know his decision later.

"Do you wish me," said I, "to await your decision here in St. Petersburg?"

"By no means," was the reply. "There are posts and telegraphs, and you can be reached in Switzerland just as well as here."

That was all the conversation that passed between us, but somehow I felt that with my fate in the hands of this man of few words I need not worry and everything would come out for the best. Indeed the same evening I happened to meet the Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs—who, by the way, was Mr. Shiskine, who had been one of Mr. de Struve's predecessors as Minister to the United States, and he told me that he had just seen Prince Lobanoff, who had mentioned to him incidentally that he had me in view for the post of Minister to Serbia. Mr. Shiskine advised me to call upon the chief again the next day so as not to let this happy thought evaporate from his mind.

However, instead of following this well-meant friendly advice I took the next day the train for Switzerland, reflecting that not only was the post of Minister to Serbia not vacant but that most probably nothing would come of this particular plan of the minister, even if he had seriously entertained it; for the same reason that had prevented my being sent to Bulgaria ten years before. Therefore I did not give the whole matter a second thought. But of one most important thing I felt sure, and that was that I need not worry about returning to Mexico and being once more obliged to separate from my family for an indefinite time.

And so our delightful quiet life on the shore of the beautiful Lake of Geneva went on for several months, undisturbed by any care or thoughts about the future until one morning, picking up a Russian newspaper—I believe it was my old friend the Novoe Vremia—I noticed, to my utter amazement, a decree reprinted from the Government Messenger, by which I was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Serbia. This was certainly, to say the least, an unusual way for a man to be apprised of his appointment to a post after all not so very unimportant.

When I reached St. Petersburg a week later I learned from an old friend of mine that when, on the day my appointment had been signed by the Emperor, Prince Lobanoff, knowing his friendship for me, had told him of it, he had mentioned incidentally his intention to communicate this good news to me by telegraph, the Prince had laughingly said, "What's the use? He will find out soon enough from the newspapers."

I mention this merely as an anecdote so characteristic of the rather casual way Prince Lobanoff had of treating matters not always of such a comparatively unimportant nature as the appointment of a subordinate to a new post.

I have already mentioned that I never had met Prince Lobanoff before our first very brief interview. All I knew about his political views I knew only from hearsay, and it was, in a few words, about as follows: That he was in favor of one of the eighteenth-century conceptions of combined movements on the chessboard of European politics—namely, a coalition between Russia, Austria and France; that though he had for some time occupied the post of Ambassador in London he was not inclined to favor a political rapprochement with Great Britain; that for some reason he had conceived a very strong personal dislike for the Emperor William, so much so that when, shortly before his appointment to the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, he had been gazetted Ambassador to Germany he not only never went to Berlin but even neglected to ask for an audience with the Emperor William when the latter had come to Vienna on a visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph; and lastly that he was strongly in favor of a friendly understanding with Austria-Hungary in regard to Near Eastern affairs and therefore was very much opposed to the traditional political activity of our diplomacy in the Balkan Peninsula.

When I speak of our traditional political activity in this part of the world as well as elsewhere I do not intend to convey the idea that this activity of our diplomacy meant the carrying out by our local representatives of a definite hard-and-fast policy deliberately planned by the central authority. Such indeed was the impression very generally current abroad, and this impression contributed not a little toward creating that atmosphere of mistrust with which Russia's foreign policy was regarded; for she was suspected of very far-reaching predatory intentions or at least tendencies. As a matter of fact, however, this impression corresponded only partially to the reality of things.

In this connection—and I apologize for a new interruption of my narrative—I feel inclined to take issue with Dr. E. J. Dillon, unquestionably the greatest foreign authority on things Russian, when in his very remarkable book The Eclipse of Russia he seems to lay at the door of what he calls Czarism most of the blame for what he so justly stigmatizes as the predatory tendencies of Russia's foreign policy. Without wishing to exonerate from all guilt in this respect the late unfortunate wearer of the crown, though much will have to be placed to the debit of his account of inexperience and weakness of will, which rendered it easy not only for individual ministers but even for outside schemers and adventurers to obtain the imperial sanction for their plans and thereby to cover their own responsibility, I think that the real source of the evil should be looked for not so much in Czarism—if that expression is intended to describe a régime implying the direct action of the autocratic power of the sovereign, the actual exercise of which has, however, since the reign of Alexander II gradually passed into the hands of the all-powerful bureaucracy—as, rather, in the defective organization of the government. Doctor Dillon himself, characterizing the Government of Russia at its best, describes it as "composed of public servants of His Majesty the Czar, each of whom conscientiously strives to further what he deems to be the interests of his imperial master in the way which he considers most efficacious and without reference to the views, aims or obligations of his colleagues." This description is not only perfectly true but it also applies to the subordinate branches in the various departments of the government, and sometimes to its diplomatic representatives in foreign parts as well. If one adds to this the innate somewhat anarchistic tendencies of the national mentality, generally rather refractory to the idea of discipline, one easily realizes how difficult it may be for a Minister of Foreign Affairs to keep his agents abroad under proper control and to prevent their striking out on lines of policy of their own, sometimes even in direct opposition to the policy of the central authority.

I hope the indulgent reader will have pardoned me this lengthy digression. It was necessary in order to make quite clear the reason why the new Minister of Foreign Affairs saw fit to make a radical change in our diplomatic representation in Serbia, and also to shed some light on the difficulties I should have to contend with, as the reader will learn from the sequel of this narrative, in my activity at my new post.

As a matter of fact Prince Lobanoff's predecessor in office, Mr. de Giers, had always been just as adverse as he to our perennial interference in the political affairs in the Slav states of the Balkan Peninsula, which by a natural reflex action affected in a measure the dispositions of the many millions of Slav subjects of Austria-Hungary and thereby kept up a state of latent antagonism between Russia and the Dual Monarchy. This interference in the affairs of the Balkan states was, however, favored for reasons of its own by the General Staff and was patronized by the Slavophile and ultranationalist press; and Mr. de Giers was not strong enough to resist these tendencies of the military element backed by a large part of public opinion, and was perhaps too good-natured to deal severely with those of his subordinates whom ambition prompted to rely on powerful outside backing rather than on the approval of their chief.

The difficulty of dealing with the tendency of ambitious subordinate agents to indulge in playing politics on independent lines suggested to one of the oldest and most experienced counselors of our Foreign Department the following somewhat cynical reflection: "If one has the misfortune of having an agent who considers himself very able or—which is perhaps still more dangerous—who is really very able, there is only one way of rendering him innocuous, and that is by giving him in the very beginning of his career all the decorations, from the highest down to the lowest, and to withdraw them, one after another, after each diplomatic success achieved by him."

The dangerous character of the sport of playing irresponsible politics in the Balkans—or, in other words, of playing with a lighted fuse in the powder magazine of Europe—has been sufficiently demonstrated by the world catastrophe brought on by the criminal hand that seized the fuse and applied it to the train of powder laid in preparation of the most gigantic explosion mankind had ever witnessed.

What had made of the Balkan Peninsula the powder magazine of Europe was that the militant diplomacy of the Great Powers had for generations made it the battlefield for fighting out their rivalries in the struggle for power and influence. As a Serbian statesman—by the way, the wisest of all I have ever met, who, however, never got beyond the position of Minister Plenipotentiary accredited to one of the Great Powers—once said to me: "If only the Great Powers would agree to leave us severely alone we Balkan peoples would soon manage among ourselves to settle our affairs to our own satisfaction, and it would be better not only for us but for the peace of Europe as well."

Now that was precisely the point of view from which Prince Lobanoff regarded the situation in the Balkan states of Slav nationality. In each of them there were political parties which in the struggle for power relied on the support, one of Russian and the other of Austro-Hungarian diplomacy. This state of affairs was apt to lead, if not always to friction, at least to a condition of latent distrust and antagonism between the two monarchies, which in the end might prove a serious danger to the peace of Europe.

Prince Lobanoff was determined to remove at least one of the causes that had brought about such a state of affairs and to break decidedly with the system hitherto practiced by our diplomacy of favoring one or the other of the political parties in these countries. With this end in view he had made up his mind to recall our Minister to Serbia, whom he considered to have been too closely wedded to the system with which he had decided to break, and to place in charge of the legation at Belgrade someone whom he could trust to jam the helm hard-a-port and to swing the ship round to the new course he wished her to steer in future.

The mission Prince Lobanoff intrusted me with was a very unpopular one and was sure to encounter underhand opposition on the part of powerful influences, but I could undertake it unhesitatingly, first of all because I was in thorough sympathy with its object, which I was profoundly convinced would best safeguard the true interests of Russia; and next because I somehow felt that I could implicitly rely on the Prince's loyal support, without which, indeed, I could never have hoped to carry it through. He was a man of few words and no stickler for formalities, and being satisfied that I was ready to fall in entirely with his views he sent me off to my new post without the usual written instructions and with only one laconic direction: "Do not walk in the footsteps of your predecessor."

However, on reaching Belgrade and having acquainted myself thoroughly with the state of affairs there I drew up a memorandum which was a reasoned program of my coming activity in Serbia in accordance with what I knew to be the views of Prince Lobanoff and which I requested him to submit to the Emperor for His Majesty's confirmation. This was done, and it stood me in very good stead in the sequel when—after Prince Lobanoff's death, and I had no longer his all-powerful support—it became necessary for me to confer with the chief of the Grand General Staff, General Obroutcheff, on the necessity of eliminating the underhand opposition to the policy I was pursuing in Serbia in obedience to my instructions, which I encountered on behalf of our military agent, Colonel Baron Taube, a very distinguished and ambitious staff officer who later in life as hetman of the Don Cossacks and governor general of their vast territory was said to have greatly distinguished himself as a very able and successful administrator.

This document enabled me to prove to the general that the policy which had encountered the opposition of his subordinate, and apparently not without his knowledge, was not a device of my own, and was based on very serious considerations. It turned out that he had not been aware of the change of policy determined upon by the defunct Minister of Foreign Affairs, and he at once agreed with me that it was inadmissible that two diametrically opposite lines of policy should be pursued by two authorized representatives of the same government.

I mention this incident because it furnishes another illustration of the chief defect of the organization of the government under the late régime—the absence of unity of plan and action between the different departments of the government. This defect becomes a very serious danger when the military department is no longer content to consider itself as is the case under truly constitutional governments—strictly subordinate to the civil power, but assumes the part of an independent branch of the government, entitled to have a policy of its own, such as it considers best for the interests of the state, and to pursue it in foreign countries through its own regularly accredited agents.

For it must not be forgotten that the formidable growth and systematic development, during the latter part of the last century, of the military organizations of the Continental Powers of Europe, with their Grand General Staffs with pigeonholes full of elaborate plans for the invasion of their neighbors' dominions, constituted in themselves a standing menace to the world's peace. But when, in a country like Germany, the military caste had come not only to control actually and completely the government of the state but also to implant its specific mentality in the minds of an influential body of the so-called intellectuals, this danger to the world's peace was increased a hundredfold and was bound—unless counteracted in time—to end in the world catastrophe which is upon us now.

These ex-post-facto reflections had presented themselves to me in a vague and inchoate form already when I first came in contact with a situation where I had to encounter in the execution of my instructions the underhand opposition of my military colleague, who had been working for some years hand in glove with my predecessor in office in the practice of actively supporting one of the political parties in Serbia, supposed to be devoted to Russian interests, a policy favored by the Grand General Staff but with which Prince Lobanoff was determined to break categorically for reasons of which he was alone competent to judge authoritatively as head of the Foreign Department of the Government.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE man who tempers a BILLINGS & SPENCER die performs a task of infinite delicacy. He builds high character into steel. His craft goes beyond mere knowledge—it is work no machine can perform, no instrument gauge. The rightness of the Triangle B die passes inevitably to the Triangle B forging. In steel, as in men, character begets character.

WHEN EXPERTS DISAGREE

(Concluded from Page 50)

invite the officers and directors of the bank. Perkins readily fell in with the idea and invitations were dispatched without delay.

If you have any acquaintance with Appleton Peters you must know that he is considerably prouder of his rather slender knowledge of art than he is of his unquestioned abilities as a banker.

Peters had no sooner entered the Perkins' drawing-room on the evening of the reception than his quick eye fell upon the "Daubigny" opposite the door. To say he was thunderstruck is no exaggeration.

When his gaze fell upon the splendid "Troyon" between the French windows his surprise knew no bounds.

By the time he had noted and appraised the tender and poignant "Henner" entitled The Beggar Girl and an enchanting "Diaz" Wood Scene his wonderment quite overcame him.

Furtively signaling to Tom Rolles, his first vice president, he succeeded in segregating that genial banker in a secluded corner.

"Tom," began President Peters in an excited undertone, "I have just made a terrible discovery. There is something crooked about Emlen Perkins! You know what we are paying him and you are aware that he has no private means, but I can tell you as an expert that the pictures in this one room are worth a king's ransom."

Tom Rolles gasped weakly.

"Why, Tom," continued Peters vehemently, "that little French landscape over the davenport is worth eight thousand just as surely as the gold frame on it is worth eight cents. See that Van Marcke cow over the piano?

"Five thousand would be no price at all for it. And that Troyon! Why, man, it ought to be in the Metropolitan! . . . Where did Emlen get the money?"

VII

THE Perkins reception broke up early. Peters and Rolles were the first to leave. Poor Perkins and his tearful bride knew there was something wrong; knew their party had not gone off well; but they could not even surmise what was amiss.

At ten o'clock the next morning the cashier had solved the mystery.

At that hour Peters and Rolles had summoned him to the president's office and had frankly informed him of their suspicions that he had been buying paintings with the funds of the institution.

Perkins was not in the least disconcerted. Indeed, he was quite at his ease and was frankly delighted by the impression his Larkin Holts had made upon his chief. Controlling his laughter with difficulty he told the whole story of their purchase without reserve, named the price he had paid and referred his inquisitors to the Boudinot Galleries.

Then he leaned calmly back and waited for Peters' apologies.

No amends were vouchsafed, but in their stead steely glances and stern pursings of the lips.

To Perkins' amazement he perceived that neither Peters nor Rolles put the slightest credence in his explanation. His statements were like so many drops of water on a duck's back! Of course he did the sensible thing and insisted that Peters telephone me and request that I step round to the bank at once.

When I was ushered into Peters' private office I found Perkins in a high state of nervousness. Replying to Peters' questions I substantiated every statement that my client had made; but the banker had the effrontery to doubt my word as readily as he had his cashier's. I had to talk for half an hour steadily before I could batter down the wall of Peters' stubborn incredulity. At last I prevailed and Peters had the good grace to apologize handsomely to both of us.

"Now, Mr. Peters," I said at last, "you are such an avowed admirer of Mr. Perkins' paintings I shall venture to offer you a 'Daubigny,' a 'Henner' and a 'Troyon' for your own gallery. If they can impose upon your connoisseurship, which of your friends can possibly discredit them? Will you give me a thousand apiece for the three?"

Peters grinned and shook his head.

"Well, how about five hundred?"

Peters hesitated as if he were considering.

"Two-fifty?"

"Done with you, Boudinot," laughed Peters in his big, hearty way. "Seven-fifty for the three masterpieces; and the sooner you can send them home the better I shall be pleased! I don't know who in thunder your tame genius is, but he certainly can paint. He nearly painted poor Perkins into jail!"

VIII

THE three Larkin Holts that Appleton Peters ordered that day have hung for several years in the smaller of his two galleries. He never comes in to see me without telling me how much he loves them. He has learned a deal about painting since the day when he put Emlen Perkins through the third degree. Nowadays he looks for color, drawing, composition, atmosphere and the poetry of the middle distance, and has far less to say about names and prices and attributions.

The last time we were talking pictures in my gallery he said to me: "But, Mr. Boudinot, is there no absolutely certain way of linking up a given canvas with the man who conceived the idea and composition and actually translated them into strokes of brush and palette knife?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Governor Markham, for example, uses one infallible method. You can apply it with as much certainty as he."

"What's Markham's method?" asked Peters, all eagerness.

"Markham," I explained, "collects only the work of living American artists. He never buys a canvas except from the man who painted it. He never buys except from the artist's studio, and he very rarely takes on a canvas unless he has seen it on the artist's easel and has seen the artist working on it.

"Markham is no 'expert.' He is something better. He is an eyewitness; and if painting were a capital offense—as it sometimes ought to be—he could hang every artist represented on his walls."

Peters went away grieved; for the Markham method cannot be applied to dead-and-gone foreigners.

As he stood in the corridor waiting for the lift, I spoke to him from my vestibule:

"There's just one other thing you can do, Mr. Peters. Buy nothing but Tom Morans. You know Tom signs 'em with a finger-print, the only signature that defies forgery."

Peters' only reply was that two-handed gesture of negation which has come down to us from Egypt and Babylon.

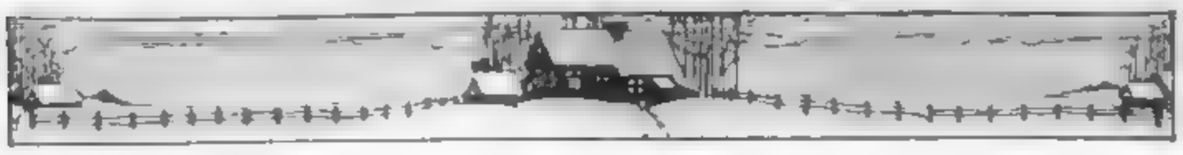
IX

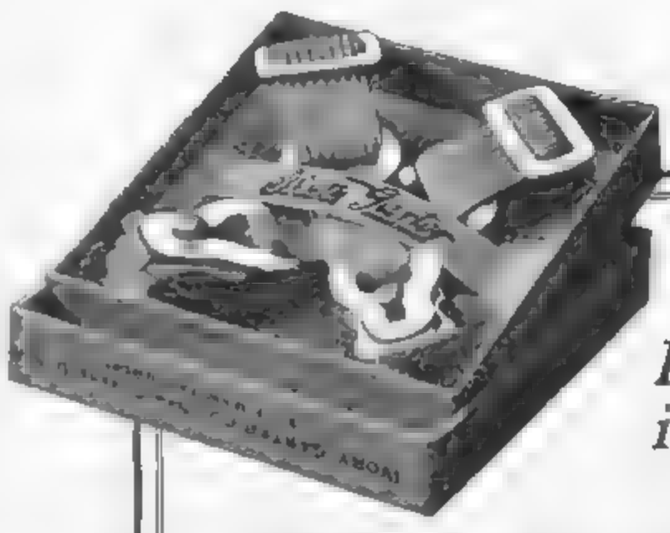
AND now I must tell you of my last transaction with Larkin Holt. Back in 1916 there was so much munitions money about that we dealers found it hard to keep our stocks up. One day, when I was almost desperate, my thoughts went back to Holt. It seemed like an inspiration and I at once wrote him a letter offering him sixty dollars apiece for fifty paintings by modern Frenchmen. His reply was characteristic. I think I can lay my hands on it. Ah, yes. Here it is. Listen:

"*My dear Mr. Boudinot:* In view of our long and exceedingly pleasant business relations I am much distressed to be obliged to decline your very flattering offer. You know these munition millionaires have gone mad over Corots and stocks are so low that dealers are at their wits' ends to supply the demand.

"During the past few months I have entered into contracts to deliver more Corots than I can paint in the next three years. I am working on them day and night. I am heartily sorry I cannot fill your order, for if I could consult my own inclinations I should spend the rest of my days doing Henners and Van Marckes and Daubignys. They're the lads for me!

"Ever thine, LARKIN HOLT,"





Put your legs in luck

LOTS of satisfaction to know you can get so much leg comfort so easily. "I want a pair of Ivory Garters" are the passwords that turn the trick in your dealer's store. As he puts them in your hand he knows you're after the comfort that thousands of your fellowmen put on their legs in Ivory Garters every day and Sunday.

The facts are that Ivory Garters have no pads. Ivory Garters have no metal. They cannot rust or irritate. They cannot press or bind or heat. Scientifically designed, Ivory Garters set naturally, surely and lightly. They stay where they belong and keep your socks and feelings up to par.

When you face the counter, "a pair of Ivory Garters, please," will put your legs in luck. Your dealer knows these good words and will sell you Ivory Garters.

IVORY GARTER CO.
New Orleans, U. S. A.

"It's this trap, Joe, that makes my heating system O. K.!"

FOLKS will no longer accept noisy, leaky, half-hot steam radiators as a necessary nuisance. They know now that poor circulation of the steam causes the trouble—and that steam cannot flow freely when radiators are clogged with air and water.

Everyone who wants to keep warm this winter should have the booklet, "The Story of Dunham Heating" If you rent, send the booklet to your landlord.

This lesson has been learned by thousands of house owners, managers of industrial plants, public institutions and office buildings, including the Woolworth Building. All of them swear by the Dunham Radiator Trap—a simple little device that automatically removes the troublesome air and water from steam heating systems.

The DUNHAM HEATING SERVICE

makes existing steam heating systems give more heating comfort per ton of coal, plans new systems in cooperation with architects and heating contractors—and, on request, inspects installations to be sure they are giving entire satisfaction: you will want to learn more about this valuable feature.

Our Service Station Plan is getting business for heating contractors in towns of less than 100,000 population.

C. A. DUNHAM CO., Fisher Building, CHICAGO

Factories: Marshalltown, Iowa; Toronto, Canada. Branches in 36 cities in United States and Canada

Noisy, half-hot radiators waste heat. They should be DUNHAMIZED

THE BIG TOP IN EUROPE

(Continued from Page 43)

For one hour the unending stream poured through the entrance gates until the head usher rushed out to say that the seats were packed as densely as they could be, and thereupon in accordance with the invariable rule the ticket wagons closed down. Tickets were never sold beyond seating capacity, and the custom of allowing the overflow to sit on straw thrown on the ground in front of the seats was never tolerated.

When the ticket sellers ceased to give out tickets there was still a surging mob at the wagons insistent on buying entrance and complaining bitterly that after paying railroad fares to come to the city to see the circus they were being kept out. It was vain that our most persuasive French spielers were sent to the tops of the ticket wagons from where they explained that the seats for that afternoon were all sold and counseled the crowds to come back for the night performance. They could not or they would not understand.

With a woeful lack of logic, considering that we were declining to accept their money on the perfectly ethical ground that we could not accord them the needful seats, the tumult grew and the cry of "Voleurs Américains" was raised. The ranks of the gesticulating legitimate would-be patrons were quickly swelled by the agitators who had raised the disturbances of the morning and a wild rush was made for the entrance, which was stormed by probably a thousand people who forced their way past the attendants at the doors.

Real Danger Averted

The circus men retaliated with the call of "Hey, Rube," and several hundred canvasmen seized a rich opportunity to repay the assaults and insults to which they had been subjected during the past week in that region. Some of the natives drew knives and most of them were provided with some sort of weapon in the shape of spade, shovel or pitchfork. Of course the Americans wielded the handy iron stake and quite a lively battle ensued.

During the mêlée another real danger was discovered only in time to be averted. Some of the wilder spirits commenced to cut the guy ropes which held the center poles in place. Had they not been prevented a grave disaster would have occurred with probably a serious loss of life. It is not pleasant to contemplate what might have happened if the huge sections of canvas had collapsed and the forest of quarter poles had sunk onto twelve or fourteen thousand people serried like sardines on those bleachers.

Attempts were made half a dozen times to set fire to the straw lying round the stable tents filled with hundreds of baggage and high-school horses, but each time the drivers drove back the bands responsible for these outrages. Meanwhile the canvasmen had cleared the invaders from the interior of the tents and held battle round the side show until the natives were finally driven off.

The show officials helped the doctor in his first-aid treatment, and two of the gendarmes on duty were dispatched for carriages to take four or five of our men, who were badly mauled, to the local hospital. During all this excitement the performance continued and the band played on as though nothing unusual were happening. It was decided, however, not to run the risk of trouble during the night performance. It was abandoned, therefore, so that the circus could be packed up and loaded while it was still daylight.

That afternoon the wires were made hot to Paris and an account of the collision with the populace telegraphed to George Starr, a director of the circus, whose headquarters were then in that city. Starr acted as a sort of general diplomatic agent for the circus during its entire tour of the Old World, and to his unfailing tact and great acquaintance much of the success of the enterprise was due. If the crossing of a frontier were delayed by fretful customs regulations, George Starr telephoned an ambassador and the order flashed to let the circus pass. When some unfriendly prefect suddenly dropped his hostile attitude and welcomed the circus to his commune at a hint from Paris that his objections were not reasonable, it was because George Starr had passed at the Faubourg St.-Germain.

Military Protection

Opposition by the powerful London County Council, when the circus would come to Olympia, melted in the warmth of the newspaper campaign secretly instigated by George Starr—himself an old newspaper man. If the presence of emperor, prince or president was desired to lend éclat to the opening performance in any of the European capitals, George Starr made it a personal matter with equerry or secretary and the royal box was filled.

When he received notice of the plight in which the circus found itself in the south of France, Starr called on the Minister of the Interior before breakfast and by ten o'clock in the morning on the day following the riot in Béziers every city and commune in that region had been instructed and commanded to afford the greatest show on earth every military and police protection.

In the evening of that day a squadron of Alpine chasseurs rode into the town where the circus lay and pitched their small round khaki-colored tents about our own long white ones, and all day long the Tricolor and Old Glory waved side by side. When the show packed up in the evening the troops escorted cage and wagon back and forth to the runs until everything was loaded.

Each morning thereafter for about a week and as long as we were in that territory squadrons of these lithe, bronzed light cavalrymen, mounted on their superb mountain horses, silently awaited our coming in the early dawn, and an American circus passed to and fro under the escort of the picturesque troops that hold guard for France at the foot of the Pyrenees.

When the armistice was signed in November, 1918, and the American doughboys took possession of the bridgeheads east of the Rhine they doubtless thought they were taking part in the first American invasion of Germany. Such was not the case, however, for there had been a previous invasion by an American force. That this assertion is not an idle one will be revealed by the following story, which shows furthermore that the original invasion was equally unwelcome to those in high places in the German Empire.

Great were the difficulties encountered in the preliminary skirmishes for permission to bring the big American circus into the kingdom of the kaiser. Contrariwise to other countries, where it was welcomed with outstretched arms, Germany remained sulkily indifferent for months to the requests to let the show within her gates, and it is truthful to state that more time and effort were consumed in obeying the never-ending formalities insisted upon by the Imperial Government, when it did finally give its grudging consent, than those required by all the other countries put together. Then, as always, Germany sought outlets in all the earth for her own citizens, but was surly and suspicious toward the stranger who wished to ply his trade within her borders. The circus and menagerie of Carl Hagenbeck, the animal dealer of Hamburg, might enjoy the hospitality of the United States from coast to coast, but the name of Barnum, which for years had been a world-wide household word, was no passport to the courtesy of a Teuton autocracy. And when permission to cross its frontiers was finally obtained the peculiar brand of mentality which the world has learned to recognize as German betrayed itself from the start.

The Forbidden Slogan

Two years previously, when the circus opened its five-year tour of Europe with a season in London, that metropolis was highly tickled by the many-colored posters which announced in flaming type: "We have conquered America. We come to conquer Britain." When the doors of Olympia were thrown open on Boxing Day for the first performance it was as though everyone in London would see the show that day and extend a laughing welcome to the friendly Yankee invader.

But do you imagine that the Germans accepted the audacious advertising challenge in like manner? No, indeed! There are no grooves in the Teuton's gray matter to form channels for any humor not of his own peculiar and sardonic quality. No sooner had the billposters done their fell work in the free town of Hamburg, where the tour of Germany commenced, than the authorities informed us that the inscription, "Wir haben Amerika erobert, jetzt werden wir Deutschland erobern," was distasteful and highly offensive to the powers of Potsdam, and thousands of dollars' worth of perfectly good advertising had to be thrown away and new advertising written more pleasing to German kultur.

Whether this was the cause, or whether Wilhelm II was piqued because the show visited England before it went to Germany, I do not know; but it is also a fact that, though the present deposed kaiser was in Berlin at the time of the circus engagement and indeed passed quite near the tents in his carriage on more than one occasion, he was the only sovereign in Europe who declined to attend the performance or to visit the show.

True to type, however, the German military staff quite openly took much interest in the daily mobilization of the circus. Its loading and unloading interested them, as did the catering and feeding of its people and animals three times between unpacking and packing up on one-day stands. In fact, so much did the organization of the American enterprise interest them that for two weeks a major and a captain were detailed to travel with us as guests. They spoke English and made themselves many friends and doubtless took many notes. Probably they thought everything very crude and very inefficient. One seems to have an indistinct recollection that Germans thought so of all things American in a later day, but that was before Château-Thierry and the Argonne Wood.

German Obstinacy

In Braunschweig the city authorities insisted that the seats be built in accordance with their idea. It was useless to point out to them that they had been erected daily in many parts of the world exactly as they saw them, and they turned deaf ears to our protestations that in the many years not a single life had been lost by any fault of seat construction. Incidentally their suggestion was quite impracticable and would certainly have spelled disaster had it been carried out. They wanted an inclined plane at intervals between the rows of planks down which the public were to walk instead of stepping from row to row in the old time-honored way. Such an arrangement would have been both difficult and dangerous for the public, and the circus management declined to accede. The city officials refused to budge from their senseless demand, and though the city was crowded with people who had come from far and near to see the American circus, the free parade of the morning was all that the citizens of Braunschweig saw of the greatest show on earth.

Of German efficiency the world has had manifold opportunity to judge. It is only fair and just to admit that in certain well-defined routine it has no equal. In England the genial bobby, who is theoretically on duty at the main entrance, grins his way past the indulgent ticket taker and shakes his sides at the antics of the clowns with the rest of the inhabitants. The American policeman makes no gesture conciliatory or otherwise, but as he swings his club goes where and when he pleases; while the French gendarme gives an embarrassed salute as he leaves his post of duty for a peep at the *cirque Américain*.

Your German policeman, however, never budges. He stays where he is put and Obedience is his middle name. I often used to wonder what would happen if the herr hauptmann should by any chance forget all about Fritz. Such sense of discipline is a virtue, I admit, and results in a

(Concluded on Page 80)

Now

MICHELIN

eliminates thin spots in tubes

Fig. 1
All tubes other than Michelins are straight when deflated as shown above.

Fig. 2
Straight tubes when forced into ring-shape by inflation, stretch on the outside, or wrinkle next to the rim as illustrated in this photograph.

Fig. 3
The result is that straight tubes are stretched thin next to the road where they should be strongest and crowded next to the rim, making them difficult to fit without pinching.

Fig. 4
On the other hand, Michelin Tubes when deflated are crescent-shaped as shown, because they are made circular like the casing itself.

Fig. 5
Consequently ring-shaped Michelin Tubes fit naturally when inflated. Wrinkles and folds in Michelin tubes are unknown.

Fig. 6
The result is that Michelin Tubes when in service are full strength all around, and are fitted easily with little danger of pinching.

Michelin Tubes are unequalled for durability yet they are not high-priced.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY

Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd., 782 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal
Dealers in all parts of the world

(Concluded from Page 78)

highly organized machine which runs like clockwork—at any rate until something unexpected happens.

In these studies of the various brands of the genus policemen on their different native heaths let it also be recorded that he stood almost alone as the one who could not be bribed. We were showing one day in a small German town close to the frontier of Holland, into which country we were to pass that night. As the crossing of frontiers was always a lengthy and tedious proceeding, only an afternoon performance was to be given in the German town in order to make an early departure. To save time it was very desirable to park some of the wagons on the side of the road which ran by the show grounds. It was a country road and not a busy one; our wagons could not possibly do any harm or be in anybody's way; and as it was a wet day and a soft lot the use of that roadway meant the saving of precious hours to enable us to keep up with the date on our printing in the Dutch city of Groningen.

The chief of police, however, was obdurate. In a final appeal to him I allowed it to be inferred—quite unethically, I admit—that a hundred-mark note meant nothing to the generosity of a circus. I shall not easily forget his rage. He was a large fat man and I was torn between fear that he would fall at my feet in apoplexy or that I was doomed to a German prison for the remainder of my existence. The wagons moved on to the mud and I was really quite uncomfortable during those last few hours in the German Empire. For all his gorgeous uniform, that police captain probably received almost sixty marks a month.

With all their efficiency, it is not a little strange that the only railroad accident suffered by the show in the many different countries visited in Europe should have occurred in Germany. When the last section rolled into Beuthen—a small town in Prussian Silesia—a harrowing sight met the gaze of officials and performers as they stepped off their cars. Through the unexplained carelessness of a railroad employee the second section of the circus had been permitted to run in on an open switch and crash into the first section, which had entered the yards a few moments previously. The animals were still on board and the circus men in their berths when the locomotive and forward cars of the second section piled up on the rear end of the first. A number of horses, including some valuable jumpers, and many animals of the led stock—camels, zebras, zebus—were killed and two of the oldest and most popular men with the show met instant death. There could be no doubt as to where the blame and responsibility lay and the adjusters of the government—German railways are state owned—recognized this by their speedy acceptance of the show company's claim for damages.

Pioneers of the Circus

One other incident will throw a side light on the twist in Teutonic ways of thought. It is a matter of history that on his accession to the throne Wilhelm II treated his mother, the dowager empress, most abominably. His harshness and public rudeness to his English mother were too much even for the German press and some of the newspapers commented on his brutal and unfilial conduct. Notwithstanding, when she passed away, the son with autocratic and bombastic flourish decreed that all entertainment and amusement establishments throughout the German Empire should close their doors for a week! For seven days therefore the show lay idle in Dantzic, and while this imposed a severe and totally unnecessary burden on the whole amusement profession, the men and women of the circus spent a happy week boating and bathing and fishing at the beach of Zoppot on the shores of the Baltic Sea.

In the short winter days, when King Frost reigns in the land, the agents of the circus go forth to prepare a way for the city of canvas. While the small boy steals to the village pond to try his skates in defiance of a notice that the ice is still unsafe, strangers are in the neighboring city closeted with mayor and council in solemn conclave about the circus under whose side wall the small boy will seek to crawl unseen in the torrid days of August. They are the pioneers who blaze the way, and they hit the trail when Christmas trees are more in favor than elephants and peanuts.

The first among them is the general agent. He spends weeks in the study of manufacturing statistics and agricultural returns and then makes a flying visit through the territory to learn at first-hand all he can about the conditions governing it at the time and likely to prevail the following summer. It is he who decides whether this or that state shall be omitted from the itinerary or what towns shall be added to the route in another state. Upon his observations and deductions the route for the entire season is based and the strategic campaign for its capture laid down.

From Ausgang to Ausgang

In Europe the preliminary negotiations for each country were commenced at least a year ahead. Our general agent established his residence in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna or Budapest as occasion demanded and smoothed out a thousand difficulties of state and city permits, frontier regulations, and where opposition existed converted it to friendly welcome. The very nature of its business precludes procrastination, for delay with the circus spells disaster, and physical difficulty and tardy bureaucracy must alike be overcome. A positive refusal on the part of a city to permit the parade may suddenly confront one of the twenty-four-hour men, the general agent's subordinate. Such an incident occurred in France. Notwithstanding a very clear contract, the mayor of Rennes, once famous as the seat of trial of Captain Dreyfus, took late objection to the parade. Sure of his ground, a fighting twenty-four-hour man enlisted the services of the hotel interpreter and by five o'clock in the afternoon a printed bulletin in excellent French was posted in the streets of Rennes asking the citizens if they wished to see the parade for which a license had been already granted and paid. The mayor's stolidity broke down before this terrierlike attack and the agent won his point.

Up and down Europe the twenty-four-hour man wended his unlinguistic way. Sometimes when measuring the dimensions of a circus lot for to-morrow's tents the youngsters who carried his laying-out pins were Serbian, French or German, but they did his bidding and adored his shadow just as young America does on similar great occasions. In only one thing did the twenty-four-hour man sometimes fail. Where he had to change trains at junction points he occasionally missed connection through lack of understanding. As one indignantly declared during the tour through Germany, "How was anyone to tell in a country where the names of the stations were all alike?" The reader who has traveled in that country will recall the prominence with which the Germans placard every railway station exit with the sign of "Ausgang." After rescuing the twenty-four-hour men several times from remote wayside stations the idea was conceived of tagging them to their destinations, and thereafter each twenty-four-hour man carried a card on which was inscribed in the language of the country: "The bearer is an agent of the American Circus. He is traveling to ——. Will you please aid him to reach there in the quickest way?"

When the Yankee showmen woke up that morning in the quaint old town of Groningen it seemed to them that they had broken into a comic-opera world. The little country on the Zuyder Zee is unlike all other places on this fair earth and its charm was not lost even on the oldest of troupers with the circus. As a rule German cities are clean and the little town over the border, which they had left the night before, was no exception, but compared with this speckless piece of Spotless Town it was rude and dirty. Such terra-cotta cottages with immaculate doorsteps and fat little Dutch boys with ridiculously wide trousers sprawling about them! And water, water everywhere—in large and placid quantities, of course, in the canal flowing by the door and from whose unguarded banks the stranger marvels why the toddling youngsters do not tumble in and float away to the never very distant sea; and in more unruly streams from the swirling mops of the housewives as they vigorously douse the façades and thresholds of their homes. Along the canals the brown-sailed barges glide slowly through the scenery and the chubby red-cheeked Dutchmen at their tillers nod gravely to other chubby red-cheeked Dutchmen, who sit on the capstans on the banks smoking eternal pipes with long and twirly stems.

Into this great calm surged the big show and for the space of an hour or so no ripple broke the surface. Evidently life in this corner of the Netherlands was not easily disturbed, for the housewives still scrubbed and polished the doorsteps and the chubby red-cheeked Dutchmen sat on the capstans and smoked their eternal pipes. It was really disconcerting. Had someone blundered when they brought the show to Holland? Was the Dutchman's phlegm too deep to be dented by a Yankee circus and was Rip Van Winkle's slumber fact or fable? In every place under the sun the gilded band wagon with its six-and-thirty horses passed from unloading place to circus ground through lines of people filled with ardent admiration, but here in Groningen it might almost have been Godiva as it wended its lumbering way through the quiet and twisted streets. But perhaps every spotless window curtain concealed a peeping Tom. However, suddenly toward noon the bells in the church steeples rang out a merry peal and instantly rose a great commotion. The city fathers had proclaimed a holiday and in a trice the town was en fête and the streets—so curiously quiet all morning—were alive with people. Probably there were still people in other parts of Holland, but it looked to us as if a country had risen to greet us.

As it was a little late that day before the big show opened the side shows reaped a harvest. There were townspeople in their Sunday best and farmers wearing enormous baggy trousers, while the round hooped skirts of their wives augured great difficulty for the ushers in seating them close together on the crowded bleacher seats. Awkward swains and blushing round-eyed maidens stood open-mouthed before the pictorial wonders of the side-show banners. Many of the peasant women wore headdresses of dainty lace and here and there one saw the precious headpiece of thin beaten silver—the prized heirloom of many generations, which the Dutch wife hands down to her daughter.

When finally the boss canvasman gave the signal that all was ready and the ticket wagons opened Holland threw herself upon them. For two hours the ticket sellers passed out with one hand the coveted strips of pasteboard and took the Dutchmen's money with the other as the lifted hands of the swaying crowds reached for the tickets. The circus men spoke no Dutch—it was less than a dozen hours since they had stepped on Holland soil—and the money was unlike any they had ever seen before. It takes the traveler weeks to accustom himself to its many denominations. But the crowd that day was vast and the performance could not wait and as the waves of people broke against them the circus men swept their money from the window sills onto the floors behind them until the wagons were ankle deep in coin and paper money. When it was all over and the deep stillness round the front entrance was only pierced by the distant strains of the big-top band I asked a ticket seller how he had managed, seeing he knew neither the tongue nor the currency of this strange country.

The King at the Circus

"I guessed what kind of seats they wanted and most of them held their fingers up to show how many," he replied as he wiped the streaming perspiration from his face.

"But how about their change?" I queried.

"I didn't give any," he laughed. "I wasn't taking any chances. When anybody kept on talking at me I picked up the first piece of money off the floor and handed it to him, but most of them walked away as soon as they grabbed their tickets. I guess they were satisfied."

Judging from the deep-chested peals of merriment and the prolonged "Ahs" of wonderment that filled the big tent that afternoon as those good Dutchmen and their families followed the pantomime of the clowns, it was quite evident that little they reckoned for a matter of short change or over change on the never-to-be-forgotten day when they saw the *Grootste Tentoonstelling der Arde*.

Old King Leopold, of Belgium, uncle of the present sovereign, drove out one day in his white automobile to inspect the circus at his royal leisure, in the early morning before the doors were thrown open to the public, and a rather amusing incident occurred. Like all royal folk, he spoke English fluently and he had been informed with a certain amount of pride on our part that the personnel was all-American. In the main this was true. All the heads of departments and assistant bosses had come from across the sea. The drivers were all men who could find their way blindfold to every circus lot from Canada to Mexico and most of the rank and file were American circus men. In its travel throughout the Continent, however, the circus had picked up here and there men who had become so attracted by the life that they stayed with it even when it passed across the borders of their native lands. They were chiefly Hungarian and they knew as much English as might be expected from men who worked round the tents under an Irish assistant boss who interlarded the picturesqueness of a native brogue with half a dozen words of German.

As the king walked through the different tents he opened conversation two or three times with the men who were lying about—it was after the work of the morning was done—and not once was the man so addressed able to respond. His majesty had just happened to speak to men of foreign birth and I remember distinctly the discomfiture of the managerial person who was escorting him.

He was keenly interested in everything he saw and drank a cup of coffee in democratic fashion in the cook tent. Like every reigning family in Europe—save one—the Belgian ruler enjoyed the American circus and was fascinated with its organization.

A Succession of Triumphs

When the circus chartered a ship and sailed for Europe the wiseacres shook their heads and said it would starve to death. But during its first year in England the show made so much money that it had to pay a twenty per cent dividend and tack a bonus onto that. In fact, the British public wanted it so badly that they subscribed a couple of million dollars and turned it into an English limited company and its stock was quoted on the London Stock Exchange. Londoners flocked to it with an enthusiasm no less eager than that displayed by New Yorkers every spring, and the merry laughter of little children at the antics of the clowns rose to the high dome of the Salle des Fêtes seven days a week during a Paris season which lasted from November to the end of March. Everywhere in Europe kings and princes and presidents paid it homage. Herdsmen from the plains of Hungary wearing cloaks of undressed sheepskin left their flocks to fill its tents and Tyrolean mountaineers in their Sunday silver-buttoned waistcoats watched with breathless awe the daring passes of the high trapeze just as people do in Newark and Cohoes. The high two-wheeled chaises of blue-smocked farmers and shrewd-faced cattle dealers cluttered up the courtyard of the Hôtel du Commerce in many a town in Normandy when they left their pasturelands to see *le grand cirque Américain;* and kilted lads in the Scottish Highlands brought their lassies down the passes to the skirl of bagpipes to look at the "gran' parade, mon." Dear quaint old Holland ladies with wondrous silver head ornaments and dressed in sober bombazine left their pretty tulip gardens and wore themselves weary amid the marvels of the show, and stupid Saxon peasants stared open-eyed and open-mouthed at the side-show pictures in old Bavarian towns.

The only building in Vienna that was big enough to house the show was the Rotunde out on the famous Prater. It was ideal in size and situation, but one thing was lacking. It was an old exposition building covering an area vast enough to swallow two or three buildings of the size of Madison Square Garden, but it possessed no heating plant. Winters in the Austrian capital are cold and the building had to be heated, not only because the public would not come unless it was warm and comfortable but on account of the many valuable animals in the menagerie. Half a dozen contractors were set to work and a perfect heating system was installed—at a cost, however, that was almost staggering. The end justified the means, for the circus played thirteen weeks in the building on the Prater and the pleasure-loving Viennese deserted all other attractions to such an extent during that period that the native amusement managers presented a solemn petition to the Minister of the Interior begging that no similar foreign enterprise be permitted again in their city.

Grinnell Gloves

"Best for every purpose"

School begins—winter days come soon—Provide Grinnell Gloves for your children

Suede—fleece lined

It will not be long now until the winter scene pictured here is a reality. Not only will the tender little hands require warm covering, but the sturdy boys will need stout, warm gloves or mittens for their sports. And they deserve *quality* gloves—Grinnell Gloves.

We insist upon the same expert, talented skill and the same artistic workmanship in Grinnell Gloves for children as in those for men and women.

"Fabro-kid"

They have sixty-two years of experience behind them and like every pair of Grinnell Gloves they typify faithful insistence upon the little betterments which make up lasting quality.

We want your boy or girl in later life to remember pleasantly the Grinnell Gloves you buy for him or her today. When you gather together the outfit for school days, include Grinnell Gloves and mittens, for they are good-appearing, long-wearing, rightly-fitting and very serviceable.

"Wool-kid"

The Grinnell trademark is a guarantee of quality—the honor mark of good gloves. See that it is on the gloves you buy. Styles shown here are only part of the 900 styles of Grinnell Gloves—for men, women, boys and girls—for dress, work and play—every one made to the exacting Grinnell quality standard.

The 1919 Grinnell Glove Booklet, showing styles for men, women and children, mailed to you on request. Select the Grinnell Gloves you want; if your dealer hasn't them, he will gladly order a pair for your inspection.

Military "Wool-kid"

MORRISON-RICKER MFG. COMPANY

25 Broad Street *(Established 1856)* Grinnell, Iowa, U. S. A.

Grinnell TRADE MARK

Copyright, 1919, by Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Company

Black Auto

Mackinaw Scout

Fur top kid

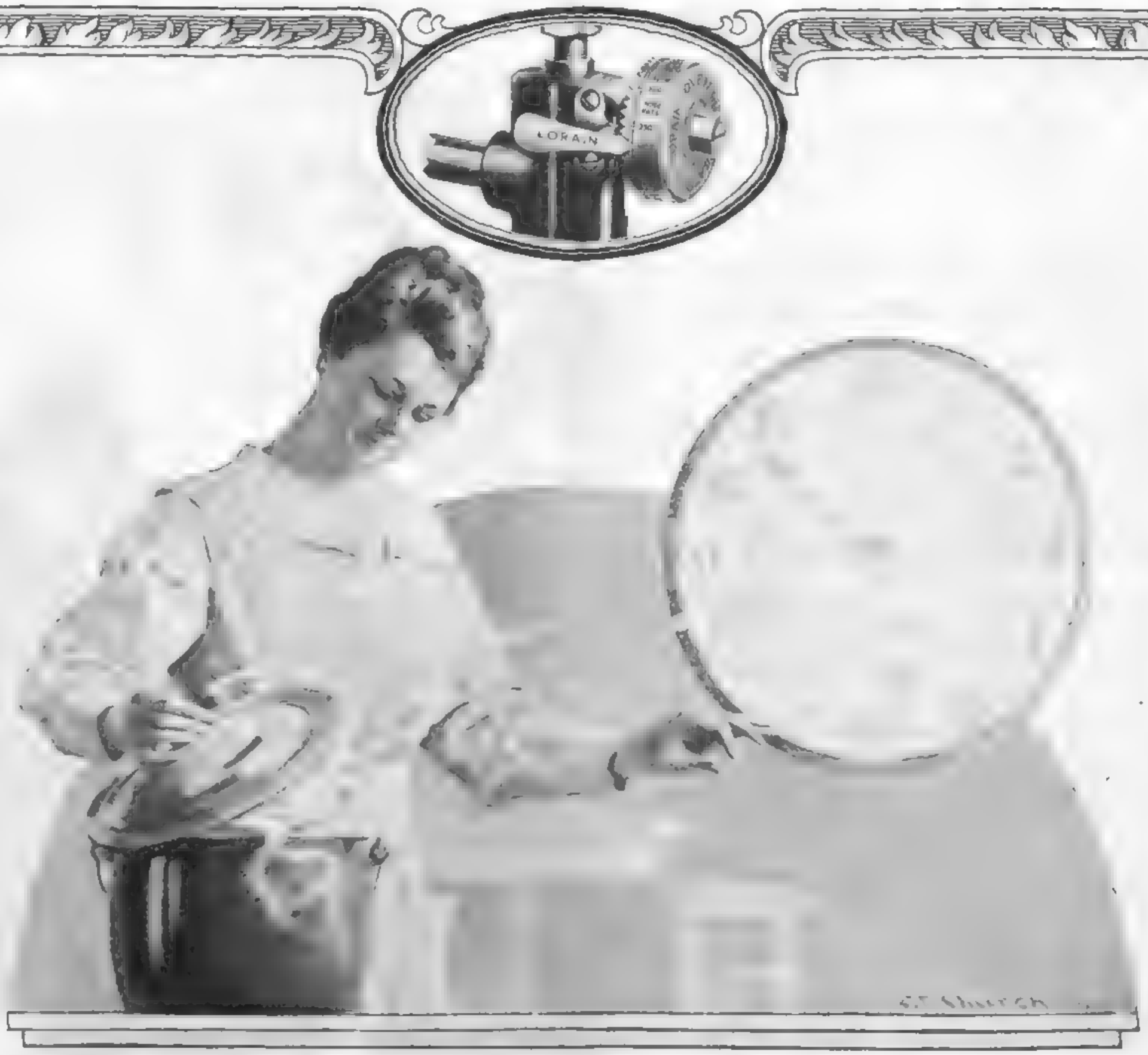
Dress cape

Boy Scout—lined and unlined

Piqué dress kid

Horsehide

Cape Mitt



Pot Watching

The Thief of Woman's Time

IT takes longer to cook foods than to prepare them. A cake mixed in ten minutes must be watched for about three-quarters of an hour. Therefore much precious time is squandered in "pot watching."

You now have the choice of two methods of doing your pot watching. The antiquated method which increases your hours in the kitchen and leaves you tired in body, in mind. The "Lorain" method that gives you extra hours for recreation and social pleasures.

The "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator is a scientific invention that enables you to measure accurately the heat required in cooking. You simply set the wheel at any one of 44 temperatures—the proper heat for the particular foods to be cooked. Then you go about other work or take up the enjoyment that is your right. "Lorain" never fails. It regulates the flow of gas exactly right. Your foods come from the oven more delicious than ever before.

"LORAIN"

the oven heat regulator that makes kitchen work easier and all cooking better

This device is a part of the gas ranges listed below. You cannot get it elsewhere. It cooks one dish or an entire meal while you take "an afternoon off." It makes cooking as enjoyable as it should be. It brings certainty of success.

Ask your local dealer to demonstrate it for you. Then note how heat can be measured as accurately as flour—how nothing can disturb the uniformity of the oven temperature.

Also write for "An Easier Day's Work"—the most interesting book ever placed in your hands. Sent free if you mention your dealer's name and address.

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HUNKINS

(Continued from Page 27)

Pendergrast will be up the tallest tree he has ever been up in his crafty career."

XIX

THE way Steve spread those pictures of the I O U's and of the two pages of the private ledger over the front page of the News was a marvel of effective newspaper display. They were across the top, down the middle, across the bottom and in the corners, and with them such type as there was room for, calling attention to their condemnatory proof of the fact that Miller had given out this city money and that Pendergrast and his friends had taken it.

"Guilt of Gang Proved by Their Own Signatures!" ran in two heavy black lines across the top of the page, and there was another graphic detailed story by Steve. No mention was made of how the photographs were secured. Hunkins had asked that. There they were, however, and they proved everything I had charged. There was another picture of me, this time on the second page, and only two columns wide, but the editorial article again called attention to my great public service and said the ends justified the means, "for there is now an opportunity to clean this gang out of the City Hall, which it has infested far too long to the detriment of good government and the real interests of the city."

The Globe story was pathetic. It combined all the various statements of Pendergrast into one sweeping denial, reprinted all he said of me in a separate box, played up Miller's final denial and shouted editorially: "It is all a political trick and lie concocted by the unscrupulous opposition to discredit the city administration on the eve of a campaign. We demand a full and impartial investigation, not only in justice to those cruelly maligned public officials, the Honorable William Miller and the Honorable Thomas Pendergrast, but also that the entire city administration, which has faithfully administered its trust, shall be shown as it is, honest, diligent and impeccable."

Miller broke down in the mayor's office at ten o'clock that morning and confessed; whereupon Mayor Spearle ordered his instant arrest and issued a long statement in which the following phrases occurred: "No guilty man shall escape—hew to the line let the chips fall where they will—no stigma attaches to my office—deeply deplore fall of Treasurer Miller—view with apprehension and dismay actions of Pendergrast and others—rigid investigation—fix the guilt—blot on city's fair escutcheon—wipe out the blot by continuation present efficient and honest administration in all other offices—accepted resignation of Miller—justice shall be done e'en though the heavens fall—cold, implacable justice, and every guilty man shall receive full meed of punishment."

"I got up early," Steve told me that afternoon, "and went over to the City Hall. I got the tip there was something doing in the mayor's office and jammed in there just before Miller came in. I know Miller and like him. So does everybody else. It was piteous. They brought Miller in through a rear door and led him in front of Spearle, who sat at his desk trying to look the incarnation of stern justice. Miller's chief deputy came with him, and his father, a respectable old man, who runs a box factory out in the Eleventh Ward. Miller's vanity stuck with him. He had on his best clothes, but he looked as if he had not slept since the story broke. His big good-natured face was white, and he was sweating great drops. They ran down his forehead and splashed on his cheeks. His loose lips sucked in and out, and his pudgy little chin trembled like a baby's after a spanking. It was all over in three minutes. 'It's true,' sobbed Miller. 'I can't stand the strain any longer. I gave them the money. They said they'd pay back. I trusted them. It's all square now. They paid it back this morning, but they lied before. They didn't keep their promises, and they were friends of mine. I—I ——'

"'Officer,' said Spearle, 'do your duty.' And they led the sobbing man away, supported by his father. Then Spearle handed out his statement. I'm damned if he hadn't prepared two: one in case of innocence and one for guilt. Speaking about tight-rope walkers—that gent's a Blondin."

Steve told me that Hunkins wanted to see us again at five o'clock, and we went over, wondering what he might have to say.

"I don't see what else he can have, do you?" I asked Steve.

"You never can tell about Hunkins," Steve replied. "He is an intelligent and resourceful person, and rarely lays all his cards on the table at once."

"What is his history?" I asked. "I've asked a lot of people, but nobody seems to know much about him except that he is boss and has been since Andrew Bruce died. He seems to be taken for granted; just there, like the South-Street bridge."

"He's a natural development," Steve told me as we walked toward Martin Street: "a boss by inheritance. Old Andrew Bruce left the job to him in his political last will and testament, and Hunkins fought off all the other heirs expectant who contested the will, as several did, established his claim to the property and proved his rights by his brains and works.

"His father, C. J. Hunkins, kept a bookstore in the old days. He was an Englishman, born there, and a classicist, one of those chaps who had their Latin whacked into them at an early age and never forgot it. The bookstore was the loafing place for men who had tastes like Hunkins, and one of these was Bruce. Bruce was a boss, none harder-headed or harder-fisted, but he was also a worshiper of Robert Burns. He wanted to fight any person who intimated that Burns was not the greatest poet the world ever has produced or ever will produce. Hunkins held different views. He maintained that the only great poets are the classical poets, Vergil, Homer, and especially Horace, which is where our Hunkins got his Horatian slant. These two old cronies wrangled over this subject for twenty years, and all the time young Hunkins was growing up with free range of the bookstore, a bookish trend and a flair for languages.

"Old Bruce got to know and like the boy, who was being educated on a system of his father's. He had to study Latin when he was a child, taught by the old man himself, and by the time he was twenty he was a good classical scholar and had a high-school education; also Bruce began to give the lad little jobs in politics, and presently young Billy, who had a taste for politics, developed into right-hand executive for the old chap. Then one day Bruce died, and Hunkins stepped in and took hold. His father left enough property, in houses and lots, to give him about four thousand dollars a year income, which is enough for him, as he isn't married, and he sits there in Martin Street and gets joy out of life by playing politics, reading books and studying languages. He has French and Italian and German, but I didn't know until the other day, when you told me, that he's taken up Spanish recently.

"Hunkins plays the game on the theory that it is results that count, and the way to get results is to get them. He's cold as a wedge in politics and there's nothing highbrow or idealistic about him. He plays with the cards dealt to him, and, as you know, the News doesn't stand for all he does, by a long shot. However, we are good friends and he talks freely to me about many of his plans, knowing that I'll slam him if I think he needs slamming, and never trying to tie me up by making confidential communications that I can't use. We're on a square-toed basis, as witness his telling me, and you too, how he got those I O U's to photograph. He's a frank citizen if he trusts you. Here we are."

Hunkins greeted us with great good nature, much pleased and showing it:

"We've got them," he said; "got them where the hair is short. Seems a shame to pile it on, but I think we might take one more shot at them, especially at this trimmer, Spearle."

He had a clipping of Mayor Spearle's statement, and walked about the room declaiming portions of it, especially the line about: "No stigma attaches to my office."

"Is Spearle in it?" Steve asked excitedly.

"No; I'm sorry to say he isn't, but we can tie it up to his office."

"How?"

"Why, there are eight men in that mining syndicate that borrowed the money from Miller. The eighth man doesn't appear openly. Pendergrast carried him and covered his part of it in the part he assumed personally."

"Who is it?"

(Continued on Page 85)

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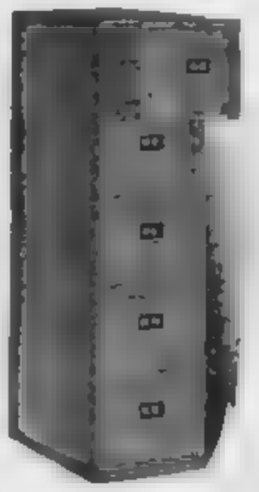

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WILLYS-OVERLAND, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

"Once a Willys-Knight Owner Always a Willys-Knight Owner"

(Continued from Page 83)

"Wallace, the mayor's executive clerk. There was a note in Miller's private ledger to that effect. Meticulous person, Miller; wrote everything down. I haven't any photograph of that, but I saw it, and you may use it in the morning if you like, Steve. No doubt Miller will confirm it, now that he has peached."

"I'll go and see," said Steve, hurrying out.

"Well," said Hunkins, "this has been a good job, well done, and I'm grateful to you for helping me carry it out. I shall not forget. However, as Horace says, we must in good fortune preserve our minds from an insolent joy; and the thing to do now is intelligently and skillfully to capitalize it and make it of use to us in the campaign for mayor that is coming."

We discussed various city affairs, and politics for half an hour or so, and then Steve called up.

"I got to Miller in the city attorney's office," he said, "and he confirmed it. He's in a frightful funk, and is spilling all he knows. They tried to stop him on this, but he let it go, and I'm printing it in the morning."

"Fine!" said Hunkins. "Just a little stigma for Mayor Spearle—just enough to make it more difficult for him in the primaries."

Steve's publication about Wallace caused Mayor Spearle to turn the most amazing series of flip-flaps witnessed up to that time in the office of the city's chief executive. He suspended Wallace, issued several statements protesting his entire lack of knowledge of the matter, personally instructed the city attorney to have no mercy on Miller but hale him before the grand jury at the earliest moment, set forth some burning remarks about Pendergrast and recalled them before the reporters got out of the room, and wound up the day by holding a conference of his friends and formally declaring himself at the head of the party. He discharged Pendergrast without a character.

Pendergrast tried to bluff it out for a day or two, but the going was too heavy for him. Even the Globe attacked him and his partners in the borrowing episode. Then he put his affairs in the hands of our best criminal lawyer and left town one night without giving an address.

There was a long legal wrangle over the exact shade of culpability of the men who borrowed the money, which they repaid, of course, after the exposure. This dragged on for weeks and finally petered out. Nothing was done. Meantime, Miller was indicted and released on bail. Everybody was sorry for him, and he walked the streets searching for sympathy. Eventually he was brought to trial, made a modified plea of guilty, and was sentenced to two years in state's prison. They gave him a great send-off when he left to serve his sentence. Many of the sob sisters and a lot of his political friends were at the station when the deputy sheriff brought him down. It looked as if he were starting for a promotion instead of a prison. He got a soft job in the warden's office.

Hunkins kept the matter before the public skillfully, bearing down always on the responsibility of Mayor Spearle and often quoting Spearle's high-flown statement. Indeed he managed it so well that the political nickname for Spearle came to be "No-stigma" Spearle, which made that aspiring statesman most unhappy.

One morning at breakfast about ten days after the first happenings dad said to me: "Remember that conversation we had with Perkins at the club?"

"Yes, sir. Why?"

"Oh, that casual remark of mine got such a rise out of that shifty gentleman that I made up my mind there was something in it. Yesterday I happened to drop into a directors' meeting at the Consolidated National Bank, where I am a member, you know. I was right, by ginger!"

"Right? How?"

"Why, on the day after you made those charges Perkins borrowed forty thousand dollars at that bank, and by grubbing round a little I find that he was most desperately anxious to get it and put up a big wad of gilt-edged stuff as collateral for it. Circumstantial evidence, perhaps, but satisfactory to me."

"Do you mean Perkins was in that combination?"

"Perhaps not in it, but of it. I mean that Perkins is so beholden to Pendergrast in some way or other that he had to get that money for Pendergrast when this crisis came. Store that away in your head. It may be worth while to pay some attention to Brother Perkins at the proper time."

"But Perkins is one of our leading business men," I protested.

"All the more reason to remember what I'm telling you," dad replied, and changed the subject.

xx

ONE of our meetings at the Tucker Building headquarters became a mutual admiration conclave. We cheered and congratulated and made rosy predictions over the reports of Miss Crawford, who told us that the checked and corrected rolls, with all duplications eliminated, showed that a few more than four thousand men had signed the pledges, and two thousand women. Her investigations indicated that about a third of these men were men returned from France, and the remainder men released from training camps. She said another contingent of overseas men was due soon and that practically all the men from the camps would be home within a month. She reported that our three centers, the original and central one in the Sixth Ward, and the newly established ones in the eastern and the western sections of the city, were popular.

"I hate to be a kill-joy," said Dowd after this had gone on for a time, "but if you folks stop back-patting long enough to assimilate a few practical thoughts on this subject it may help some."

"It seems to me that what we have heard is rather practical," said Colonel Anderson. "What makes you a pessimist?"

"Listening to you optimists, for one thing," Dowd replied, "and some information I have at hand, for another."

"Shall we hear the calamity howler?" I asked the others.

"Go ahead, Dowd," said the colonel. "Let's have it."

"I gather from what you have all been saying that you think we not only originated this idea but that we are the sole trustees and executors of it. Let me set you right on that point. I had a letter from France the other day giving me the details of that conference of American soldiers in Paris the newspaper dispatches mentioned, where preliminary details were worked out for a national organization and preparations made for a convention in this country, later in the year, for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization of a national association of veterans of this war. Also I have letters and literature showing that there already is in this country a lively organization with the same end in view; and, I am informed that in various parts of the country other organizations are in process of formation. Furthermore, here in this city there is an opposition, backed by some politicians who seek to counteract what we are doing, which is having some success. Wherefore, I would advise two things."

"What two things?" asked Miss Harrow.

"A reasonable portion of humility and a considerable amount of hustle, both adjurations beginning with the well-known letter H, which, by the way, designates a third and active factor for consideration—Hunkins."

"Hunkins?" chorused several of us. "Is he in it?"

"He is. He knows the potential political value of these soldiers as well as we do—probably better, and he has traps and birdlime and nets out in every direction."

This information changed the aspect of the meeting from mutual admiration to mutual anxiety.

After we had discussed these communications indecisively for a time, Sergeant Ralston turned to Dowd and asked: "What's the answer?"

"Work," said Dowd. "We must get the bulk of these men and women into our organization or our plans all fail. In the first place, if when the time comes for welding all these various bodies into one great national body we are divided into two or several camps here we lose our influence. We must act in unison and intelligently when it comes to the national operations. Second, if we play our cards skillfully we may be able to give our members a practical demonstration of what may be accomplished by united action before this national organization matter comes to a head."

"In what way?" came at Dowd from various persons.

"In a very practical way," Dowd replied. "We hold a city election this fall in

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which we shall choose an entire new city administration. That election will be preceded by a primary wherein the candidates will be selected to contest the election in November. If we make it our business to find out who the candidates are likely to be we may be able in great measure to throw our strength to the better man; or if neither of the candidates proposed by the organizations and none that may contest independently is acceptable to us it will be a good plan, just for an experiment and to excite interest and enthusiasm, to run a candidate of our own. We may not win, but it will be good experience, just the same."

"Have you heard anything about candidates?" I asked.

"Not yet. I take it for granted that Spearle will ask for reëlection, but I have no news of the Hunkins choice. It is my opinion that we cannot support Spearle in any circumstances. Hence that leaves us the choice in the primaries of the Hunkins man, if he is a good man, or our own man. Unless Hunkins sets up a most acceptable candidate I am in favor of putting a candidate of our own—a soldiers' candidate—into the primary."

"Wouldn'tthatmakeiteasierfor Spearle?"

"No, but more difficult for Hunkins. The charter specifies that the persons who receive the largest and the next largest numbers of votes for mayor in the primary and are certified thus by the Board of Elections shall be the candidates to be voted for at the election."

"Then if our man receives the second-largest number, and Spearle the largest number, say, the contest will be between our man and Spearle?"

"Exactly, and if our man runs third the Hunkins man and Spearle will fight it out. The place for our big contest is in the primary, which will be held four weeks before the date of the election. We must prepare for that."

A general discussion followed Dowd's talk that ranged from denunciations of the boss system to considerations of the weather. Suggestions were made that were so cautious and conservative that we laughed over them, and proposals that were so radical they astonished us. Some advised waiting and watching and the use of our moral influence, and others the open defiance of Hunkins and Spearle and an immediate announcement of a soldiers' ticket.

After this had gone on for a time Miss Harrow's impatience culminated in a contemptuous "Pish!"

"What's the use of all this talk?" she asked. "Why should we play second fiddle to Hunkins or any other man? I think we should have a candidate. The way to organize and hold these people is to give them something more tangible than talk and vague prospects to organize for. That is my opinion."

"It is my opinion too," said Dowd, "but it is too early to talk of candidates as yet. That will expose our plans to the men who must not be forewarned."

"Expose them, then! I tell you we must give a greater incentive to these men and women than a lecture, a doughnut and a phonograph concert to hold them in line."

"Certainly, Miss Harrow," assented Dowd; "but we find lectures, doughnuts and phonograph concerts very helpful at the start."

"Pshaw!" she sniffed. "If I were a man I'd run myself."

"Why not run as a woman?" asked Miss Crawford with mischief in her eyes.

"Maybe I shall," retorted Miss Harrow. "Anyhow, I'm better fitted for it than a good many men I know."

Everybody assured the militant Miss Harrow that that was undeniably the case, and that mollified her somewhat, but after the meeting Dowd told Miss Crawford and me: "That lady demands action, and she'll be getting it, too, in ways we do not like if we do not watch out."

"Oh, she is all right," said Miss Crawford. "She *feels* deeply on the woman question and is militant and uncompromising. She believes that any end justifies the means for universal suffrage."

I wondered many times just what Miss Crawford's ideas on that question were. The "prison special" of the militants stopped off for a meeting with us, and I went to the meeting and saw Miss Crawford there.

So I asked her: "How do you feel about it?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"I do, indeed."

"Well, you must submit to a little lecture then, for I can't tell you in a sentence."

"Go ahead," urged both Dowd and I. "We'll be glad to get your ideas."

"The important phase of it all," she said, "is how the average woman feels about it, and I have devoted myself to finding that out. I think I can analyze her feelings and thoughts—for many of them feel rather than think—with fair accuracy. In the first place, the women of this country separate, broadly, into three groups: One group believes in militancy. Another group believes women should not ask for the vote. The third group is in a middle frame of mind and feeling. That is the most important group as it is by far the largest—at least eighty per cent of all our women comprise it.

"What any cause, commodity or conclusion must have, to attain power, is advertisement—publicity. In some cases—as, for example, with the presidential office—power brings publicity, but in the majority of cases publicity brings power. Hence you will find insistent in the minds of the great majority of women in this country the question whether the cause of universal suffrage would be so far along as it is now—I mean in the minds of the women of the third and largest group—if the militant tactics of some of the women had not been followed; or whether it would have arrived anyhow, of its own merits. A great many women are puzzled to know how suffrage would have made any advance if the women had not been so aggressive as they have been. They haven't found an answer for that, though instinctively they revolt at mob arrests and hunger strikes and such demonstrations.

"Most women believe in suffrage down deep in their hearts, whether they are active in the cause or not, because they believe in their own intelligence no matter how many centuries of derision of that intelligence they have endured from the men. It is a deep-seated human emotion, this desire for equal rights with the men, and it ramifies in many ways from and transcends in many ways the suffrage manifestation. This is especially true now that this world war has been fought and won by us. Women have come out of it with a feeling that they helped to fight it, in work, and to pay for it, in taxes and privations; to say nothing of that other and sentimental side of helping to furnish the fighters. Women have come to a place now where they think it is not fair not to let them have a world partnership, not to allow them to have a say in governmental affairs if they want it.

"Most women in this country, the great bulk of them, are not turning a hand to get these equal rights, but they want them in their hearts; and do not agree with the woman's-place-in-the-home arguments of many of the men and of the antisuffragists. They admit that the woman's place is in the home, of course, but their protest, either vocal or not, is that the home must not be made a prison, and if they desire to come out of it they shall have an opportunity. A good many have said to me that though their places may be in the home that does not prevent them from being independently taxed if they have incomes or being subject to all other regulations and imposts; the oldest and truest argument for equal suffrage, now brought home to many women for the first time by the money side of the war in all its various personal manifestations, demands and obligations.

"The inner and true psychology of it all is that this great desire for equality has been impressing itself on women for a long space of time, making some militant and others merely thoughtful, but all anxious to assume an equal share of responsibilities if given an equal responsibility. They think, whether they say it or not, that the world scale does not hang evenly and justly and that it will not until what seems now assured entirely comes to pass.

"Those of us who have gone into the matter perhaps more fully than the average woman realize that most of this is subjective sensation rather than objective reason—among the large third group of average women, I mean; and that the task of those who do realize this is to teach the women of this country to discard consideration of both the individual phase and the nonessential of method of attainment, and utilize the benefits of the new era. They must be taught that. Most of them know only vaguely, and many not at all, what they can do, but they are quick to learn and, once they have learned, their enormous

(Continued on Page 89)

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One of the inspections: Checking the balance, set in beat, against a master balance. The balances being tested are those of the Yankee, the lowest priced Ingersoll. This same method is used for the highest priced watches made.

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INGERSOLL Watches are built to keep accurate time. Every Ingersoll, before it leaves the factory, has to undergo an elaborate series of inspections and tests, to insure its accuracy.

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Ingersoll factories produce 20,000 watches daily. Quantity production and interchangeable parts explain Ingersoll low prices.

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(Continued from Page 86)

forces may be intelligently and effectively directed and applied; and will be, I may say, speaking for the sex in general. I hope you believe in suffrage," she concluded, turning to me.

"Why, yes, I do," I replied; "though I haven't thought of it much."

"Well, you would better begin thinking of it a good deal if you intend to remain in politics, for the women will have a far greater hand in running things in this country, from now on, than they now have, and they are quite important in various sections already."

"Do they take readily to politics?"

"Not so readily as you would think when you consider that the woman mind is intrinsically political in its workings, but that is because they are foreign to party politics. Their politics is of domestic nature. Also as they grasp the essential and important and indisputable fact that the politics and diplomacy it takes to manage and direct one man may be extended, in a portion of its feminine demonstrations, to the management and direction of many men it will be all up with you males. The women will control everything. Potentially they are all politicians."

"Rather discouraging prospect; don't you think so, Dowd?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Dowd. "It all depends on the women."

"Really," added Miss Crawford, "I do not think it will be so terrifying, for it is my opinion that you will find that the women will be juster to the men than the men have been to the women."

"How do you find these soldier women?" asked Dowd.

"Just women, except that the war and the participation of their men in it have intensified their maternal aspects in a way and have accentuated their desires to get all that may be obtained for their men. In reality I think the great danger to suffrage, from a woman's viewpoint, is that the women will utilize their power more for their sons and their other males than for themselves. For example, these soldier women are keen that this organization of ours, to which they are coming rapidly, will get benefits for the boys, not for themselves except as they incidentally will profit, and they desire to utilize their power to that end. In that way it is likely, so far as the average woman is concerned, until the average woman's education is complete, you men will be able to maintain most of the power, not because you get it yourselves but because the women will give it to you themselves."

"In other words," said Dowd, "universal suffrage and equal rights and all the rest of it will be complicated with the eternal feminine."

"Exactly," Miss Crawford replied; "and no true woman would have it any other way."

xxi

DOWD prodded me into great activity among the returned soldiers, just as he prodded all others of our central committee. We held meetings nearly every night and I gradually developed into a confident speaker, whether good or bad.

"For heaven's sake, Tommy, have a heart!" I said one day after I found he and Miss Crawford had scheduled me for three speeches at rallies in one night. "Remember I am an alderman and have work to do for my constituents."

"I'm not likely to forget it," Dowd replied, "with the News editorializing about you a couple of times a week as the fearless young man who tied the can to Pendergrast. However, this is the time to get our affairs in order, and as you volunteered for work I am seeing to it that you get work, and plenty of it. Three meetings to-night for you, and no less. I'm taking four."

I think Dowd worked eighteen hours a day. He abandoned his law business, practically, and threw himself into the labor of organizing those soldiers. Miss Crawford worked as hard as he did, and results were apparent.

"We're almost ready for a big mass convention," Dowd told me one day, "and when we get that over we'll be in fine shape to take this game Hunkins is framing apart to see what makes it tick."

"What is he framing?" I asked. "I haven't seen him for some time; not since the Miller exposure, though I have talked to him a few times on the telephone."

"I don't know yet. I get all sorts of reports. One thing is certain and that is that he is busy with the soldiers too. He has a few fellows who served in the Army on his staff, and though he is not working openly, as we are, he is scattering a good deal of Hunkins-organization propaganda about, just the same."

Dowd stopped and drummed on the table for a minute.

"Say, captain," he said, "why don't you take a try at it?"

"At what?"

"At having a talk with Hunkins to see if you can get a line on what is in his mind. You are the fair-haired boy with him now, and he might unbelt."

"He won't tell me anything."

"Maybe he will. It's worth trying."

"I don't want to abuse his confidence."

Dowd looked at me curiously.

"Have you got it?" he asked.

"Certainly not, but he might tell me that way."

"Look here, Talbot," said Dowd, "I'm not asking you to be either a spy or an informer. Dismiss that from your mind, and don't be such a shrinking violet. If he tells you anything in confidence I'm the last man in the world to ask you to break that confidence, but if he gives you the information in a straight man-to-man talk, that's legitimate enough politics. You have just done Hunkins and a good many others a great service.

"Why not capitalize it a little, inasmuch as the project we are all interested in may be benefited?"

I considered that view of it and saw the merit of Dowd's contention.

"I'll talk to him when I get a chance," I consented.

"Do it now, as the postal-card motto exhorts," urged Dowd. "There's the telephone."

I called Hunkins. He was in and said he'd be glad to see me if I came right over.

"Heard anything about Pendergrast?" I asked him when we were seated in the little room in the house in Martin Street.

"Yes; he's down at that mine in Arizona, cursing everybody, but especially you and me, and drinking more bad liquor than is good for him, even though the mine is in a dry territory. Trust Pendergrast to establish relations with the bootleggers. He's expert in that sort of thing."

"Is he coming back?"

"Not yet. He will eventually, no doubt, and may even try to run in under cover soon, but it will be some time before he resumes his seat in the Board of Aldermen."

"Will Spearle stand for reëlection?"

"Certainly. He's fixing for it now. He has already read Pendergrast out as leader, and has assumed the place himself. He'll be the only candidate from that side in the primary."

Palpably this gave me my chance. I made the inquiry as casual and nonimportant as I could and asked: "Who'll run for us?"

Hunkins smiled as he looked at me.

"The choice of the party, of course," he replied.

"The choice of yourself, you mean," I said boldly.

"You flatter me," he replied, smiling again. "Who am I, to dictate to a great imperial, I may say, political organization in the matter of policies or men? I am merely the servant to carry out the expressed wishes of these electors. As soon as the command comes I shall obey. Until then I stand and wait."

"Pshaw!" I said. "You'll pick the man—if you haven't already picked him."

"I protest. You ascribe to me virtue that I have not; you attribute to me a potency that I do not possess. To revert to my mentor, Horace: '*Mentis error gratissimus*'—it is a most pleasing error of the mind—your mind. I am exceedingly complimented that you have this high opinion of me, but you must revise it. What you assert is quite beyond even my ambitions, to say nothing of my capabilities."

It was plain enough that Hunkins was joshing me gently and that I could get no information with those tactics.

So I said insinuatingly: "Well, I hope the candidate will be a strong man in every way."

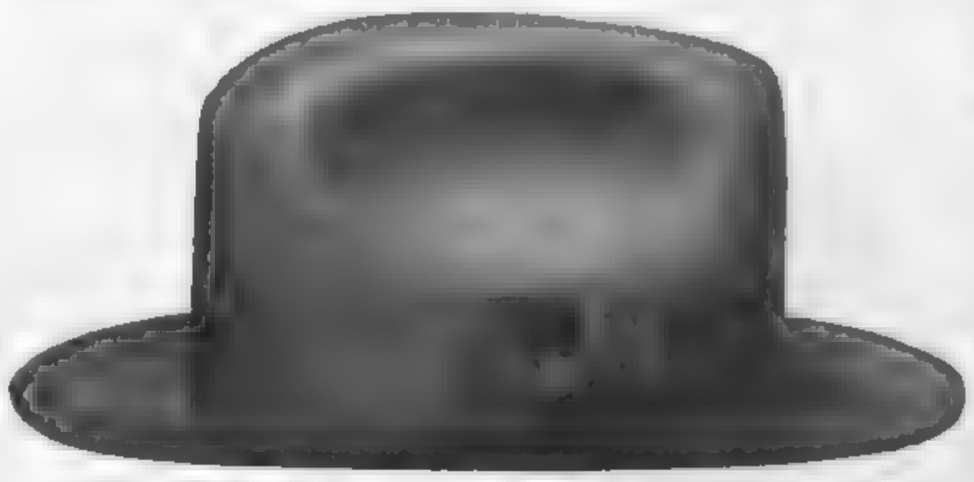
"How can he be otherwise," asked Hunkins, "when our great and moral party will choose him for a standard bearer?"

"Some of them haven't been," I said.

"Ah, well, sometimes circumstance overpowers intent. Let us hope and pray."

The next time I saw Dowd he asked me: "Have any luck with Hunkins?"

MALLORY



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ONCE upon a time a man with a two-dollar bill to spend on a hat could browse around a bit and come out with very fair value for his money.

Not any more.

The war has not only raised the *price* of hats, it has drawn the lines of *quality* of hats very, very sharply, so that today there are only two kinds of hats—

Good hats and bad hats.

And, while the good hats are worth what they cost, in style and in quality, the bad hats—like the little girl in the poem—are very bad indeed. Don't throw your money away on one.

Pay enough to get a Mallory—you won't regret it. Go and look at the New Mallory Fall Models that are on sale now. You won't need to be a judge of hats to recognize the quality—in the soft, pliant felt; the rich, warm colors; the smart style; and the exquisite workmanship.

These are the things you could be sure of getting in a Mallory Hat, even if you couldn't see them or feel them. The Mallory Label guarantees them today, just as it has every day since 1823.

Mallory Hats are priced at $5, $6 and up. Mallory Mello-Ease (very light) at $7 and $8. Mallory Velours, $12 and up. And it is only on Mallory Hats, remember, that you find the famous Cravenette Finish that resists weather.

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Look for this Mark Mallory Hats *in every Mallory Hat*

"Not any. He joshed me, quoted Horace at me, and I didn't get even an initial, to say nothing of a name."

"That's the way he works," said Dowd; "but I'll bet he has had that candidate selected for a month."

"Can he do that?" I asked.

"Do what?"

"Select a candidate without consulting the other organization leaders?"

"He can, and he will. Hunkins isn't an easy boss, like Platt, of New York, used to be. He's a hard boss. He rules those men by sheer force of will and intelligence. Not many of them like him, but they are all afraid of him. One of these days he will be deposed, and probably he knows it; but so long as he is boss he is just that—boss. They may not like his man, but unless they can hand him a candidate who is better he'll put his man over, and he never makes a selection without having overpowering reasons for that selection. He plays fair, doesn't take anything or want anything for himself, and he has them all eating out of his hand."

"You say they are afraid of him," I said. "He always seems mild-mannered to me."

"Stir him up once and you'll see," replied Dowd; and the talk turned on other things.

We had reached the point in our work demanding a big public demonstration. The newspapers were printing paragraphs about our activities, and we decided we must get a few columns, not only for the encouragement of the men and to add to their enthusiasm but to give adequate warning to those working at cross purposes to us that we were in control.

Dowd cautioned us not to say much about the political end of the plan in our speeches, for he saw danger in that, and our main exhortation was along the lines of mutual benefit to all, with politics incidentally mentioned as one way mutual benefits may be attained. We had almost completed our arrangements for our demonstration when the scene for another sort of a performance was set for us by Hunkins himself.

One afternoon six weeks before the date for the primaries Steve Fox shouted to me over the telephone: "Come down to Dowd's office—quick!"

"What's the matter?"

"Never mind. Come down here, and get a move on!"

I was there in fifteen minutes. Dowd and Steve were waiting.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Hell's to pay and no pitch hot," said Steve.

"What is it?"

"Catch him as he falls, Tommy," said Steve. "Listen, George, and remain as calm as possible. We know who Hunkins intends to put into the primary for mayor."

"Who?"

"Perkins!"

"Perkins!" I shouted. "Oh, you're kidding. It isn't possible."

"It is possible and probable and the absolute fact. He's picked Perkins."

"Why, dammit," I sputtered, "the thing's absurd! Perkins was hand-in-glove with Pendergrast."

"Even so, Hunkins has picked him as his candidate."

"I won't stand for it!"

"All right," said Steve, "take a chair, then. It's true."

I couldn't think straight. The thing hit me so suddenly and seemed so preposterous. I recalled my conversation with dad about Perkins and his forty-thousand-dollar transaction at the Consolidated National on the day after the Miller exposure, and the conclusion dad drew from that, and tried to square that with the often-displayed vindictiveness of Hunkins against the Pendergrast gang. It wouldn't jibe.

"It can't be true," I protested. "Hunkins wouldn't do a thing like that. Besides," I urged, seeing a ray of light, "it isn't politics. Perkins doesn't belong to Hunkins' party."

"Oh, yes, he does," said Steve. "He's regular that way."

"But I tell you he has been in with Pendergrast."

"Why not? Perkins isn't the man to let a little thing like party affiliation prevent him from grabbing off a good thing now and then. Pendergrast's gang have the city administration now, haven't they?"

"Yes."

"That's the answer. Perkins plays along with the ins of course, in whatever jobs he wants to put over. That's business, but his politics remains unchanged; only his operations shift."

"Well," I insisted, "Hunkins wouldn't do it unless—unless ——"

"Say it," urged Dowd.

"Unless Hunkins was in with Pendergrast and double-crossed him."

"I wouldn't put it past Hunkins," said Dowd. "But what do you mean?"

"Why, I know that on the day after the Miller thing broke, Perkins borrowed forty thousand dollars in a great rush at the Consolidated National, and putting that fact against some other things I know I am almost positive that Perkins advanced that money to Pendergrast to help make up the shortage, and did it because he had to, because he is in some way beholden to Pendergrast or has been in on some of the graft. He wouldn't lend his mother forty thousand dollars unless he had to."

"Aha!" said Dowd. "The plot thickens. Maybe that is the reason—or maybe not. Anyhow, my son, why did you hold that out on us?"

"I didn't pay much attention to it when dad told me."

"Your father told you?"

"Yes; dad discovered that Perkins borrowed this money at that time, and put that circumstance and Pendergrast's known need of quick money together. Also, dad probably knows other things about Perkins that made him link up the two the way he did."

"Aha again!" said Dowd. "Now it begins to look like something. If John Talbot thinks that, I think it too."

"What are we going to do?" I asked, while Steve whistled between his teeth "Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"

Dowd made no reply for a time. I looked out of the window at nothing. Steve whistled shrilly and walked about the room.

"The first thing to do," said Dowd finally, "is to prove the truth of this report about the nomination of Perkins."

"But you told me it was unquestionable," I reminded him.

"So it is, practically; but it isn't direct from Hunkins himself. Steve got it from an inside source. It isn't to be announced for a few days. He can't print it, unfortunately, or we might head it off that way; though Perkins cannot be attacked without the absolute goods on him, for he is a big person in this community. The papers will be gingerly about that end of it. Anyhow Perkins isn't the man we want. We would not be able to make any sort of a case for him with the boys."

"I should say not!" exclaimed Steve. "Think of asking that crowd to stand for the hypocritical double-dealing Perkins, who isn't taking back any too freely his clerks who went to war, who pays the smallest wages in the city to his women help, who wasn't for the war anyhow until it was shoved down his throat, and who fought organization among his employees until organized labor told him where to get off! It can't be done."

"Well, what can be done?" I asked.

"You can do something if you will," said Dowd. "Last time you went to see Hunkins he joshed you. This time he can't josh. You can put it up to him straight and demand a yes or no."

"On what grounds?"

"On the grounds that you are not only a member of his organization and an officeholder therein but that you also represent a soldiers' organization in this city that will cast a lot of votes and will not cast those votes for Perkins. That may be putting it a little stronger than it is, but you've got to jolt him, both to find out and to stop it after you do find out."

"I can't understand it," I said again. "What the devil does he mean by such a selection?"

"What does he mean?" repeated Dowd. "Why, he means that the good old days shall continue and be enjoyed by the good old boys. You can bet all you've got that he isn't nominating Perkins without knowing exactly where Perkins stands and how he will perform. Hunkins doesn't trade unsight and unseen. He joins no blind pools. They are all tagged and ticketed and delivered before he lets them in. And Perkins will catch as many votes among the business and professional class as he will lose because of his store meannesses. There will be a Hunkins slogan 'A business man for mayor'—before Perkins has been in the field for twenty minutes."

While Dowd was talking my mind began to clarify a little. Hunkins either was or was not planning to nominate Perkins. Why not ask him and settle it?

"I'll go to see Hunkins and ask him," I said when Dowd finished.

"Good!" exclaimed Dowd. "That's the thing to do. Put it up to him cold and straight. When?"

"To-morrow."

"Fine! By that time I'll probably have a better perspective on the whole affair. Just now I'm in no shape for connected thought."

Nor was I, save for my determination to demand an explanation from Hunkins if the story was true or to get a denial if it wasn't. After all my hopes and plans to help in obtaining a better city government—to be handed Perkins! Politics surely is a tough game.

That night at dinner I asked dad: "Dad, who do you think will be nominated for mayor?"

"For mayor? Oh, I don't know. Spearle probably will run again."

"I mean: Who will Hunkins nominate?"

Dad laid down his fork, wiped his lips with his napkin and appeared to give the matter judicial consideration.

"Why," he said in a few moments, "it might be Cass or it might be Stoddard or it might be Camberwell or ——"

"But it won't be," I interrupted. "Hunkins is going to nominate Perkins."

Dad stared at me. "No!" he said. "Somebody is joking you."

"Dad, I tell you it's true. Hunkins intends to nominate Perkins."

"Who says so?"

"Steve Fox."

"Oh, Steve is having a pipe dream."

"He isn't. It's true."

"Can't be."

"Darn it, dad, I tell you it is!"

Dad looked at me for a moment, as if the news were just breaking into his skull. Then he began to pull his eyebrow.

"Why, it is incredible!" he said. "Hunkins cannot possibly be so lost to a sense of decency as to nominate that hypocrite, the accomplice of Pendergrast. He's a grafter. He's a trimmer and plays both ends against the middle. He's not fit. He's ——"

He stopped, pushed back his chair and tugged violently at both eyebrows. That means a volcanic disturbance within dad. One eyebrow is bad, but two are tremendous.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked, looking fiercely across the table at me.

"I'm going to see Hunkins."

"What for?"

"To tell him we won't stand for it."

"Who is we?"

"The soldiers, and others."

"Do you mean it?"

"Certainly I mean it."

"Let me understand this: You intend to go to Hunkins to-morrow and tell him that the soldiers of the city and others will not support Perkins?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you will be emphatic about it, and use a few cuss words if necessary, and not back water if he tries to argue you out of it? He's smooth, you know."

"I'll stick."

"Go to it!" said dad, coming over and shaking hands with me. "Go to it! If you can stop that it will be a great thing for the city, but it will be a hard job. Hunkins is a determined and obstinate man."

"I don't care if he is. I'm going to tell him about himself, anyhow, and what rotten politics it is."

"Good," said dad, as he started for his little room and his blue prints. "I hope you will. Make the best fight you can, and if he persists we'll talk it over and see what can be done."

XXII

"HOME at noon if it is important," Hunkins said to me when I telephoned to him next morning, "or at five o'clock if it can wait that long."

"I'll be there at noon," I told him.

And I was.

"Still on the quest for the hidden candidate?" he asked me.

"I am."

"Well, I appreciate the compliment, admire your pertinacity, but deplore your judgment. As I asked you before, why come to me?"

"Because you have selected the candidate."

"Oh, my dear captain, why do you make such an assertion? Certainly you cannot hold me so meanly as to doubt my disclaimers at our last conversation."

"Mr. Hunkins," I said, looking him squarely in the eye, "I do doubt them."

He was leaning back in his chair, smoking a cigarette, and steadily returned my look. His lips twitched a bit at the corners, but otherwise he took my implication of evasion—to put the best face on it—without a change of countenance or attitude.

"Wasn't it Scott who pointed out that in matters of this sort it is easier to doubt than to examine?" he asked easily. "I think so. Or, to go a bit further with it, I remember a line in the Satires of Horace, in the second book, as I recall it: '*Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat*,' which, on the hazard that you have been too busy with politics recently to renew your acquaintance with my great philosopher, I will translate for you to the broad general effect that a mind inclined to what is false rejects better things. I make no particular personal application and present the thought as descriptive, perhaps, of a mental attitude of many others besides yourself."

There was banter in his voice, but his eyes were cold and hard. He was indolent in his chair and puffed at his cigarette as if the smoking of it were the only serious matter that engaged his attention. Plainly he was having fun with me, as well as making a close scrutiny of me, and I felt the indignation that followed my first news of his choice of Perkins swelling again within me.

"Mr. Hunkins," I said with considerable emphasis, "I didn't come here to listen to quotations from dead and musty authors. I suggest we dispense with the literary phases of this conversation."

"As you will; and may I inquire what you did come here for?"

"To ask you whether it is true you have selected Perkins as your candidate for mayor. Is it true?"

I watched him closely. His expression did not change nor did he shift his attitude. So far as plumping that at him went in the way of rousing him I might as well have said: "I came to tell you it is a fine day."

"A candid question deserves a candid answer," he replied, and his calmness added to my irritation. "However, before making that candid answer let me develop a hypothesis, perhaps two. Suppose I take the statesman's refuge and say I neither affirm or deny?"

"Then I shall think it is true."

"That disposes of that. Suppose, again, I say it is true. Then what?"

"I shall protest."

"Protest? Ah, a light begins to dawn. As I gather your position you are here to ascertain if Mr. Perkins is to be nominated for mayor by our organization; and if so, you protest. Does that state the case correctly?"

I boiled over at that moment.

"It does," I exclaimed, leaning forward, "and I'll be obliged if you will cut out your persiflage and answer the question. I want to know."

Hunkins lighted another cigarette with much care and blew a cloud of smoke.

Then, as if talking to himself, he said: "He demands to know, and he protests. 'Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed?' Well, well, I am nonplused."

"Look here, Hunkins," I said, and I couldn't help raising my voice, though I tried to control myself and remain as calm as he appeared to be, "I have a right to demand an answer to that question."

"Right? What right?"

"Because I am interested in good government for this city."

"The implication being that I am not, I suppose?"

"If you are you will not nominate Perkins."

"Has anybody here but you said that Perkins will be nominated?"

"No, but you're going to nominate him, just the same. You're only sparring for time."

"Sparring for time against such an antagonist? You certainly do hold me in small esteem."

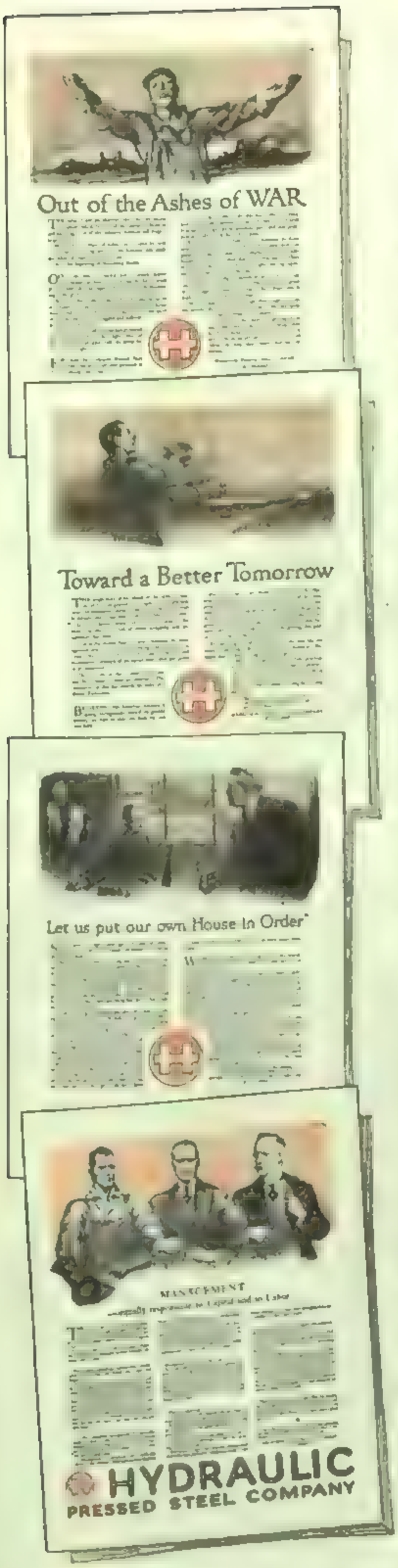
That sneer cast me adrift with my steering gear dismantled. I pounded on the desk.

"I may be more of an antagonist than you think," I asserted vehemently, "but all this isn't getting us anywhere. Once more I ask you: Do you intend to nominate Perkins?"

Hunkins pursed his lips and let a trickle of smoke escape. He seemed almost bored.

"Well," he said slowly, "since you apparently will not be happy unless you can

(Continued on Page 95)



To All who are reading this Hydraulic Series

HOW much should Hydraulic say in these articles about industrial relationship as worked out in its own plants?

We have spoken for a great cause, rather than for an individual industry—for fundamental principles rather than details of their application. Furthermore, the experience at Hydraulic, gratifying as it is, still unfolds daily, and is yet far from final.

Our encouragement is due more to a conviction that we are *on the right road*, than to the distance we have traveled on that road.

The right road started with us when Hydraulic Management first realized its responsibility to those who invested their labor as well as those who invested their money. The right road started with Hydraulic when Management realized that *men are men*, whether they contribute muscle, brains or money to the success of the business—that each, no matter in what capacity he serves, is entitled to the same consideration and respect.

HOW clear the point becomes when we draw the following parallel!

Could this business have been created without capital—the plants built, the machinery bought, raw materials purchased and payroll assumed without someone—the owners—taking the risk? Plainly, there could be no jobs—no wages—were it not for capital. It was the task of Hydraulic Management to establish that fact clearly in the minds of the men and, in so doing, convince the men of the plain justice of giving to their jobs the best that was in them.

On the other hand, could this business have been created, machinery and material used and plans brought to a successful fruition *without men?* Plainly, there could be no business—no profits—were it not for men. It was also the task of Hydraulic Management to establish that fact clearly in the minds of the owners and, in so doing, convince the owners of the plain justice of recognizing as partners all who contribute of their substance to the good of the business—whether it be money, brains or brawn.

Management, equally serving the two great factors—owners and workers—without either of which it would itself be powerless, assumed as its first responsibility the bringing of these factors together in mutual appreciation of their dependence upon each other. In doing this, it was made plain that proper co-operative effort would not only prevent loss but increase both wages and profits.

In creating this basis of mutual understanding, Hydraulic stockholders have never been asked to do anything for Hydraulic men from any other standpoint than that of plain justice and good business. Hydraulic men have never been asked to do anything for the company on anything but the same self-respecting basis. Such a thing as exaggerated sentiment has not figured at all.

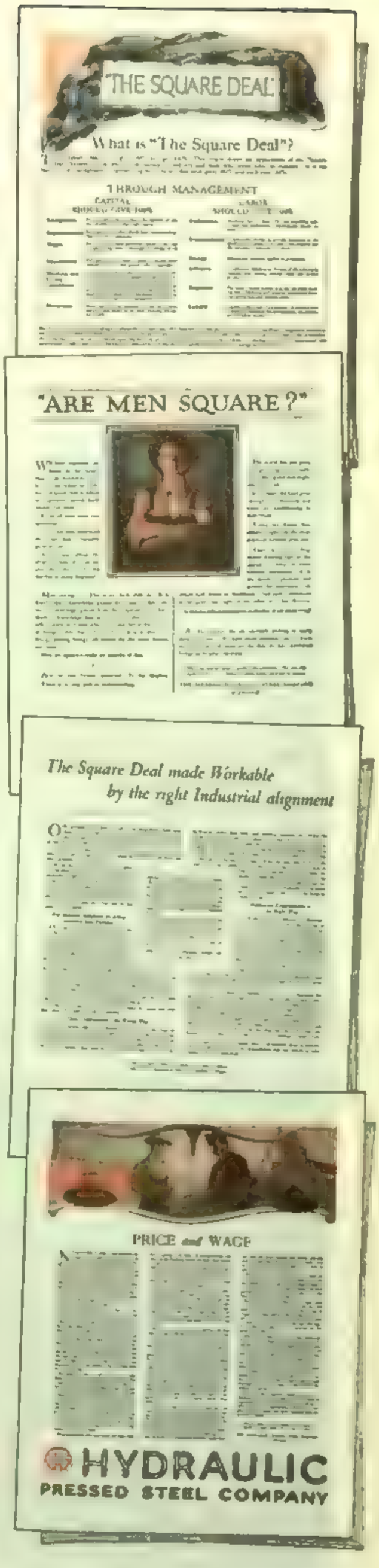
Has this establishment of mutual understanding and respect—this prevention of misunderstanding, antagonism and suspicion—been a great and laborious effort? We can hardly say that it has, because it is so obviously sound. It has taken time, but with an appreciation of mutual benefit, all contributed both in thought and effort, and every day sees further progress. We have found men to be fair whether they contribute money, brains or muscle to the day's work.

With the right understanding established at Hydraulic, further developments have come as a natural course. The true appreciation of mutual interest brought about a feeling of partnership—this led to profit-sharing—to representation, so that all might have a voice in the policies of operation affecting the common interest—to not only a willingness, but an effort on the part of each to do those things which would make for the benefit of all. With this spirit, details became a matter of minor importance and worked themselves out without serious difficulty or difference. Welfare buildings, lunch rooms, co-operative stores, on this basis, were not planned by Management to be financed by the Board of Directors for the use of the men, but were *created by the whole organization*, principally the men, for the mutual benefit of all, with the business contributing its fair proportion toward the expense.

Possibly we may be able, in future articles, to say something of these details which may prove interesting, but as for Hydraulic, we no longer think of detail as any matter for concern. Understanding—mutual understanding—mutual consideration and mutual respect. These—and these only—make everything else possible.

This is the ninth of a series of articles in this publication.
Reprints of former articles will be sent free on request.

THE HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL COMPANY *of Cleveland*



HYDRAULIC
PRESSED STEEL COMPANY

From the Painting by Samuel Nelson Abbott

You pay for it—Get it

THE price of clothes is high enough to give you good quality Do you get it? You can Our clothes are all wool, stylish, well made—always They'll give you absolute satisfaction—your idea of it; money back if they don't

The Style Book shows the correct styles for fall; write for it

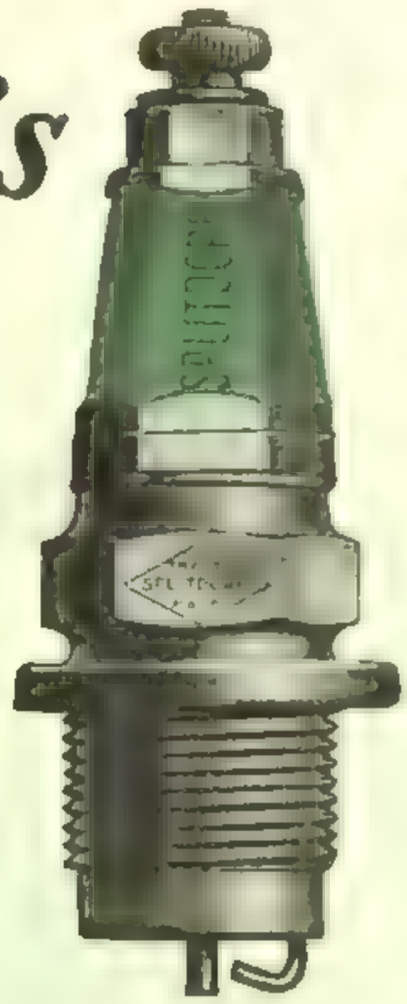
Hart Schaffner & Marx

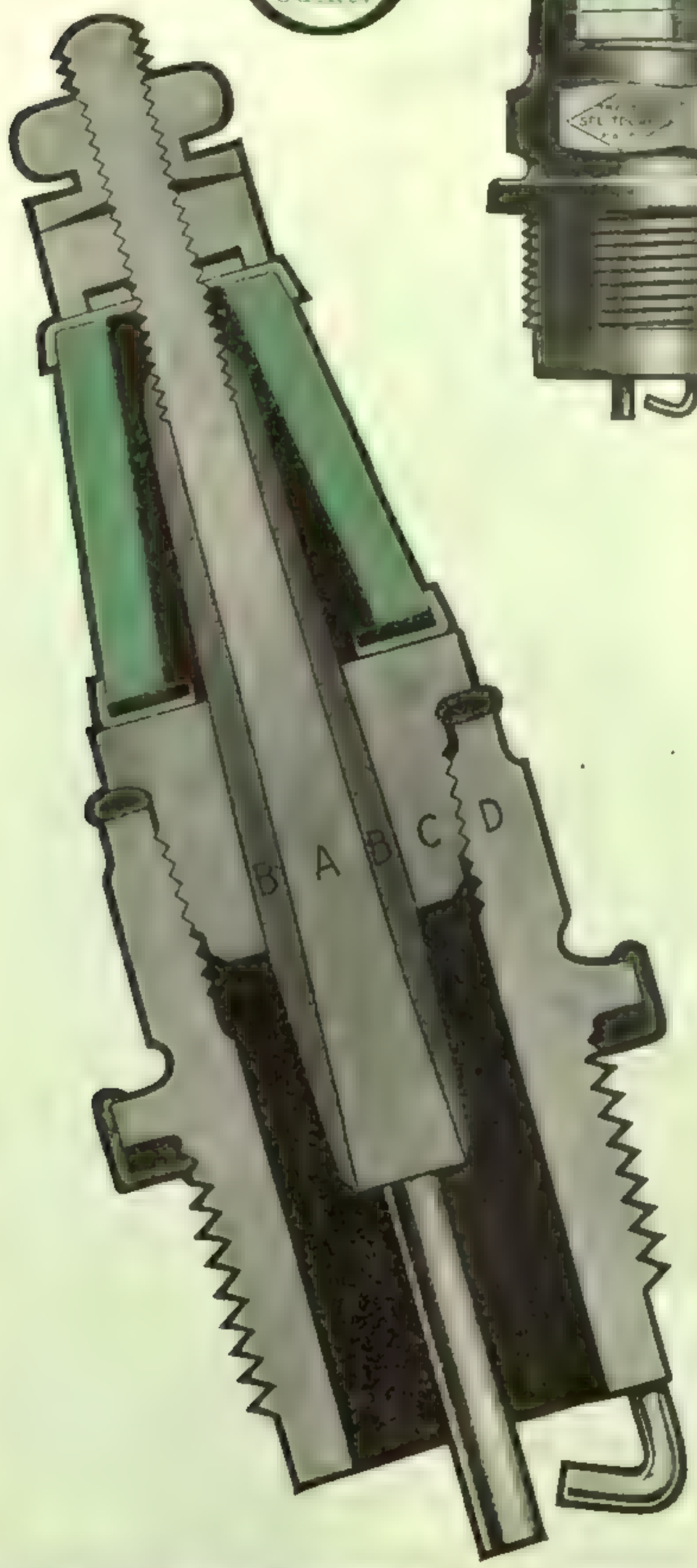
Chicago New York

Copyright 1912 Hart Schaffner & Marx

This Plug is Breakproof and Leakproof

The Plug With the GREEN Jacket





East India Ruby Mica is used exclusively as insulation in Splitdorf Spark Plugs—

Unlike porcelain, Ruby Mica is unaffected by heat. It is fibrous and tough—not granular and brittle. That is why it is unbreakable—why it cannot chip or crack.

As to the leakproof qualities of Splitdorf plugs—just examine the sectional view a moment:—

> After the mica (B) has been wound around the electrode (A) it is forced into the bushing (C) so tightly that the windings become, in effect, a solid mass, proof against oil and compression leakage—
>
> Then bushing (C) is screwed into base (D) with an asbestos-lined soft copper gasket between. The same kind of gasket is used under the base (D) when it is screwed into the cylinder—so, you see, there is absolutely no possibility of leakage anywhere.

Splitdorf plugs are not only leakproof when made, but every explosion in the cylinder tightens them just that much more.

That is the complete story—the famous Green Jacket is put on, of course, but the jacket has nothing whatever to do with the functioning of the plug. It is there for neatness of appearance—and will serve you to identify the one absolutely dependable spark plug.

There is a type of Splitdorf plug best suited to every engine. Our booklet C P 96 will tell you the exactly right type for YOUR engine. Write for it TODAY.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY
96 Warren Street, Newark, N. J.

SPLITDORF SPARK PLUGS

TRADE SPLITDORF MARK

Manufacturers of AERO, DIXIE and SUMTER Magnetos, Oscillating Magnetos and Starter Couplings

(Continued from Page 90)

mix in affairs that are of no concern to you, and as I love to see all my fellow creatures happy, I may as well tell you I shall nominate Perkins, as you say, albeit I usually refer to him as Mr. Perkins."

He spoke with an amused superiority that made me furious. It was like a teacher stating an axiom to a peevish little boy.

"You can't do it!" I exclaimed. "You can't do it!"

"Cannot do it? Why not, pray?"

Of course I had no answer for that. He could do it if he chose. I felt myself slipping.

"I mean you must not do it," I said vehemently, thinking to cover my lapse.

"Must not? That assertion is even more astounding than the other. To tell me I cannot implies lack of power on my part, merely; but to must me an imperative must infers superiority in you. Why mustn't I?"

"Hunkins," I said, "this sort of talk has gone on long enough. I don't care how much you sit and quibble, I tell you that it will be a crime to nominate Perkins."

Hunkins sat up in his chair at that, threw away his cigarette and abandoned his attitude of indolent toleration. His face hardened. Two little bunches came, one at each corner of his mouth, and his eyes bored into me.

"Crime!" he repeated sharply. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that Perkins isn't fit, and you know it. I mean he was in with the Pendergrast gang. I mean that he had been participator in, if not actual promoter of a lot of the grafting done in this city by the officeholders and politicians. I mean that he is a two-faced double-dealing Pharisee, isn't square and is on the make; and that under him things will be just the same in the City Hall as they have been—or worse. That's what I mean!"

I realized that in my heat I had gone somewhat further in denouncing Perkins than the evidence at hand justified, but I felt, was convinced, that a man who was in with Pendergrast, as I fully believed Perkins was, would be no amateur. That wasn't his first participation. I wondered what Hunkins would say, and I wasn't long in discovering.

"I deny those assertions categorically," Hunkins answered to this outburst.

Then he paused, looked me up and down, and proceeded to castigate me with as much precision and almost as much effect as if he were using a rawhide with timed and deliberate strokes.

"I deny what you assert," he said, "though it is giving you too much consideration to deny, even. Before I show you the door I require an answer to this question: By what right or assumption of right do you come here and talk to me in this manner; by what authority, actual or implied—you, a boy I put into a minor place and gave an opportunity to get some prominence? That prominence appears to have destroyed your perspective and dulled your sense of humor, if you have one. What do you mean by it? What is your excuse?"

"I don't need any excuse," I replied, facing him squarely. "I am a member of the party you lead, and I come to you to protest against an action I think injudicious, unwise—yes, criminal. I get my right from my interest in good government for this city. I do not assume it. I have it. Now I've told you what I think, what are you going to do about it?"

I rose, doubled my fists and stuck out my chin. I was so indignant I was ready to fight, almost anxious to, indeed. I hoped he would start something. Instead his face relaxed and he laughed.

"What am I going to do about it?" he repeated. "Why, I am going to advise you to seek some secluded spot and endeavor to attain your normal proportions, which advice I tender herewith. It is then my intention to bid you good afternoon; and at the proper time I shall nominate Mr. Perkins for mayor. Now having been thus frank with you I trust before I invite you to leave you will be equally frank with me. What are you going to do?"

"I'll run against him!"

The first time I ever had that thought or determination was when I shouted it at Hunkins, standing before him in the little room in Martin Street, my chin protruding, my legs braced, my fists doubled. It seemed to come from somewhere outside and to be hammered into my head by the mighty stroke of some unseen force. I started, gasped as I heard myself say the words, but instantly it was clear to me that that was a solution, a way to make my protest effective.

"I'll run against him!" I repeated firmly, but in a lower voice.

Hunkins, still seated in his chair, laughed a contemptuous laugh.

"That," he said, "will be a most welcome though futile diversion. It will add gayety to a campaign that threatens to be dull and uninteresting. Good afternoon. Don't forget that the law says your nominating petition must be filed four weeks before the date of the primary," he mocked as I went out.

XXIII

MY TEMPLES were throbbing and my heart was pounding as I walked down Martin Street. I was chagrined over the way Hunkins had treated me and frightened over my threat to run against Perkins.

"To be sure," I argued with myself, "I have not made that claim or statement or threat or boast, or whatever it is, to any person but Hunkins, and if I do not run he can only turn it into a joke to be circulated among the politicians. I am not beholden by what I said. It was the result of Hunkins' taunting me as he did, the reflex from his sneers and sarcasm and contempt over what I said and my attitude. It need go no further."

But while I tried to convince myself of the absurdity of the thought of my running for mayor against Perkins an insistent "Why not? Why not?" beat down my arguments.

I stopped in the street. "Why not? Why not?" kept pounding in my head.

"Well, why not?" I thought. "I am an American citizen, of legal age, and I am in politics. I am opposed to Perkins, and consequently from this time opposed to Hunkins. I believe that Perkins must be beaten. I may be able to help bring that about. It might be easier for me personally, more comfortable, to get someone else to run, but I am identified with the soldiers—I am a soldier—I am in politics—I have a clean record—I am somewhat known to the people. Why not?"

As I was standing there a taxicab drew up to the curb and I heard a woman's voice say: "How do you do, Captain Talbot? You seem lost; or something like that. May I help you find yourself?"

It was Miss Crawford who hailed me. She was smiling at me from the cab.

"Will you?" I asked her eagerly. "May I ride with you? I would like to talk with you."

"Certainly," she replied. "Get in. I am going down to the Tucker Building."

"That isn't far enough," I said with my hand on the door. "Let's drive out to the park and back."

"I'm rather busy," she protested.

"Please do. I am very anxious to talk to you on an important matter—important to me, anyhow."

"Very well," she assented, "but only out and back."

I told the driver to go to the Lamphier Gate of the park and to return to the Tucker Building, and got in. That would take half an hour. I felt myself lucky in being discovered in the first stage of my problem by Miss Crawford. She had sense and knew politics. Of course there were dad and Tommy Dowd—but ——

"What is it?" she asked, coming directly to the point.

"Have you heard that Hunkins intends to nominate Perkins for mayor?" I asked.

"Yes; Mr. Dowd told me yesterday."

"And you know about Perkins?"

"Yes, in a general way."

"That disposes of the preliminaries. Dowd told me also, and I said I would see Hunkins and ask him whether it was true. It is true."

"Did Hunkins tell you so?"

"Yes, he said so definitely and was most contemptuous over my temerity in asking him about it and protesting against it. Anyhow, to come to the nubbin of it, after I had made my protest he sneeringly asked me what I intended to do about it—and—and ——"

I was embarrassed and ill at ease. I feared she might laugh at me.

"What did you tell him?" she asked.

"I told him that I would run against Perkins."

"For mayor?"

"Yes. What do you think of that?"

She wrinkled her forehead and looked out of the cab window for a few moments. Then she turned to me and said: "Why not?"

"Do you mean that you think it is a good plan?"

"I think so, provided you are in earnest and did not make the threat, if it was a threat, because you were piqued at Hunkins, angry at his reception of your protest. Did you?"

"That may have had something to do with it, but not all. I give you my word it never occurred to me until I found myself standing there in front of Hunkins, who plainly takes me to be a conceited, swell-headed youngster and holds me as just that and nothing more. Then it burst over me that to run against Perkins was a way to make an effective protest—not to talk, but to do something, and I told him I should run. As you say, why not?"

I recapitulated my arguments to myself in favor of such a step. She listened gravely.

As we drew up in front of the Tucker Building she shook hands with me and said: "I think you should. Politically it is feasible. We need a concrete point for the demonstration of our soldier strength and for an incentive for them. They like you.

"They know you because you have been among them so much. You have a good standing in the community. You are known politically because of the Miller exposure and admired even in nonpolitical circles for that. I advise you to run."

I was much encouraged when I said good-by to her at the elevator, and felt almost a candidate as I went to talk it over with Dowd, hoping he might agree with Miss Crawford, but feeling that he must advance some very weighty arguments to dissuade me. I made that decision, first off, myself. Then Miss Crawford indorsed it. If Dowd and dad approved—but would they?

"Tommy," I said to Dowd as I entered his office, "I have an important communication to make to you."

(Continued on Page 99)

I Heard a Woman's Voice Say: "How Do You Do, Captain Talbot? You Seem Lost. May I Help You Find Yourself?"

An actual photograph of the 14-truck fleet of the William Fullerton Motor Truck Service, Chicago, every unit of which is shod with Goodyear Solid Tires

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

Every Wheel on This Busy Fleet Wears a Goodyear

"PREVIOUS to five years ago we used different leading makes of solid truck tires. Since five years ago we have never used anything else but Goodyear Solid Tires. And it is our decision to use only Goodyear Solid Tires in the future. Our reasons are the same reasons that have caused many others to take the same action."—William Fullerton, Manager, William Fullerton Motor Truck Service, 3455-7 So. Morgan Street, Chicago

There's a battery of eighty Goodyear Solid Tires constantly at work on the 14-truck caravan of the William Fullerton Motor Truck Service in Chicago.

The battery has been piling up exceptional mileage scores ever since Goodyear Solid Tires were adopted on these trucks.

Before that time Mr. William Fullerton had used several standard makes of truck tires, but none of these survived the comparison with Goodyears.

During the last two and a half years the average mileage record delivered by the battery of Goodyear Solid Tires has been 22,062, a figure decidedly impressive for this particular type of service.

For this is a hard-working battery that grinds along all day under heavy loads of sheet steel and paper, also sugar, flour and other commodities.

Frequently some of the burly Goodyear Solid Tires in the group are obliged to travel with building materials to construction work where nails, tools, metal scrap and sharp stones constantly threaten tire life.

Every day these tires are required to carry their burdens over wide systems of railroad tracks and along certain pavements rendered almost unusable by neglect and punishment during the war period.

But the whole unfriendly combination never dimmed the glory of the battery; rather does it increase the significance of the fact that the battery is still eighty strong and still going strong.

The present eighty treads are sleek and wearing down evenly, like former eighties; the rubber in the eighty treads is unusually well preserved, showing characteristic resistance to cutting and chipping; the eighty tire-bases give no hint of tread separation.

We talked about the eighty to Mr. Fullerton, who stated that part of the credit should go to a local Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station which made tire conservation practical despite the bad conditions encountered.

So the story of the eighty Goodyear Solid Tires, and all previous Goodyear eighties, is not just a story of higher tire mileage and lower tire-mile cost but a story of tire quality and service that, combined, assure the permanency of these things.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

TRUCK TIRES

KREOLITE WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

Outlast the Factory

Kreolite Wood Block Floored Plant of The H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

End Your Factory Floor Difficulties *Permanently*

KREOLITE Wood Block Floors are laid with one thought uppermost—*to endure.* Thoroughly impregnating the well seasoned blocks with Kreolite Preservative Oil, by our own patented process, absolutely insures them against decay.

Only the tough end grain of the wood is exposed in our method of laying. The *exclusive grooved* construction of Kreolite Blocks allows openings between them. When these are filled with Kreolite pitch, a permanent binder is formed. In this manner Kreolite Wood Block Floors are keyed together as a solid unit, while ample provision is made for expansion and contraction between the grooved joints.

THERE is no substitute for Kreolite Wood Block Floors. No other material is nearly so permanent, resilient and quiet.

The H. H. Franklin Manufacturing Company, of Syracuse, N. Y., builders of Franklin Motor Cars, has installed 231,948 sq. ft. of Kreolite Wood Block Floors.

The highly satisfactory manner in which these floors have answered their requirements is expressed in a letter from this concern.

"We have practically standardized on a hard cement surface with a pitch cushion and pitch coating. We believe that blocks made so as to admit the pitch between them have a distinct advantage over the plain rectangular blocks."

MANY leading manufacturers are being helped in overcoming floor difficulties by the advice of our trained technical men. Let us place our engineers at your service without obligation of any sort.

Successful installations are being made in hundreds of factories over worn floors without interfering with production.

Send for our book on Kreolite Factory Floors. It gives complete information and data regarding installations in old and new buildings of interest to industrial executives, architects, construction engineers and contractors. This book will be mailed promptly upon request.

The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio

Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto and other principal cities

(Continued from Page 95)

"Shoot," said Tommy, whirling his chair round.

"I am going to run for mayor against Perkins."

Dowd looked at me appraisingly for a moment, took a puff or two at his cigar, and then asked quietly: "Why not?"

"That's what everybody says!" I exclaimed.

"Who's everybody?"

"Why—er—er—Miss Crawford; and—and—myself."

"Quite a representative body of citizens, I should say." Dowd laughed. "Tell me about it," he said.

I told him the story from first to last, including my conversation with Miss Crawford and what she said. Dowd asked many questions, particularly about the attitude and definiteness of Hunkins as to the Perkins nomination, and chuckled over my report of my castigation. He probed me incessantly for two hours, going into my convictions as to civic government, as to the duties and the opportunities of the soldiers, as to many other things I had no idea might have a bearing on a primary contest for a city office. This completed he came over to me, put his hand on my shoulder and said: "George, do you believe in yourself? Do you look at this in a broader light than a means for personal advancement? Are you sure that it isn't because you are angry at Hunkins?"

"Tommy," I replied, "I admit that at first, when I told Hunkins, I was angry, and that the idea may have had its beginning from that, from the desire to get even with him, to punish him for the way he spanked me; but since I have talked to Miss Crawford and while I have been talking to you I have begun to think it is a good thing in many other ways than personal; and will be. I am not posing, and shall not, as a crusader or an uplifter—nor as a young messiah; but I do think that if we can we should prevent the election of Perkins as mayor, and if I can help that way I am ready."

"You understand the grueling you will get, do you? It's no summer day's picnic to run for mayor in this town. The opposition is shrewd and vicious. They will make it most unpleasant for you. You will be ridiculed, abused, assailed in every imaginable way."

That stirred the fighting blood in me.

"All right," I answered. "I think I can stand the gaff, and we can play at that game as well as they can."

"We surely can," said Dowd. "If you honestly feel that way about it and want to try it, I'm for you, heart and soul."

We shook hands and in five minutes were deep in the city charter and the state election law getting the detail of the processes antecedent to filing a proper petition establishing me as a candidate in the primary.

Once we had those formalities straight Tommy's mind began to work, and he planned a tentative campaign that included a soldiers' mass meeting, or several of them, ward organizations, a central organization, speeches, literature, finances. He went into detail that amazed me.

"Lord!" I said. "Does it take all of that?"

"Yes, and then some. You are going against a machine that is working smoothly, that is long established and not too scrupulous in its methods. The only way you can win is by the force of publicity. We must impress on this city that you stand for cleaner government. We'll have to proclaim you like a breakfast food, show you to be as wonderful as one of those young men in the advertisements who run their salaries up from ten dollars a week to fifty thousand dollars a year by taking a course in psychology by mail. You'll have small sleep, no comfort and darned little anything else but work from now until the night of the primary, but you'll have a lot of fun, and so shall I, and we'll make it interesting at any rate for Brother Hunkins and Pharisee Perkins. How about money?"

I hadn't thought of the financial requirements of my plan. Tommy's question startled me.

"Will it cost much?" I asked.

"Considerable," he replied. "You see, the other fellows have a going organization, and aside from the soldiers we must build from the ground up. We can't use the soldiers as a machine for you, except indirectly. That wouldn't be good politics or good sense. We've got to form a personal Talbot-for-mayor campaign committee and finance that independently. Then we shall be able to throw our soldier organization in behind you, but it cannot be specifically a Talbot force. We'll be for you, but we cannot be yours in a personal sense. That would detract from the real purposes of our work. Have you any money?"

"A few thousand dollars—five or six, perhaps."

"Will you back yourself with it? It's a bet, you know."

"Certainly. I'll give you a check for it immediately."

"All right. That will do for a starter. Will your father help?"

"I hope so."

"Find out as soon as you can. And there will be others."

"What others?"

"I don't know yet, but there will be. There never is much difficulty in financing a thing of this sort if it is handled right. It's astonishing how people put up for movements and societies and leagues and all that sort of thing. There's a new profession in this country—the profession of vocational reformers and uplift experts. They organize these leagues and things for the salaries they get for being secretaries to them. But that is by the way. With enough to start on we shall be able to pull through all right."

"How much will we need to start?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"I can get that much," I said confidently, thinking of my own five or six thousand and dad.

"Get it as soon as you can. Where's Steve Fox?"

"At the office, I suppose."

"Well, Steve must handle the publicity. I'll do the general politics. You will make the speeches and do the handshaking, and Miss Crawford will look after the headquarters detail and be treasurer. There's a quartet that will stir 'em up. Let's go and quaff a couple on it while as yet the chance remains."

That night I told dad.

"Dad," I began, "you don't think Perkins is a fit man to be mayor of this city, do you?"

"I do not!" said dad emphatically. "He has always managed to maintain his standing, chiefly by his churchgoing and other hypocrisies, but I firmly believe him to be a crook. I don't think he ever did any actual stealing, but he has planned a lot and has taken his big share of the swag."

"All right," I said. "Now I want to tell you what happened to-day."

He listened to my story intently, questioned me closely about the detail of my meeting with Hunkins and searchingly as to my reasons and conclusions, ideas and ideals. He went into the difficulties of the campaign, painted the troubles I would have rather darkly, and assayed me even closer than Dowd had done. All his inquiry was to discover whether I was in earnest or merely wounded in my vanity by Hunkins and desirous of reprisal.

"Of course, dad," I said to him, as I had said to Dowd, "I admit that the first thought of it came when I was blazing with anger at Hunkins, when he had jabbed me and japed me until I was sore all over; but though that started it it is a bigger thing than that now. I want to run because I think I can do some good for the city by running. That's the great side of it in my mind now. I still cherish a human desire to land on Hunkins, but that isn't the only motive. I'm going into it whether you approve or not. You remember, when I first talked to you about politics you were not enthusiastic. Since then a good many things have happened, and now I think I see my way to make an effort worth while. I want you with me, dad, not only because you are a big man in this community but because you are my father. Will you stand by?"

Dad put out his hand. He turned his head a little, but I saw his eyes winking rapidly; and my eyes were a bit moist also.

I took his hand and pressed it.

"To the limit, George," he said. He swallowed hard two or three times, then as if ashamed of having shown any feeling said briskly: "Now, then, let's get down to the practical side of it. How much will it cost?"

"I don't know yet. Dowd thinks twenty thousand dollars will be plenty. We've got to build from the ground up, you know, as he points out."

"Well," said dad, "it won't be good sense, good politics or good anything else to make this exclusively a Talbot enterprise. You and Dowd and the rest of you raise what you can, and I'll guarantee all deficits. That's the best way for me to work."

"Thank you, dad," I said.

"Go to it," he said. "I'm with you to the end of the trail."

"Then I can't lose," I replied, and dad went off to his blue prints, humming a little tune as he went.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ADVENTURE'S END

(Continued from Page 11)

Liza discovered that they were discussing the women's bathing suits at European watering places. She was almost as astonished as Reba.

Decidedly this Paull was an original. His mouth was set in an inelastic line; his disapproval was weighty.

"It was as much as I could manage," he added, "not to crown our liaison officer." Liza deduced "to crown" was an act of violence rather than a jeweled tribute.

Her knowledge of Paull was enormously increased by the possession of the fact that, above all else, he was an idealist, an idealist and incurable romantic. There at last she had the completing phrase—a romantic. This, to her exactly technical mind, meant an individual addressed to high conceptions of being rather than to sordid experience. A romantic—Andrew Paull—was a man who saw stars as realities of beauty. They were either that or whirling spheres of ignited, noxious and even fatal gases. It depended on the individual attitude.

Liza Clarges had a sudden preference for the former. She met Paull's gaze less directly than before, aware of the faint color now rising in her cheeks. He had turned to answer India Dinning; but, analytical to the end, Eliza noted that she held his attention midway in its shifting course. He looked down at her with tremendous earnestness and frowned slightly when India declared petulantly:

"Captain Carpenter, if you have any influence with this officer do make him answer a really flattering question."

"I'm sorry," Andrew Paull grinned. Really, Eliza told herself, there was no other word for his boyish expression. Yet she was less and less impressed—oppressed?—by his youth. His essential gravity contradicted that. In repose his face was somber, the face of a dreamer. Yes, then he was ugly; it needed his look of inquiry, his intensely concentrated interest, to bring out the charm he largely possessed. She liked him better already than anyone else she could recall. The richness of his personality, caught by her eager creative receptiveness, filled her with a heightened sense of vitality.

The roof garden of the hotel flashed in a rhythm of crystal and linen; the brilliant dresses and hats of the women, seen on a marble colonnade lifted against infinite space, were charged with picturesque significance. Thin wisps of essentially cold vapor! Her hand slipped without intent to her side and brushed the warm vigor of Paull's fingers. She didn't withdraw her arm, nor did he stir until, after a moment, his palm turned and took hers firmly. She regarded India Dinning with unconcern while her heart beat in a warm, pleasant tumult. Then Andrew Paull's grasp tightened until he was actually hurting her; his grip was convulsive, it pained her so much that she thought she must cry out; but when her endurance was exhausted her hand was released. She turned furiously toward him; but her anger dissolved before the gray misery of his face. Liza Clarges managed to smile reassuringly.

IV

"I MUST talk to you," he said in a low voice at her side. The luncheon was at an end, and Liza, leading their small procession, was moving toward the elevators. There was a press of people about the latter; with Andrew Paull she momentarily lost her company. She caught a glimpse of India's pink hat and heard Freda Zooch's penetrating tones, when an illogical dislike of their aggressive youth, the wish for the most immediate escape, drove her, followed by Paull, into a waiting car. The opaque glass door was closed on them and they sank rapidly to the level of the city.

"I'm supposed in a way to be sick," he told her, standing again by the entrance. "It's an awful nuisance; they said I'd be recovered now, but it seems I'm not. A sort of breakdown in France. I've been traveling about with Carpenter trying to lose it before I go back to the office. Everything seems all right, I feel fine, and then, like to-day, I go as if I had been hit by a shell. I'm sorrier than I can say about your hand. Did I ruin it?"

Together they gazed seriously at Liza's narrow hand, now correctly sheathed in suède.

"Not entirely," she assured him.

"It's like this," he continued in a burst of confidence: "I must get away, at once, anywhere; I think I'll strangle if I don't. Right now I have to keep a grip on myself. Do you suppose I—I shall ever be right again?"

Liza saw the panic sweep back over his countenance; the June midday was hot, but not sultry enough to explain the dripping wetness of his forehead. Her liking for him was sharpened by pity. In a lesser degree she shared his need to get away—not so much because of what she might come to but in order to leave far behind her present surrounding. Her mental directness, daring, rose overwhelmingly to the surface, inundated the Liza Clarges of exterior conventionality.

"Of course you will be right soon," she reassured him. Aware that he was close beside her she went out to the sidewalk, to where a number of automobiles were parked in the street. "If you must get away," she said evenly, "at times so must I." Liza gazed at the cars, and in particular at a high-powered yellow machine with a small crest painted on its door. "It's a horrid feeling," she added, "and I have it now extraordinarily. Shall we take a car? See if the key isn't in this canary-colored feminine affair."

He asked: "It isn't yours?"

"No."

"That's rather brisk," he temporized, gazing into the car. "The key is there, and the usual limp rose with maidenhair fern."

She moved forward audaciously: "Well?"

"A splendid crust," he spoke doubtfully, and then she saw that her recklessness had been communicated to him. "It makes small difference to me." He opened the door to the deep single seat and, shutting it on her, went round to the driver's side. He brought the automobile out of the line with a short abrupt turn, and at once they were gliding through the congested traffic. Andrew Paull drove with the deceiving indifference of an absolute and practiced control. He wore no hat, and in the brief speeding possible between crossings his stiff hair stirred slightly in the wind. His dark face, its youth scarred by suffering, was set directly ahead.

"Where shall we go?" he asked finally, in a comparatively deserted city street, paved and lined on both sides with small hot-looking brick houses.

"Does it matter?" Liza replied.

"Anyhow we can keep on for two hundred and seventy dollars' worth."

"I have as much more."

He turned decidedly. "I couldn't think of our using your money." She smiled in delight at the inevitable banality of his attitude. The scrupulous prejudice, she thought, was irresistible. It was, she saw from the clock before her, past three. The day was growing as close as July; the sky had a muffled gray appearance. A prolonged silence enveloped them; they were leaving the city and rolling over a wide, smooth way by a green-banked river. There were elaborate dingy granite monuments on vivid green terraces, fountains dripping into shallow basins, and a row of ornamental boathouses on the water.

"You're an inspired picker," Andrew said at last; "the engine of this Zenith is as

(Continued on Page 103)

Air Is Free, Why Not Use It?

A Tea-Kettle and Steam

A steam jet from a tea-kettle told Watt how to meet his era of labor shortage and rising prices, and the Age of Steam was born.

With steam came power, and with power has come the use of air, and its control. Air, formerly used only to breathe, has been put to work doing hundreds of things, from cushioning a rubber tire to supporting aircraft heavier than itself.

Air Conveys, Cools, Drys

The leaves that blow along the ground tell you that air is a conveyor. The color of the leaves in the fall tells you that air is a dryer.

There are Sturtevant air conveyors that push or suck along on a column of air things light as cotton or corn-flakes, and things heavy as bricks or lumps of coal.

There are Sturtevant dryers for dehydrating fruits and vegetables, and high-humidity kiln dryers that dry wood in a moist, warm air that coaxes the moisture from the center of the wood *first*, drying the whole thoroughly, quickly and without warp or crack.

The North Wind Cools The South Wind Warms

Wind out of the North shows air as a cooler. Wind from the South shows that air can warm things. The ocean breeze shows that air can carry moisture. The whirlpools in the street breeze show that air can clean the ground of dust.

Sturtevant puts air to work by concentrated control and activation. Air is made by us to cool the spark of the wireless, to heat drying-chambers, to clean your rugs and floors.

The Bellows of the Village Blacksmith

was only an application of the fact that a breeze blowing on a bonfire would multiply the heat from the fuel. Today such a bellows is almost a curiosity.

The Sturtevant fan placed under grates gives a forced draft, or placed above the grates gives

an induced draft by sucking the gases up from the flames and blowing them out the stack. This saves fuel, gives better control of the fires, and avoids the expense of a high stack.

AIR ENGINEERING is the Sturtevant specialty. We know how to make it blow hot or cold, dry or moist, hard or easy. Sturtevant apparatus puts air to work on service that you probably never connected with air.

There are Sturtevant heaters and ventilators to insure that the air in church, school, hotel, office, shop or subway is fresh, pure and right as to temperature.

If the changing conditions of the air and heat in your factory make your machinery or your product vary in performance, we can give you a permanent, satisfactory static condition.

Use Air—On the opposite page is a list of industries in which air is profitably used. Let us tell you how.

Sturtevant advisory service is at your disposal. If you want to know how air can be put to work for you, telephone, wire or write for specific data about the application of air to the business you are in. Bulletins fully descriptive of the various work Sturtevant apparatus has done and can do have been prepared by our engineers and will be found to reflect the experience of our full sixty years of constructive engineering.

Where Air Is Put To Work

The use of air and the control of air is a modern manufacturing fact—just as the use of steam and gas and electricity is a fact. The uses of air are as varied as the uses of steam or electricity—only these uses have been more recently understood and applied mechanically. There is probably work in your factory that air can do, better than anything else can do it. There are firms in business using air for purposes not imagined a few years ago.

Sturtevant Puts Air to Work for the Following Kinds of Businesses

Are You in the List?

Airplanes and parts
Agricultural implements
Aluminum ware
Ammunition
Artificial limbs
Asbestos products
Automobiles
Babbitt metal and solder
Bags
Belting, leather
Billiard tables and materials
Boots and shoes
Boxes, wood and paper
Brass, bronze, copper products
Brick, tile, pottery, clay products
Brooms
Cardboard
Carpets, rugs
Carriage and wagon materials
Coffee and spice, roasting and grinding
Coffins, burial cases
Coke
Condensed milk, milk products
Confectionery
Cooperage
Cordage and twine
Carriages and wagons
Cars and general shop construction
Cash registers and calculating machines
Cement
Chemicals
Cotton goods
Crucibles
Cutlery and edge tools
Drug grinding
Dyeing and finishing textiles
Electrical machinery, apparatus
Electroplating
Emery and other abrasive wheels
Enameling
Felt goods
Fertilizers
Files
Firearms
Fire extinguishers, chemical
Foundry supplies
Fuel, manufactured
Galvanizing
Gas and electric fixtures
Gas, illuminating and heating
Glass
Glucose and starch
Glue
Gold and silver, leaf and foil
Gold and silver, reducing and refining
Graphite, ground and refined
Hardware
Hardware saddlery
Hats, fur—felt
Ice, manufactured
Iron and steel, blast furnaces
Iron and steel, steel works
Iron, bolts and nuts, washers, rivets
Iron, forgings, including wire nails
Japanning
Jewelry
Jute goods
Lamps and reflectors
Lasts
Leather goods
Leather, tanned, curried and finished
Lime
Lithographing
Locomotives
Looking-glass and picture frames
Lumber and timber products
Malt
Marble and stone work
Matches
Mats and matting
Minerals and earth, ground
Models and patterns
Motorcycles, bicycles and parts
Musical instruments and materials
Oil, cottonseed and cake
Oil, linseed
Paints
Paper and wood pulp
Paper goods
Patent medicines and compounds
Paving materials
Peanuts, grading, roasting, cleaning and shelling
Pencils, lead
Pens, fountain and stylographic
Petroleum, refining
Phonographs and graphophones
Photographic apparatus
Pipes, tobacco
Plated ware
Plumbers' supplies
Printing and publishing
Printing materials
Pulp goods
Pumps
Refrigerators
Rice, cleaning and polishing
Roofing materials
Rubber goods
Saddlery and harness
Safes and vaults
Salt
Sand and emery paper and cloth
Saws
Scales and balances
Screws
Sewing machines and attachments
Shipbuilding
Show cases
Signs and advertising novelties
Silversmithing and silverware
Slaughtering and meat packing
Smelting and refining
Soap
Soda water apparatus
Sporting and athletic goods
Springs, steel, car, carriage
Stamped and enameled ware
Steam fittings, steam and hot water heating apparatus
Steam packing
Stoves and furnaces
Structural iron work
Sugar, refining
Sulphuric, nitric, mixed acids
Surgical appliances
Tin plate and terneplate
Tobacco, chewing and smoking, snuff
Tools
Toys and games
Trunks and valises
Turpentine and rosin
Type founding
Typewriters and supplies
Umbrellas and canes
Varnishes
Wall paper
Wall plaster
Washing machines and clothes wringers
Watch cases
Watches
Wheelbarrows
Whips
Windmills
Window shades and fixtures
Wire
Wirework, including wire rope and cable
Wood distillation
Wood, turned and carved
Wooden goods
Wool pulling
Wool scouring
Wool, shoddy
Woolen and worsted goods
Millstones
Ordnance and accessories
Whalebone cutting

There are Sturtevant Bulletins, prepared with full descriptions of apparatus and installations, on every type of Sturtevant equipment. Let us know what work you have that you think air can do and we will send you the bulletin that describes this service. Sturtevant Representative will, on request, visit your plant and consult with you. Write us. Address

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DISSTON

"Largest Saw Factory in the World"

DISSTON-THE SAW MOST CARPENTERS USE

(Continued from Page 99)

sweet as cream. I must see how much gas we have." He turned and they crossed a bridge; below, the water was like jade, through which a four-oared barge was propelled with long sweeps. The oarsmen wore brilliant jerseys and their arms gleamed in smooth muscular extension and contraction. Beyond, over a suave hill, they left the cultivated park; soon they were in the veritable country, a rich region of rise and hollow, compact wood and open farming, watered with placid streams.

"How old are you?" Liza asked.

"Sometimes twenty-nine and sometimes, when I haven't been sleeping, a thousand."

He was eight years younger than herself; yet the difference couldn't be so exactly measured. For example—at present, Liza was convinced, she was seventeen; and his disaster had steeped his years in shadow.

"Perhaps the most remarkable thing about any suffering is the way it cuts you completely off from life," she proceeded conversationally.

"How did you know that!" he cried in an eager relieved voice. "I like people a lot, I like to be with them, to give parties; but now there are minutes when I can hardly hear what they say, they are so far away. If there are more than four or five together I get mixed up. But the loneliness is the worst—just as if you had already died, disappeared, as if you were no more than a transparent ghost."

"It's practically the same when you are normal," she instructed him; "but then you are so full of your own preoccupations that you neither notice nor mind. I think that some varieties of sickness clear the mind instead of clouding it, and you are rather appalled."

"That's true too." His enthusiasm rose. "I've never had it explained before. Do you know, you are better than any doctor I have seen. Just taking this car, going off with you, has done me tremendous good. It will be cheap at a term in jail."

They were driving deeper and deeper into the green heart of the country; elaborate estates, imposing lawns and pillared driveways were giving place to farmhouses, old stone barns with inanimate weathercocks.

"When we come to a town," Paull proposed, "we'll stop for gas and, if it's time, supper." To her surprise he commenced singing in a barytone that might well have been a revelation of all the richness and deep emotion she felt he possessed.

V

"OH, THERE may be a change in the weather,
There may be a change in the sea;
There may be a change altogether,
But there'll never be a change in me."

"I'm certain I never heard that before," she told him when he paused. "I like it and what is its name?"

He had never heard the title, he admitted. "But it's a song most girls know. I had an idea it was good, because in the woods it was the only one the guides used to ask for."

The afternoon grew hotter, and there was an early mutter of thunder from the thickening haze in the west. Then in a hollow they passed through a wood pungent with dank vegetation and permeated with the notes of birds; a towering grove of oaks followed crowning a rise; and before them the countryside swept away in farming and pasture to the horizon swimming in veiled hills. Contentment enveloped Liza Clarges; surrendered to irresponsible chance she was freed of obligation, of connection with the past or future.

Detached, in the passage of the automobile, from houses and people, seeing them fleetly and leaving them forever, she was reminded again of her abstract existence. But with Andrew Paull beside her, driving with aplomb and finish, she was in contact with dynamic reality.

"I want to go home, I want to go home;
Champagne and whisky and sodas galore,
I don't want to stay at the front any more ——"

Then abruptly, somberly, he stopped. "There were some wonderful songs, never written—wonderful men. I suppose you think I was just weak and cracked. That's one view of it. But I couldn't make you understand what—what the war meant to me without going pretty far back. I didn't think there was anyone living I'd explain it to. Well, I told you about the woods.

"I always loved things like that, you know—new, away from cities and women and all they mean. Father moved to Michigan when I was young; there were only the two of us. He didn't often get away, but when he did we made long trips into virgin country. Right, see! Any number of guides—it was like that with my father. And I went in with friends into the real north; I knew the Indians, I could talk 'Jibway then, and went to their dances. They were first-rate, with a fiddler calling the figures and the 'breeds leading out the queens in a dozen petticoats. I danced with them—nothing could be better.

"I sailed, too, supported myself for a season about the Isle Royale with an old Scotchman who owned a sloop. We'd take people out who'd never been under a sail, and MacGummage would curse 'em beneath his breath. I've been on the Banks out of Boston and Gloucester as well, hand-lining and cook's assistant. I was as sick as possible, jogging in a blow, for the most of a week. But when we got back they wanted to give me my share of the catch; they insisted on it and were mad when I tried to refuse. They told me I could go again whenever I liked. And they were the best men in the world, the very best.

"That's what I chose to do. I didn't care for money, or the truck most men give their lives for; I didn't want to own anything but myself. Only to take my trick at the wheel or pack across the Newfoundland Barrens when the caribou were migrating. I went along without bothering; and my father died. There was a great deal to think about of course, but the most important was what would become of me. I argued it with myself for days—the rivers and the sea against a civilized living and work. In the end I decided on the latter; I was afraid of being no good, of degenerating into a sort of picturesque tramp. After all there was a certain standard born in me. I don't mind telling you that I came from gentlemen.

"In cities I wanted the cultivated things. I used to dress and go alone to the real places for dinner when there was no one to take. I like expensive food, candles on the table and drinks and charming women to watch, and then a good seat at the opera. Oh, yes, I've the reputation of a spender; they even have gambling on me. It doesn't matter. But this only at the longest intervals if I'd had my way.

"I worked hard, when I started; and I was beginning to be successful. There wasn't much money left to me, but I got to a place where I ran a small car and kept a pretty good hunter in the country. Drags three times a week. It didn't appeal to me much, but I had forgotten about the other, my life seemed settled, when the war came." He broke off to face her, guiding the car with one hand through a hedged land floating with pale-gold butterflies.

"Bang!"

She nodded, breathless with tension.

"It seemed to me that here was the reward, the answer—an absolutely justified adventure greater than anything I had ever dreamed. I guess, writing a story, you might give it some such end, happier than a million of dollars and a Jane. I went in at once, the engineers, and I worked harder then than it was really possible. Before we left for France I had my company; I was a captain."

The lane turned, dipped, and passed a fence where cows were shouldering each other to get home. There was a swift glimpse of long shadows across a ruddy pasture, the white gable of a house, and the faint sound of a farm bell.

"That company," he said with a short gulp, "was officially complimented. God knows I tried to make it good! I noticed on the transport I was pretty tired; and I began to be afraid things weren't going right. A major had a book on typography I wanted; he was in our command; I couldn't have missed him, yet I went and sat outside his tent at five in the morning so that I'd be there when he waked up."

A sharp hurt compressed Liza's heart; apprehensive, already aware of what must follow, she still felt that she couldn't endure the words.

"One morning—we were to go up on the line the next day—my colonel sent me to see the doctor. It was his opinion that I needed a little attention, like rubbing up an equipment—nothing much. The doctor ordered me out, sent me back to hospital. The regiment, the company, went on without me. I was in hospitals two months and then brought home a casual." He cursed, a blasting phrase, very softly, and then after a short silence apologized.

Liza Clarges laid a hand, stripped of its glove, on his arm. She was indifferent to the swift blurring of the landscape, the wetness of her cheeks. Below them a town spread a serene expanse of chimneys and steeples through a thick maple foliage.

VI

THEY discovered a comfortable appearing hotel, with a wide porch across the second story, and Paull left her there while he went in search of gasoline. Liza sat waiting, after a little, above the small movement of the center of the town. Her deeply stirred mind left the facts of her companion's bitter experience and returned to her own past, to the past and her problematic future. She couldn't sentimentally pretend that she had been unhappy; that would be too ridiculous. She had been remarkably successful in what, had she been given a choice, she would have preferred above everything else. Anyhow, Liza abhorred sentimentality.

She hadn't been really lonely or miserable, but now she was dissatisfied. In a way, even with so much, she hadn't had enough from life. Liza had always proclaimed that women were less admirable than men in the practice of the creative arts because a man entirely lost himself in his profession, but a woman, to some degree, always kept the validity of her personality. Liza had maintained this, as she did so much else, as a truth outside herself. But she realized that she, too, came within a universal law.

It was, she thought, in a momentary shrinking back to her customary spirit, decidedly banal. Her critical being revolted from taking any part in an action, a plot, that promised to be so stereotyped.

She had but to hurry down the street and find, in one of the local stores, a complete and amazingly chic costume for which—redoing her hair with considerably more dash—she would change her present undoubtedly severe garb. Then when Andrew Paull returned—Presto! or some other inexcusable expression.

But it was no good laughing at herself; her tiresome honesty forced an acknowledgment of the unrest, the dissatisfaction. After all she was lonely; not superficially but integrally. Her mind returned to Paull; and she admitted another truth—already he had obsessed her to an overwhelming degree. She understood him so absolutely: not simply his present mental disorder, which might or might not vanish, depending on his fiber, but even more on what he experienced in the coming weeks; but she penetrated to the bottom of his romantic entity.

He was not made for a success in the present narrow commercial organization of society. Without the accident of the war his idealism might have died, leaving the husk of youth, of extinguished fires, characteristic of most men. But all his longing, his revolt, had been brought back intensified by a peculiar and tragic mischance. He might or might not recover his mental balance; but she was certain that he would never recur satisfied to the monotonous round of duty he had elected with such painful courage. That mold, artificially imposed, was broken. He liked things to drink, they even had gambling on him. What under the probable future must occur was plain to her.

Many of the best boys, the very best, went that way to disintegration. It was commonly called weakness; but that self-satisfied and smug definition didn't please Liza Clarges. It was, as often, the result of superiority—superior sensibilities, desires, finer visions—to a crushing leagued mediocrity. Generosity, beyond a careful degree, was a catastrophe. All Andrew Paull's qualities pointed to a culminative and blind revolt—unhappiness, oblivion, ruin. It was unimportant to her whether or not he became what was known as a good citizen; she was not interested in sobriety for itself, nor in a bank account, public respectability. Liza hated the threatened waste of what in Paull she called beauty—the ability to feel deeply, the love for elemental conflict, and the pure silences of forests and seas. She pictured him dancing, gravely courteous as ever, with the many petticoated 'Jibway girls in the North Woods.

She smiled in a growing dismay at the warmth of her preoccupation with him. Here at last was no impersonal interest. The woman in her, irrepressible at the most unexpected time, was betraying the artist. It threatened to be a nuisance, to upset damnably the perfect arrangement of her days and work. Liza was franker still: if she had been attracted physically to Andrew Paull this would have been immensely simplified. The physical could be charted as accurately as the passage to Land's End; its course was as exactly predictable as the development of a correct symphony. It had an opening, a crescendo and climax, a swift fall. She cared nothing for domestic amenities. Liza was not drawn to children; for long years she had been responsible only to an individual conduct, and she could imagine herself thrown into a brief vivid affair.

However, she recognized that her commitment here was far different. Comprehending so much she wanted desperately to preserve Paull from the world and himself. She was stirred by the thought of giving her resources to his assistance, of shielding, with her wisdom, his flame from adverse and fatal winds. It would require a lifetime. This, stated firmly, made her gasp at its implications. With a sudden gesture of her hand she put it all from her.

He was a great deal younger than she; probably he hadn't given her more than a superficial thought. It was a great shame. No one else would grasp his poignant need. Certainly not India Dinning, not Freda Zooch, posing so effectively, nor that other girl—Liza had already forgotten her name—with the pronounced figure.

Yet Andrew Paull—no, Andrew might easily marry a young and pretty idiot. Here was a new and irritating reflection, and that stupid romanticism of his would keep him from realizing the vacuity of his wife, a thing of adequate shoulders and chiffon dragging him about to dinners on a tide of champagne.

After only a few hours with her he was less troubled, his breathing was easier; he hadn't once had that expression of spiritual terror. He had admitted his relief; yes, and told her his most private story. Paull wasn't a man to discuss that superficially with everyone. He was entirely alone in the world, with the exception of some relatives, distant in both senses, that he hadn't seen since childhood. Liza, rather hardly, was glad this was so; it added to his appeal, his charm, the drama of his situation.

She gazed speculatively at her hands, bare of the barbarity of metal and colored stones, at her smooth, supple wrists; with crossed knees she could see a foot, slim in a sharply cut black slipper. A number of men, splendidly worldly or distinguished or merely amatory, had admired her persistently. Perhaps she had had as many proposals as Marcia, a celebrated beauty. She had declined them because none had approached her through her imagination, the tyrant of her days and emotions. Past thirty, she had become increasingly more difficult to please, more reconciled —— Andrew Paull's sudden voice from behind made her color with embarrassment.

VII

HE HAD stopped at the bar, it was plain; and, descending to supper, he recommended the local drinks; but abruptly she declined to verify his report. Liza had no need for further stimulation, and she resented the palpably careless attitude that had invaded his fine gravity. He was, however, excessively amusing; and all the unconscious revelations of his character established more finally her judgment and admiration. It developed that, in addition to his criticism of the feminine bathing costumes of Continental pools and beaches, he disliked the spectacle of women smoking. A truly amazing being!

Andrew Paull admitted that he had been laughed at a lot. His attitude, she told herself, was a part of his idealization of life and, in particular, women. He was entirely delightful. She at once wanted to talk to him about women and dreaded the revelation of an admiration for a type—even mentally she hesitated and then forced the admission—different from her. He said unexpectedly:

"I'm certain a regiment of men have wanted to marry you."

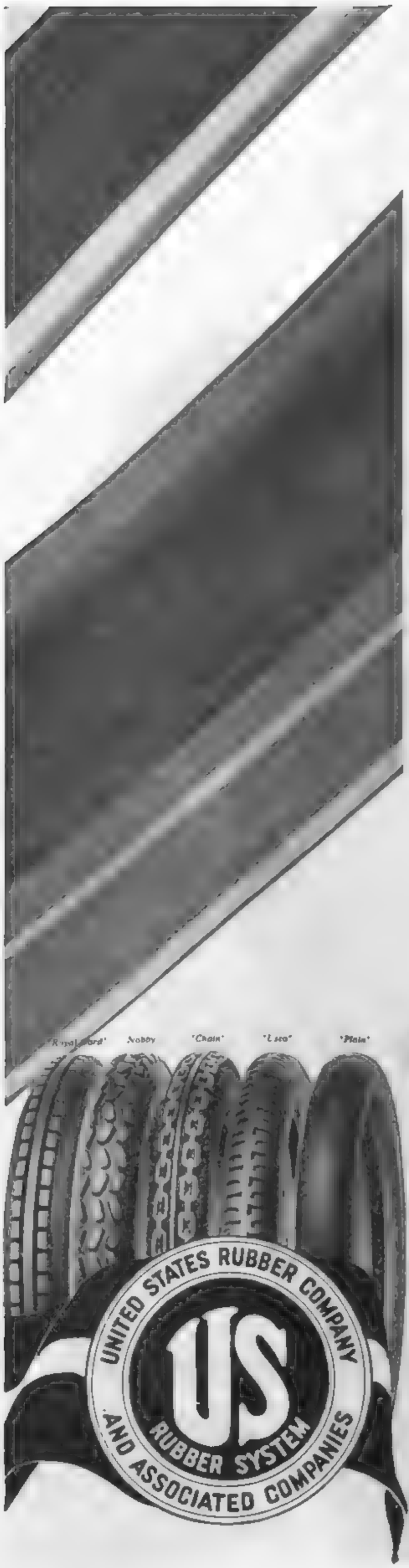
"Not that many," she smiled at him; "perhaps a file."

"You're like a very expensive edition, an edition de luxe, of a fine book," Andrew continued. "It looks serious at first, but I believe, if you were allowed to read it ——" He broke off.

"Please," she entreated, "I'm fascinated, naturally; go on."

(Concluded on Page 107)

'Royal Cord'
one of the five



A Tip from Tacoma

Tacoma is the center for many motor bus lines which operate in the mountains of Washington. It is their job to struggle up the rough, tough going of the foothills, then down the steep trails into the valleys—and thus to connect numerous widely separated points the railroads fail to reach.

With the unusual conditions in mind, it is a most significant fact that Tacoma stage drivers are virtually unanimous in their endorsement of United States 'Royal Cords'.

Especially so, when you consider the fact that a stage driver's income depends largely on his ability to operate his heavy, cumbersome motor bus rapidly, dependably and above all—*economically.*

We have no desire to boast of long mileages. Too many conditions influence the service a tire may give. We merely quote these letters to bring home this fact:

'Royal Cords' are built to *endure.* It is because they are so uniformly dependable that these famous tires are exceptionally economical.

Built into 'Royal Cords' are remarkable *hidden* values. They are realized after the tire has become a tried veteran of the road—after long, hard service that would end the usefulness of ordinary tires.

These hidden values prove up in *extra* miles—*extra* dependability. They manifest themselves in the *extra* service exemplified by 'Royal Cord' success on Tacoma stages.

Surely, tires that will stand up and keep on standing up under such merciless conditions must have the stuff you want in *your* tires—for *your* car and *your* driving conditions.

The 35x5 'Royal Cord' tires on the rear wheels of my 12 passenger Hudson have totaled over 21,000 miles and are still in good condition. I think, if I had used 'Royal Cord' tires exclusively during the past year I would have saved a good many hundred dollars.

—David Crockett,
Tacoma, Wash.

A 34x4 'Royal Cord' has made a total mileage of 43,091 miles on my 7-passenger Oldsmobile car on a stage run. Of this mileage over 18,000 miles was run on the right rear wheel.

—B. Henry,
Tacoma, Wash.

Two 37x5 'Royal Cords' have covered 28,000 miles on the rear wheels of my 11-passenger Stevens-Duryea passenger bus. Both tires are still in service, one having totaled to date 34,000 miles and is still in fair condition.

—Karl Brown,
Tacoma, Wash.

I have a 36x4½ q. d. 'Royal Cord' casing which made a total mileage of 32,386 miles on one of my 20 passenger Winton buses. The car weighs over 9000 pounds fully loaded and makes an average of 30 miles an hour. I have three other 'Royal Cords' each of which has totaled 25,440 miles on the rear wheels of this same car.

—Sumner and Tacoma Stage Co., Inc.
By C. A. Hansen, Pres.

For passenger and light delivery cars—'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'. Also tires for motor trucks, bicycles and airplanes.

United States Tires are Good Tires

The Special LEE UNION ALLS for railroad men are equipped with an inside pocket for time book etc. Also note the three in one breast pocket which includes a specially designed safety watch pocket.

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No greater tribute could be paid to LEE UNION-ALLS than the demand for the garment among railroad men. Always the most discriminating in their choice of work clothing they have been quick to appreciate the many advantages of this superior work suit. Just as you can tell a good workman by the tools he uses, so also can you know his standing when he wears a LEE UNION-ALL—the suit that provides greatest comfort, economy and satisfaction.

Dept. No. 1007

The H. D. Lee Mercantile Co.

Kansas City, Mo. South Bend, Ind.
Kansas City, Kas. Trenton, N. J.

(Concluded from Page 103)

"Well, I was thinking of those girls at lunch, in the gay covers. Awfully attractive and easy to read, very popular novels; but, honestly, I would rather have one paragraph of you."

This, she acknowledged, was extremely adroit, and a veritable compliment. The supper was at an end and they were lingering while he found a tip for the waiter. Again in the car, the town lost, she replied to his expression of admiration.

"That was nice of you—about the edition de luxe," Liza spoke slowly. "Often books that seem, well, solemn, have quite gay moments. They are a little harder to find than those in the current pages, but they are franker when discovered."

They were driving slowly through the gathering dusk and Andrew Paull turned and kissed her. It was entirely her fault, she thought first; and then she discarded all necessity for extenuation. She smiled at him uncertainly. It was a successful kiss. Liza was glad that it hadn't landed ludicrously on her chin, and it thrilled and contented her. She was glad, as well, that he didn't attempt an apology.

On an empty, smooth way the car picked up speed and the world dropped behind them in an indistinguishable blur of evening accomplished. The moon, full and amber, rose above the eastern trees, diminishing in size and increasing in light. Soon the road bore a delicate tracery of shadow leaves and stems; the alternation of dark and light was emphasized. Eliza Clarges' mood had deepened to unalloyed happiness; for the first time in memory her being was welded into a single unquestioning joy in sheer existence. Life at last had taken her into itself, given her utter release from self-consciousness. She was no longer an onlooker, but had been merged by a kiss into the lyric sweep of moonlight stirring the minute voices of Nature into an audible pervasive humming in the woods, the meadows and along the streams.

Yet her very happiness, like the moon, cast its shadow through the following hour. In Liza this was the result of her persistently clear intelligence—she at once wanted above everything else to prolong living as it was at this minute, and recognized the difficulties that already, in a less positive form, had occurred to her. Nothing, in a flawed world, was flawless. It couldn't always be an evening in June—the moon would sink, the revealing morning rise; she was easily irritated. . . .

Her thoughts were interrupted by the recognition that the present implied no continuation, no permanence. That hurt her so unexpectedly, so savagely, that she shivered frightened in her deep corner of the lunging car. A new unwelcome feeling of shame threatened her poise and the calm recognition of Nature and truth. The basic woman, she told herself, interested and yet holding her fear. This being was totally strange to her. Small, sharp contending emotions raced through her consciousness, and a developing cunning. What a detestable term! She said:

"Please talk."

"I want to," he admitted; "there is a lot to say, but I can't think how to put it. I'm not very good at expressing myself; and then lately, when I'm trying to explain something or other, the silliest rot comes into my head and it all gets mixed up. Do you think I'll ever really be right again?" he repeated in a strained voice.

"You're right now," she asserted dishonestly.

"It's a fact I'm better than I have been for months. I wish I could be with you for a long while." Liza with the greatest difficulty suppressed the inclination to reply: "Why not?" This she did instinctively, in her newly acquired feminine instinct.

The moonlight increased in brilliancy, and they drove by a broad stream with smooth sodded banks and motionless overhanging branches, where the water was liquid black and silver. In the night, still heated, the pools and sliding reaches were invitingly cool. They left the stream and swept into a bowered road with pools of clear brightness; and in one of the latter, moving soundlessly, they drew up upon a girl and a youth with an arm about her supple waist. Her hair was spread in a wide, inky fan across a white summer dress, clinging with a classic frankness to her young beauty, and her companion was carrying his necktie and collar. His hair glistened with wetness, and Liza realized that, incredibly, they had been swimming.

Never, she felt, had anything lovelier happened in all the sordid complications of contemporary living; here, marvelously recreated, was the lost purity of perfect free innocence. She was looking at the pastoral Attic youth of the world, the sylvan sheep-herding days of the early Mosaic migrations. But what lingered in her thoughts was a bitter discontent with her own life and experience, without any release from the restraints of the commonplace, any actual liberty from vulgar inhibition. How drab and sterile, yes—how bare of actual beauty, her years had been. She entirely ignored the labor and accomplishment in her books; that, it seemed to her, was nothing; books were nothing. . . . But being young, in love, plunged in moon shadows—ah!

"That, back there, was pretty fine!" To her delight and surprise Andrew expressed all her emotion. However, in a measure, he differed from her. "Do you know," he continued, "this world is a damned sight better than people who ought to understand think. I mean men are. Perhaps a while back they were rather low, about girls and all that, but not now, not the ones worth while. My friends," he declared, "are splendid; I'd put everything I had on them, yes—on their purity."

The magnificent optimist, Liza thought.

Like themselves the moon swept through the dark. Suddenly she was fatigued; not unpleasantly, but saturated with languidness. They had gone a great distance. Andrew Paull's face was pale and set, and a long silence enveloped them. The moon vanished and the dark became cool; the headlights plunged crisp, hard bars of radiance into the night. The morning, Liza knew, was at hand, the morning and an end. As soon as possible she must telegraph to India Dinning that her car was safe. Even here her freedom of action had not been completely honest.

"You're tired," she told Andrew a little later. He nodded, and the flush of the coming sun crept rosily up in the east. Before them was the vague haze of a city, the thin high print of a monument, an obelisk:

"Washington!" she exclaimed.

Liza realized that her companion was dropping with weariness, his lined face was no longer young; the shadow of his pain brooded in his gaze. He stopped the car:

"Now what?"

Her heart began to beat in a perceptible disorder; she was oppressed by a sense of impending disaster, the disaster of Andrew Paull's departure from her life. Liza wanted to save him—for herself.

"You are wonderful to be with," he told her in a flat voice; "but all that about the two hundred and seventy dollars is impossible. We can't go on. Where could we go and how? There are all sorts of things, silly things like clean linen, and the police and our friends would start to dragging the rivers. Then this Zenith."

He was, of course, right.

"I'm sorry," she replied.

"We might get married," he added casually. "Only no one, and you specially, would take a chance on me. Why should she? Why should you, with everything in the world?"

"You mustn't say that." She spoke with a passionate energy. "My life has been absolutely empty. I hate every minute of it."

"But, you see, I might go bad on your hands."

"I wouldn't let you," she declared. Then, appalled by what that implied, she stopped breathlessly. Andrew thrust his foot on the starter and, without consideration of the motor, went at once into high gear. Rapidly drawing through the rim of the city, Liza asked timidly: "Where now?"

"If you want to you may change your mind."

But, she thought, she hadn't made it up, not entirely. So much was involved. It was most reprehensible, incredible, impossible. It was simply a wild fancy of his torn mind, a thing to be regretted immediately after. Outrageous! At the same time she said firmly:

"I don't want to."

THE POETS' CORNER

Karachi

WHERE lazy stretches of desert sand meet the browner sea
A brazen wind from out the west scatters the export tea,
Piled on the rickety rambling wharves in bales of green and black,
Or loaded on the coaster craft for a run down the monsoon track.

Turquoises from the highest hills, gems from the northern plains
Find their way to Karachi with the jolting camel trains.
Sultans and amirs, maharajahs from the north,
Clothed in gorgeous silken stuff, watch the coasters venture forth.

Sails spread wide to the failing breeze, white and blue and red,
As a native steersman skims his way through rolling surf ahead,
Catches the hint of a monsoon turn when the sun is sinking slow,
And scuds to the horizon haze with a fortune down below.

—Gordon Malherbe Hillman.

Once I Kissed a Wee Maid

OH, ONCE I kissed a wee maid beneath a lilac tree;
'Tis many a year agone now, and she was very fair,
But every heart is young, sir, that holds a memory,
And all the stars of April were shining in her hair.

The paths that led across the hills kept calling to my feet,
And there was many a land to lure and many a distant sea;
Oh, many a lip was red, sir, and many a waist was neat—
But once I kissed a wee maid beneath a lilac tree.

Not mine to make the loud name, the starry high success,
But life has tuned my old heart with many a melody;
Oh, I have had a man's share of dreams and happiness,
For once I kissed a wee maid beneath a lilac tree.

—Perrin Holmes Lowrey.

The Shadow Coast

DOWN the coast to Capetown when the wind is in the sky,
When the sun is pale to westward and the combers feather high,
And the sea is richly purple, flamed by spots of red,
The sky line of the Shadow Coast looms up from the clouds ahead.

Black against the smoky sky, palms and hills and turf,
Dim rivers, beaches and sand bars, white with crashing surf,
A mountain top to the eastward, cloud-draped from its crest,
Splotched with shadows and sunshine from pale light in the west.

Down the coast to Capetown when the sun is a pale doubloon,
When the snapping sheets join in a twanging lascar tune,
When the sea is spotted purple and the wind is blowing cold,
The dusky map of the Shadow Coast is fitfully unrolled.

Headlands and savannas, framed black against the sky,
Bush and beach and mountain ranges slowly travel by.
But when the purple leaves the sea and clouds are dark with red,
The mirage of the Shadow Coast fades from the miles ahead.

—Gordon Malherbe Hillman.

Southward to the Sea

SPECTRAL mists are on the river
Where the cypress brakes are dreaming,
And the levee lights are shining
Through the distance gloomily.
Ghostly swamps are dimly gleaming
Where a yellow moon is streaming,
And the muddy Mississippi
Wallows southward to the sea.

As our lazy packet wanders
Down the river grim and hoary,
And the wheel is sprayed with silver
As the heavy paddles churn,
She is like the vanished glory
Of a dim-remembered story,
And the moonlight glitters golden
In a rippled road astern.

Now the fathom line is lowered.
"Quarter less!" the mate is calling
To the sailor, who repeats it
On the upper hurricane,
And the Dixie Belle is crawling
Where the spotlight's rays are falling,
And at last we make the landing
As he bellows out: "Mark twain!"

We have reached a shallow mooring
And the pilot's bell is ringing.
We can hear the captain swearing
Oaths of terse profanity.
Dusky roustabouts are swinging
Up and down the plank and singing
And the mighty Mississippi
Surges slowly to the sea.

Bales of cotton crowd the freighter
From the riverland plantations,
And the upper decks are loaded
With their gunny sacks of grain;
And the dull reverberations
Wake uncanny replications
As the whistle booms departure
And the boat is off again.

Off to Natchez and New Orleans!
And the misty moon is streaming
Over widths of cane and willow,
Over swamp and cypress knee.
And the ghostly woods are dreaming
Where the yellow moon is gleaming—
And the muddy Mississippi
Bears its burden to the sea.

—Perrin Holmes Lowrey.

Peace in the Hills

AUGUST again! The clover blossoms nod
Upon their bending stems. Dull beetles hum.
And as I stretch full length upon the sod
A redhead beats his distant, drowsy drum.

Great golden bees, with rich black stripes, are loud
Among the blooms. I lounge and take my ease;
And distance turns a drift of sunny cloud
To castles set by still enchanted seas.

The long and languid August afternoon
Is sweet with murmurs of an orchard stream;
The woodlands sleep; the listless hours swoon
In warm luxuriant lethargies of dream.

Farmhouses doze, like old men in the sun
Smoking their pipes through purple reveries.
Two truant rivers loiter as they run
Past three white towns half hidden in the trees.

Still slopes of corn drowse gently; pastures lie
Along the vale, a silver-green expanse.
Far, weary hills, asleep against the sky,
Bring back the softened memories of France.

A little year ago! The marching men!
The heat, the dust, the fury of the war!
But now, thank God, I have them back again—
These little hills that I was fighting for!

—Perrin Holmes Lowrey.

WHY

Horse-Drawn Axle Principle

All motor truck axles are of two kinds—Live Axles and Dead Axles.

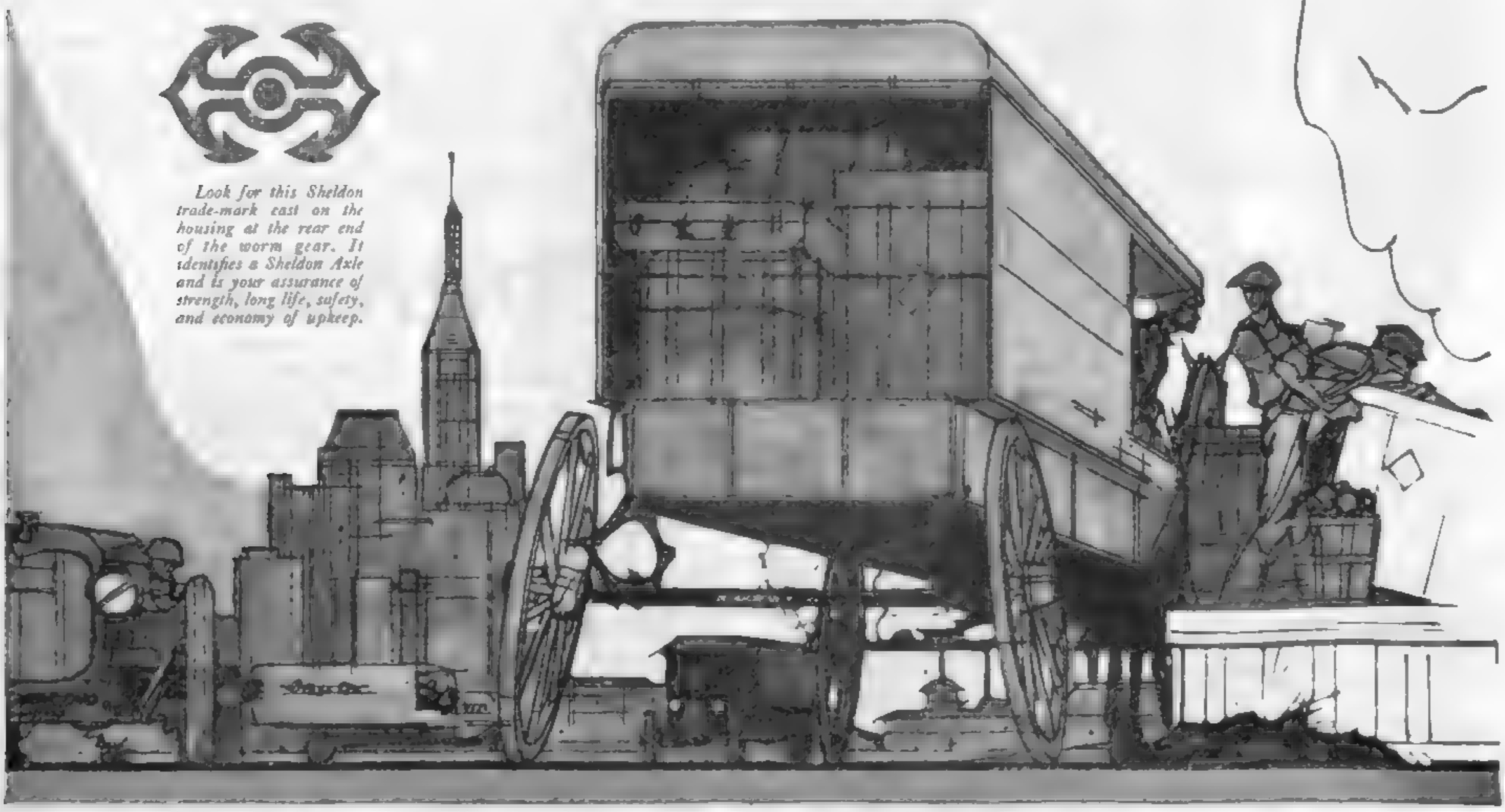
The dead axle is built on the horse-drawn axle principle—that is, the wheels revolve and the axle is stationary.

You sometimes see the wagon wheels tipped in at the top. This is because they are not properly braced against side strains. The wheel bearings are not far enough apart to furnish necessary leverage.

Your truck is entitled to the same security against side strains as the locomotive—the same strength, the same durability.

Live axles are the locomotive type. The wheels are fixed to the axle—the whole unit revolving as one piece.

This permits of widely separated bearings and long leverage to hold the wheels upright when rounding curves at high speed.



Look for this Sheldon trade-mark cast on the housing at the rear end of the worm gear. It identifies a Sheldon Axle and is your assurance of strength, long life, safety, and economy of upkeep.

Sheldon

CONSTRUCTED ON THE

CH?

Locomotive Axle Principle

Select the motor truck with the axle built on the principle employed in carrying the Freight Tonnage of the World.

Sheldon Worm Gear Axles are built on the Locomotive Axle Principle.

Every truck buyer should study the axle—the most important and most expensive unit in a truck.

Write for the Sheldon Book explaining this and other superior points of construction.

Sheldon Axle and Spring Co.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Manufacturers of Sheldon Axles for Motor Trucks and Sheldon Springs for Automobiles and Trucks

Axle FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

LOCOMOTIVE AXLE PRINCIPLE

A HORN HAS TWO ENDS

(Continued from Page 15)

"I trust this is not going to be another case of 'Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater, had a wife and couldn't keep her,'" he remarked jovially while he unscrewed the tip of the fountain pen.

"I ain't feeling like swapping any comic stuff right now," returned Mr. Chutter rebukingly. "And be careful that there ain't nothing gay goes into that writing. And, by the way, how much are you going to tax me?"

"It'll be a two-dollar job."

"I ain't going to try to beat you down. It'll be wuth it if it produces them results you was bragging about. But writers charge higher'n I reckoned they did." However, the employer sighed resignedly and bent on the employed a hopeful stare that might have embarrassed a gentleman less busily occupied than the doctor.

In the way of pantomimic sarcasm Mr. Buffum made an elaborately wide detour when he had occasion to pass that way. He advised two or three wondering horsemen to keep away. "He's composing up an addition to the piece we used to read out of the Sixth Reader—A-rab's Farewell to His Steed," confided Mr. Buffum. "He's going to stand up and recite it when he swaps off that old plinysourious that somebody passed off onto him for a hoss."

The information that anybody on the fair grounds was in a swapping mood interested the horsemen in spite of Mr. Buffum's discouraging comment on the style of the animal. They went over and accosted the rapt Mr. Chutter. With his hands he flapped dismissing gestures.

But the horsemen were joined by other interested parties; a ring was formed.

"You dad-ranged turkey buzzards, this ain't no roost!" clamored the incensed husband of the lady who was to be placated by mail. "Don't you see that privacy is going on here?"

"Never mind them," advised the scribe. "The public eye never bothers me. Furthermore, I like to advertise my knack in the writing line. One customer usually attracts others."

"Seeing that I'm paying you a high price, you haven't got no business using my private matters like you'd use an advertising sign," expostulated Chutter. "I'm a high-spirited man and if this thing gets all spread out before the public ——"

"Keep your own mouth shut and nothing will be spread out!"

The doctor proceeded with his writing and showed such an air of importance that the assembled horsemen waited in manifest hope that they would be able to find out what it was all about, and paid no attention whatever to Mr. Chutter's malevolent stare.

Then after a time the writer leaned close to the dejected husband and began to impart the contents of the letter in a whisper. The onlookers could not hear any words — neither do folks who are absorbed in a moving-picture show! They do not need words. Mr. Chutter's face was show enough in itself. Slowly, like dissolving screen views, its expression went through the gradations of emotions. Starting with baleful resentment it registered melancholy interest, solemn half hope, clearing up of doubts, approbation followed by admiration, confidence succeeding expectancy—till all darker emotions were washed out by a grin of pure ecstasy.

The smile did not evaporate when Mr. Chutter pulled out a tattered two-dollar bill and jammed it into Doctor Shellhorn's hand. "That's the way I feel, dad-whiffer it!" he shouted. "Cash on the nail for a good job, done to the queen's taste! I never keep back honor when honor is due. Stick up your old ears, like mules in fly time, and hark to what I say if you want to," he invited, addressing the horsemen. "I say this: If old Nickerbeemus himself was alive now—or whoever it was that wrote Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep—and offered to do my writing for me at ten cents for what would cover the inner oval of that race track I'd hire Doc Shellhorn, here, and pay him his regular rates, high as they be! That's all public—and you can lug the news just as far's you want to!"

"What's he been writing about?" inquired a certain Mr. Tate, spokesman for the group.

"That part ain't public, not by a damsite—and it won't be!" Mr. Chutter's declaration carried far, for he shouted when he stood up and waved the folded paper above his head.

Far down the row of stalls a woman was walking, stopping to peer in over the half doors. She came to attention suddenly when she heard Mr. Chutter's voice; then she hurried toward the group.

"No, sir! I ain't no hand to make my private business public!" asseverated the husband, patting the paper as if he had received a reprieve.

The woman came thrusting through the circle of sideliners; she was a bouncing dame and used her elbows vigorously, and the single feather in her hat stuck up as stiffly as a belligerent sachem's scalp lock. She stood in front of Mr. Chutter and propped her hands on her hips and gave him a blazing once-over.

"So I have located you at last, have I, you roving, rambling rigger-jigger of a renegade? Caught you, have I, standing up and making speeches? What are you, running for hogreeve office or conducting a revival meeting? I hope it's the last named and that you've got religion—you're going to need it in the place where you're plumb certain to fetch up right away."

Mr. Chutter stood with open mouth and wilted arms dangling. The pregnant silence was broken by Mr. Tate. "Relative—or only inquiring friend?" he drawled.

The woman displayed still more of her inquiring disposition. "Where's that span of Western chunks? Where's that hay press? Where's that rigging? Where's all the truck and collat'ral I started you out with?"

Mr. Chutter was bitterly conscious of the surrounding gimlets, a tribe he especially loathed. "Oggie!" he pleaded. "This ain't no place—we've got to step aside—I appeal to the angel side of your nature to ——"

"My what side? Have you lost your mind along with the rest of that outfit I started you out with?"

He jerked his chin, but seemed unable to pump up language.

"I've seen scarecrows so lazy that they couldn't even flap their arms with a gale of wind to help 'em! But haven't you got sprawl enough to answer my questions?"

He feebly waggled his thumb toward the stall. "If you'll only step in ——"

"It ain't safe for you to be left alone with me in my present state of mind," she advised grimly. "Furthermore, I want witnesses when I show you up! If you've got anything left, out with it! Hustle your brogans, now!"

Humping his back, overawed, he stumbled into the stall. He led out the horse.

At first sight of the equine ruin she raised her arms in the attitude of a priestess obsessed by *furor loquendi*, but by a mighty effort she held back speech. "What else? Show it!"

"I got three dollars boot, the last swap," he faltered. "Here's a dollar. I just paid two for ——"

She swelled up with prodigious intaking of breath—then she exhaled dispiritedly and dropped her arms. "It's no use. Language never failed me yet. But this time I'm dolloped! I'm dumb. I wisht to mercy I was blind, too, so I wouldn't have to look at that—that ——" She shook her head, unable to express herself.

It was silence that offered opportunity. Mr. Chutter desperately seized what seemed to be his one chance. He held the folded paper toward her.

"I was hoping to get it to you by mail, Oggie. But perhaps it's all the better because I can give it to you by hand. Mails these days is all mixed up and onsartin. I paid two dollars for it. It's the most beautiful and elegant piece, all about ——"

Her amazement had allowed him to get that far. "It's what?"

"This man, here, is a great pote. I hired him. This piece ——"

She scooped the paper as she would have captured a saucy fly in her kitchen. "You sapheaded fool, do you think I'm here to read pomes on spring or beautiful snow?" In spite of his frantic expostulation she stripped the paper into ribbons and cast the bits upon the litter that Mr. Chutter had discarded.

"Dad-whiffer it!" lamented her husband. "Now it has been gone and done! Doc, can't you remember it? Give it to her by word o' mouth. I don't care who is listening! I'm desperate. I did stand a chance with what you writ."

"How do you happen to fit into this?" she demanded, whirling on Doctor Shellhorn.

"It's this way, my dear madam!" He bowed low and doffed his hat.

"It is that way, is it? Well, that way don't go with me, Mister What's-your-name! I've seen many an old tomcat with cream on his whiskers before now. You keep out of the business between this apology for a husband and me or you'll have less hair and more wisdom."

She turned her back on husband and his helper and faced the spectators. "Is there a wild man on these fair grounds—one of the fakes that howls and gnaws a bone? Here's a bargain for his keeper," she declared, pointing to Mr. Chutter's remaining asset. "It wouldn't be a single meal for a real wild man, but a fake one can make believe he's eating!"

"Speaking as a hossman, and one that's always inclined to favor any other hossman that's down on his luck," averred Mr. Tate, "I'll say that mebbe that hoss is wuth more on the hoof than he would be as toothpicks for a wild man."

"What are you, another one of those potes that P. C. Chutter has hired to do lying for him?" she asked.

"I'm an old bach, and a woman's tongue can't scare me, even in these times when all the politicians are climbing trees," stated Mr. Tate stoutly. "I'm trying to talk business."

"Well, thank Cephas, there's a man left in the world who hasn't gone plumb completely daffy," returned the lady, partly impressed, partly mollified. "What's your business you want to talk?"

"I'll talk shift with your husband."

"You'll talk with me, mister! I wouldn't let that man talk about swapping breath for doughnut holes! Do you pretend to tell me that you'll talk trade?"

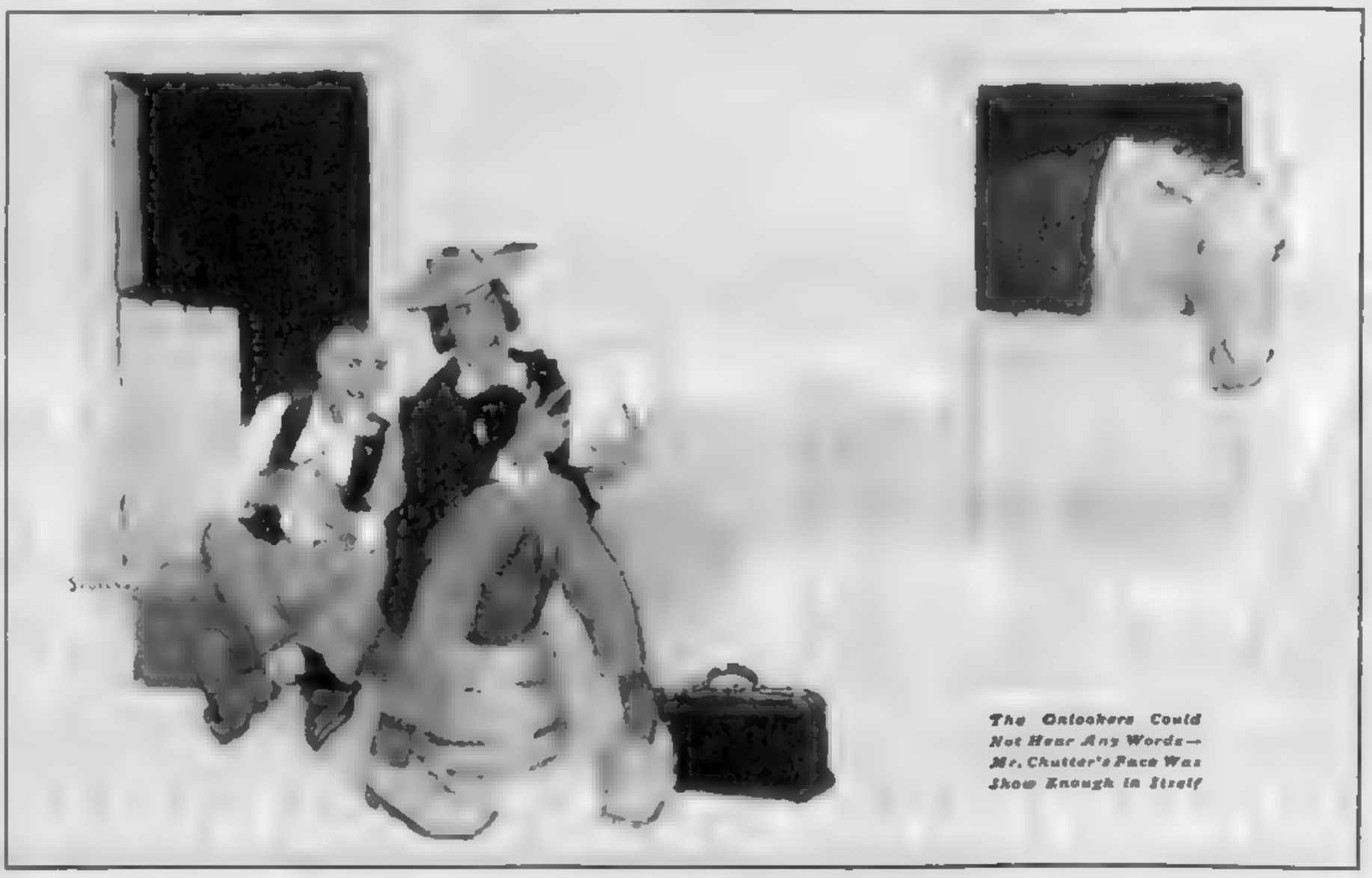
"Yes'm! My initials are T. T. and my nickname is Talk Trade. I'm always ready."

"It must be a worse hoss than this one, and I don't believe my nerves can stand the strain of any sight tougher'n this."

"Speaking perfickly honest, as a hossman should, I'll admit that this hoss here with us in view is ga'nted up a mite too much and has been through something to lower his sperits, so to speak."

"How can you expect anything else in a hoss that has been in the company of P. C. Chutter any length of time?"

Mr. Tate was slowly fashioning a birch sapling into a cane with his jackknife. He stuck a sliver of wood into the corner of his mouth. "I don't relish having the conversation get too personal, marm, considering that men have to stick together against the wimmen. If you insist on doing the dicker talk in this case I'll have to ask you to mind your manners and settle family differences at home. I'll say that this hoss, though present looks may be ag'in him, can prob'ly



The Onlookers Could Not Hear Any Words—Mr. Chutter's Face Was Show Enough in Itself

Continued on Page 113

Doctors Appreciate the Value of PHEZ

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Phez contains health-giving salts and citric acid a natural refrigerant. It cools the body, nourishes and refreshes.

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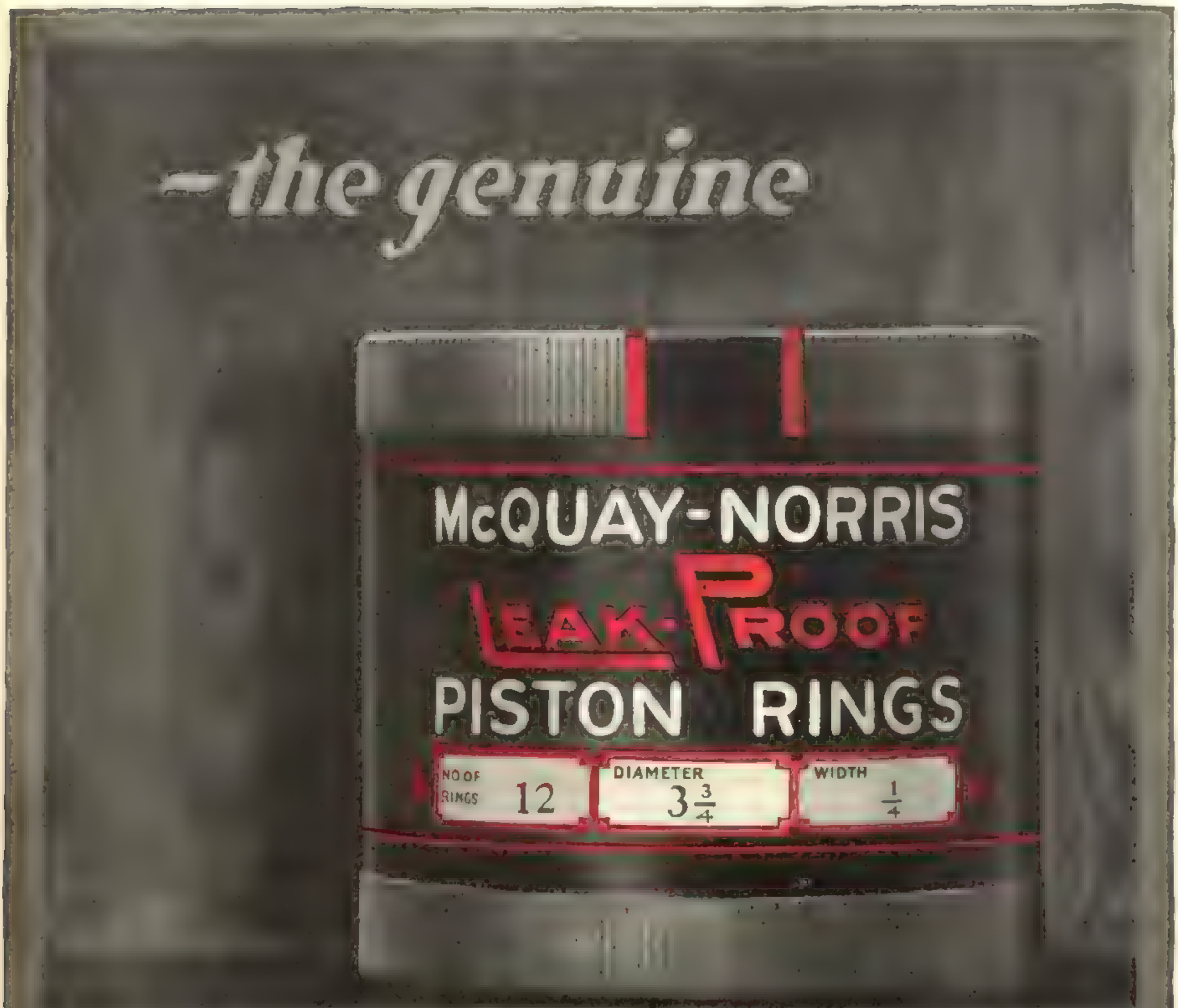

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(Continued from Page 110)

road along fairly spry and may have a leetle speck of race-track speed hid about him."

"He has! He has!" squeaked Mr. Chutter, eager to justify himself—grasping at straws of exculpation.

"You — shut — your — mouth!" The words came out like slammed-down stove-lids.

"But I've got a right to ——"

She yanked the sapling away from Mr. Tate and banged it across her husband's shoulders, raising the dust out of his faded coat. "You open that trap again and I'll plug it with the knob on this stick!" She retained the sapling. "Bring on your hoss," she ordered Mr. Tate.

"Always glad to oblige a lady, marm. He's handy by!"

The gathering had been increased by all the loose ends of humanity in the purlieus of the stables.

Mr. Chutter's determined stand against publicity was truly in a sorry state of collapse. He sidled up to Doctor Shellhorn, hoping to secure some aid or counsel from the resources of that gentleman. But the lady, who was in command of the situation, promptly broke upon the whispered appeal in which the employer was urging that the doctor ought to do something else to earn the two dollars, paid in hand.

"You stand over there by yourself and stop your plotting. You don't need any more portry in your business, P. C. Chutter. You're going to get prose, and plenty of it!"

Mr. Tate came leading a shambling, splay-footed bay.

"That's a sensibler-looking hoss for a farm than this curtain-stretcher thing I've got on my hands," Mrs. Chutter admitted. "I'll say that much! But the way he scuffs them feet he'll kick all the loom on my place into Swift River and I know he must have some awful outs. What are they? Be a man and tell the truth."

"I always talk to a lady, mam, the way I'd have wanted a man to talk to my mother when she was alive," stated Mr. Tate, mustering as much guilelessness as he could. "This hoss hasn't got an out, trick, skip nor skive."

Mr. Chutter's little eyes were distended to their widest extent. He seemed to be striving to take in every detail of the horse in as short a time as possible. He shuttled his glances as if his mind was chasing a slippery, dodging memory of something. Mrs. Chutter was absorbed in her examination of the new prospect. She tucked the cudgel under one arm, pulled open the horse's lips and said something derogatory about his hay teeth and satisfied herself that he was not blind by snapping her fingers in front of his filmy eyes.

Taking advantage of her absorption her husband sneaked again to the side of Doctor Shellhorn. "I've come to know all of 'em, as I told you. But, condemn it, I have knowed so many that I'm all mixed up. There's some kind of an idee that's tearing round in me. Doc, hain't you got some personal acquaintance with that hoss?"

"I don't seem to place him."

"As a vet'inary you ought to know every bump, bobblewhoop and pimple in this county! Go poke him somewhere and see if you can't identify him."

"My friend," mumbled the doctor in cautious undertone, "it looks to me as if your wife had checked the angel part of her disposition at the gate when she came in here. I'm going to keep out of this—and I'll have to ask you to keep away from me."

"I hain't got no friend left," mourned Mr. Chutter; "not even after I have invested two dollars in one. But there's something awful rising up in me all of a sudden. I don't know whether it's instink or what it is." The doctor pushed him away. Mrs. Chutter had stepped back from the horse.

"I'll swap even," she said.

Mr. Tate gasped. Then he controlled his emotions.

"You being a lady, I can't express myself like I would in a regular swap, the same as what I'm used to handling. But I'll simply say this so that it won't be thought by them in hearing that I'm losing my nat'ral grip on the science and can be took advantage of in the future—keeping myself meek and mild in the presence of a perfick lady—before I'll shift without good boot coming to me I'll see you in ——"

"Whatever that place may be, you'd better take your eyes off'm it," warned Mrs. Chutter, "and use your tongue to tell me what boot you expect."

"Let Me Ask You, Mrs. Chutter, Whether You Know Anything About a Man's Right Under Maritime Law?"

Mr. Peter Chutter was crouched low, his hands propped on his knees, and he was studying the horse in all its parts like a savant scrutinizing a curio.

"Some is there and some ain't there," he muttered cryptically. "And some is there that hadn't ought to be there. But something says to me—it's awful what something says to me."

He was paying no heed any more to the chaffering between Mrs. Chutter and Mr. Tate. He did not know how much boot she had agreed to pay when he saw her unwinding string from a roll of bills.

But he struck himself a mighty blow on his breast and his chin began to agitate his wisp of beard. "By the horn-gilled Hosea, I'm sartin of it!" he shouted.

"There's only one thing you can be certain of, P. C. Chutter," declared his wife, turning on him after she had jammed money into Mr. Tate's fist. "And that is for some time to come you'll fiddle jig tunes with a bucksaw in my back yard and you'll be tied by the leg to the sawhoss—and I'll be lucky if you don't try to swap that! Hitch this hoss into that road wagon of yours—if it is yours!"

"Oggie, it has come just in time! I have woke up!" There was a sort of wild eagerness in his voice.

"I'll see that you stay awake."

He pointed wavering finger at her new possession. "That hoss ——"

"I see him. I tell you to hitch him up."

"But he's ——"

She threatened him with the sapling and he cringed back, his forearm hooked in front of his face. "I know that hoss. He's ——"

"Get better acquainted with him. Hitch him up, I say."

"If he ever gets that iron stump tail of his ——"

"Stump tail! You fool! His tail almost sweeps the ground. Chutter, we'll drive round by way of the insane horsepittle. That's where you belong. I won't be made a spectacle of in public any longer. Do you hear?"

"I tell you ——"

She thwacked the stick across his shoulders and raised it in threat when he opened his mouth again.

Dispiritedly he took down harness from a peg on the stable door.

He glowered into the affable grin that Mr. Tate bestowed on him; Mr. Tate was on his way, towing his new acquisition.

While he was adjusting harness and buckling straps Mr. Chutter kept indulging in a peculiar side performance: every time he approached the horse's head he licked his forefinger and dragged it along the animal's nose.

"If you want to make love to that hoss kiss him—kiss him in the proper way, and then tend strickly to that harnessing," commanded Mrs. Chutter.

Her husband stuck up a trembling forefinger. "Look at the smutch on it! I tell you ——"

"You don't have to tell me that you haven't washed your hands for six weeks. I can see that much. Move, now!"

But Mr. Chutter kept excitedly tapping one forefinger against another.

"I won't stand for deef-and-dumb talk any more'n I'll have spoken language or pomes from you, P. C. Chutter. Move, I tell you!" He dodged the swishing stick and obeyed.

But when he had finished harnessing he stood back, at bay!

He pulled his head down between his shoulders and his eyes glittered rebelliously when she ordered him to climb into the wagon and take the reins.

"No, sir! I'll be gol-swiggered! I've had one leg broke ——"

He was so patently a rebel—she was so openly defied in the presence of a crowd, where her woman's pride was at stake, that all patience left her. She started toward him.

"I tell you I've had a leg broke ——"

"And I'll break your other three, you jackass." She rained blows on him. "Talk to me, will you? Throwing six hunderd dollars of good money to pot and then talk to me! Coming out of the little end of the horn, and daring to say aye, yes or no to me! Get into that wagon. Take the reins! You little-end-of-the-horn rapscallion of a runt!"

As recourse in that dreadful crisis Mr. Chutter had neither size, weight, moral courage nor a friend in the crowd; furthermore, considering his methods with her hard-earned money, he was not fortified by a clear conscience. He fled to the only retreat that was offered—the wagon.

"I've warned you!" he screamed. "I've pleaded and begged. It's murder—it ain't nothing else!"

"Pick up them reins! Yaw that wheel so't I can get in."

The big bay's splay feet were widely propped; he had folded his neck back against his foreshoulder and was regarding Mr. Chutter with discomposing intentness. Mr. Chutter grabbed the reins and held them as high in the air as his arms would stretch. A man lifting a dangerous explosive away from a threatening bonfire would not have displayed more trepidation.

"Learnt a newfangled way of driving a hoss, along with the rest of your cussedness?" queried Mrs. Chutter sarcastically.

"If he ever gets that old baldheaded tail over ——"

This second foolish unexplainable reference to a particularly luxuriant caudal appendage tipped with white flamed Mrs. Chutter's red rancor.

"Put down them hands!" She stood on tiptoe and banged his wrists.

Mr. Chutter yelped and dropped the reins, and the attentive horse perceived his opportunity. With a swish he hooked his tail over the reins, and leaped.

Mr. Chutter fell upon his knees and grabbed into the luxuriant brush; it came away at his first fierce tug and he threw it over his shoulder as a gardener discards useless foliage. He clutched the hairless stump with both hands when the horse began to run, set his knees against the dashboard and pried with all his might, manfully but ineffectually. The horse made two circles in the square before the stables, after the manner in which an airplane gathers momentum for the hop-off.

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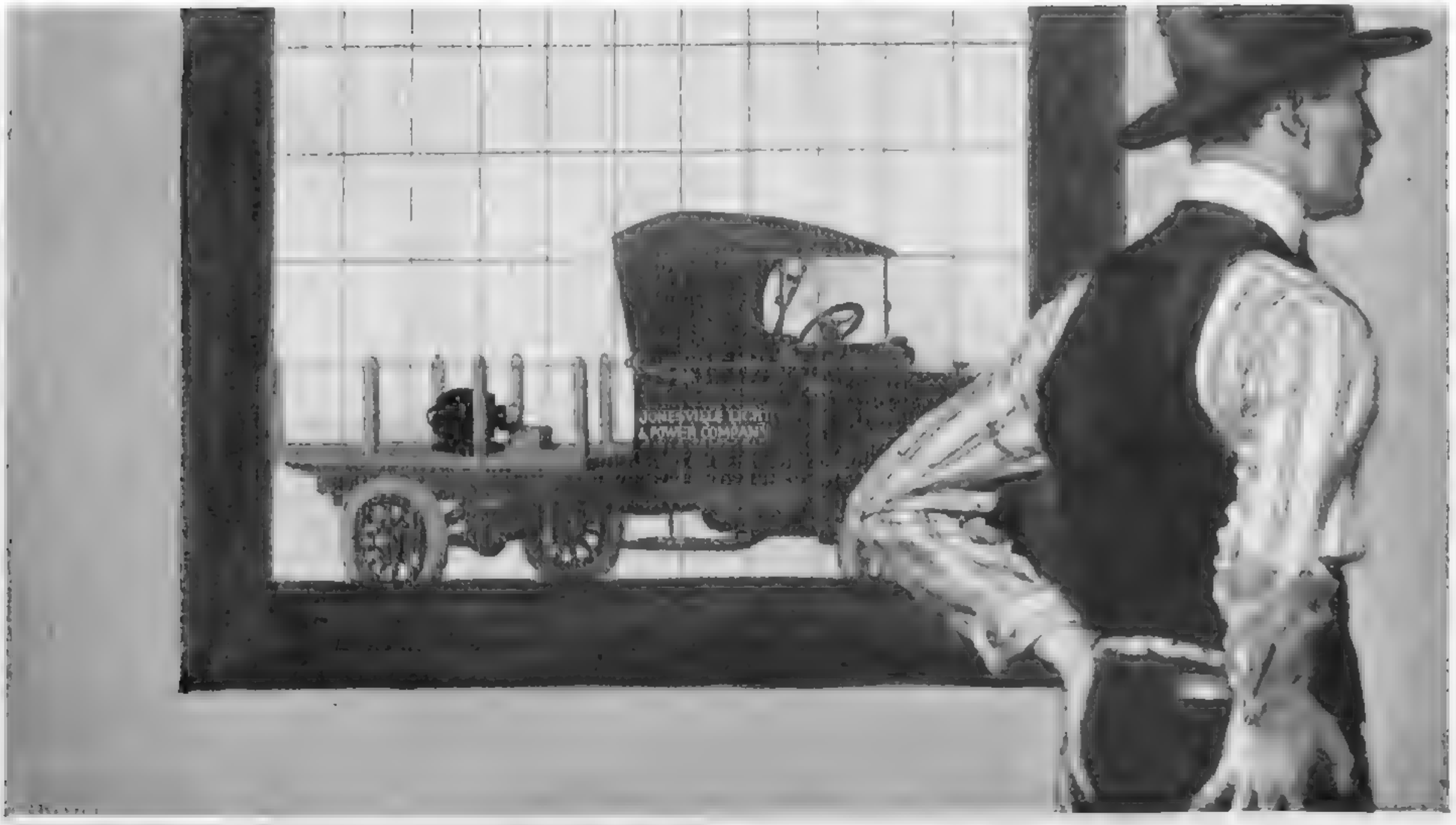

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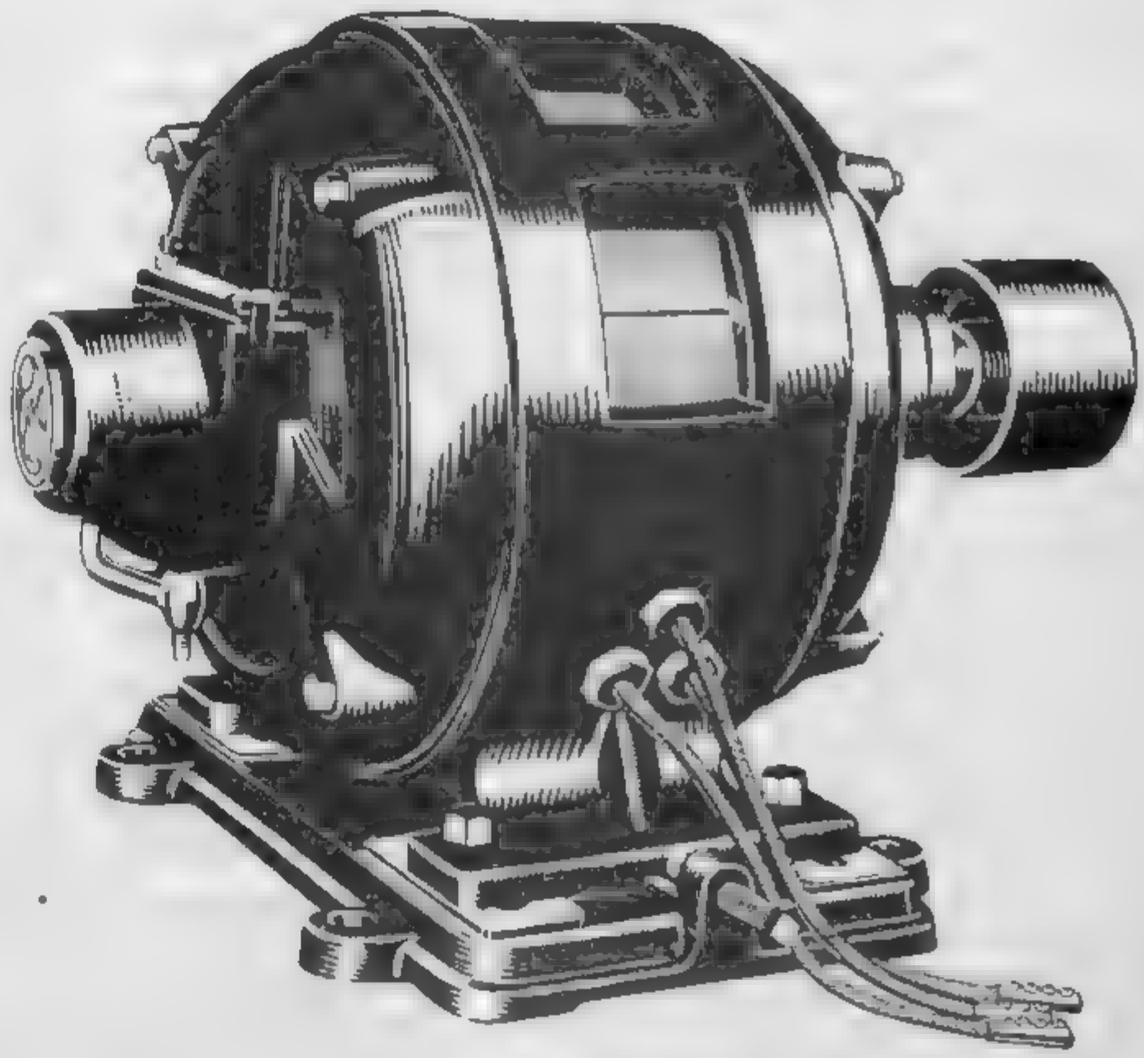

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio

For Twenty-two Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors

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Motors

(Continued from Page 115)

Busy as Mr. Chutter was with his prying, this circling within earshot of an unreasonable wife afforded him an opportunity to say what he thought, safely removed from menace of the stick. "You're like every other dod-battered old she-boss in these days!" he railed in shrill tones. "All mouth to gabble, and no ears to hark to reason! I've been telling ye! I've been mallywhacked by this devilish old duflicker! He broke my leg. I'm lamed all up. That makes it so that I dassent jump. I told ye a thousand times what his name is—and ye wouldn't listen. I'm going to sue you for murder and get a bill of disvose. That's the only thing you're used to, you blasted secondhand husband swapper."

The horse was running in smaller circles, slatting the light wagon to and fro.

"I've told you ten thousand times who this old daminite bumb is and you ——"

Two helpful horsemen ran out with a blanket stretched between them and tried to halt the runaway. The horse shot away to one side and galloped through the gates, into the inner oval of the track.

Mrs. Chutter had been standing in her tracks, stick upraised, her pose suggesting the attitude of a neophyte who had accidentally got hold of a necromancer's wand and had raised sudden ructions without understanding what it was all about.

"He said he told me—a thousand times ——" she gasped.

"Guess he meant to tell you, but it slipped his mind in the gen'ral rush since you got here, marm," stated Mr. Tasper Buffum. "I was a leetle mixed myself for a few minutes. Take society, these days, and whuther it's hosses or humans, there's so much red paint and false hair that ——"

"Is there any man here who ain't a tormented fool and can tell me what hoss that is?"

"It's Iron-Tail Ike," said Mr. Buffum; "and I don't mind telling you that your husband has got both hands on a pa'snip that he won't yank up in no hurry!"

A nimble man in the group had skittered up a short ladder and stood on the roof of the low stable. "P. C. Chutter and his hitch is certainly stirring the porridge in there!" he reported. "Half a dozen runaways started already. Whoosh! There he goes through that tank for the high diver! P. C. Chutter ain't in sight! Yes, he is! Is swimming ashore."

Crack! Crack! There were two revolver shots.

"The cop has shot Iron-Tail Ike," called the man on the roof. "Well, Mis' Chutter," he went on, cocking an eye at her when she gazed up at him past the edge of the eaves, "you may as well be chipper and gay, and say, 'Good reddance to bad rubbage.' You owned a hoss, there, that didn't have no more moral scruples than a Pee-ruvian gomo! And you still have a husband that seems to be intack, according to what I see from here. He's limping bad, but he's coming."

The horsemen were surveying Mrs. Chutter with much curiosity; they had found her previous mood very interesting and were plainly on the qui vive to ascertain what her new slant would be.

One of the men brought the false tail and gave it to her. "I don't know as it can be called by that new name of camel-flewge that they're talking up so much these days—seeing that it was used on a hoss. But this much can be said about it—it'll decorate your parlor a good deal better than a framed coffin plate would, marm."

"Does anybody know where that Tate went to?" she asked stiffly. Her countenance did not inform them as to her thoughts.

"He just driv' off, and by the way he was laying on braid I guess he was testing out to see whuther that new hoss has any speed, like he thought might be possible."

She dropped the tail on the ground. "I d'know but what it's just as well he's gone. I ain't trusting my nerves right now. Where is P. C. Chutter?" she asked the sentinel on the stable roof.

"Coming—but coming dretful slow, marm!"

"You all heard what his last words were to me—you gents! If there was anybody on these grounds who didn't hear, I miss my guess. This is another case where I don't trust my nerves. In the case of other husbands that I've had and got rid of, the law was on my side, and I want to keep it there. I don't want the law against me for killing this last one.

"You all seem to be mighty handy with your mouths. When P. C. Chutter gets back here you tell him that I have gone to post him for leaving my bed and board, and I shall pay no bills of his contracting. You heard his language—you'd better give him some good advice about what's li'ble to happen to a man who ever comes in my reach again after talking like that to me in the ears of the public.

"I serve notice on one and all that I have closed out my stock of hosses and husbands for the rest of my nat'ral life."

She threw the cane violently against the side of the stall and marched out of the fair grounds, carefully avoiding the course by which her husband was proceeding.

Mr. Chutter received terse bulletins from the group when he was some distance away; full details of Mrs. Chutter's pronouncement were given him while he sat on the upturned feed bucket and wrung water from the corners of his coat and vest.

"She did say it, did she!" he retorted sullenly, irefully. "She hipered off, did she? Well, she don't know nothing sensible about most things, but if she keeps going and never again comes nigh enough for me to gaffle her and show her what's what I'll admit that there's a glimmer of reason left in her. I learnt how to be polite with wimmen up to a certain ex-tent by swapping Yankee notions in trade for rags, but when a woman goes beyond that ex-tent with me she's got to take her chances on what may happen. She showed good jedgment. I'm dangerous when I get pushed beyond the ex-tent. And that goes for men as well as wimmen." He picked up the club that Mrs. Chutter had thrown away. "Now, if any of you gents wants to see an imitation of a ring-tailed, r'yal Bengal tiger in action, go ahead and give me some lip about what has been happening here."

Mr. Chutter, in that mood, his little eyes red and his countenance contorted with a squizzle of rage, was not a pleasing companion; furthermore, after the temporary upheaval in the oval, the day's events were going forward, and there was something more worth while in other quarters.

Mr. Chutter was left alone with Doctor Shellhorn.

The discarded husband, making sure that the stick was heavy and solid, gave the amanuensis challenging stare. "Got any remarks on the subject of how I've come out of the little end of the horn? Got any pome to write on it? Any song to compose up about it?"

"No, I don't think so!" returned the doctor.

"It's jest as well that you don't. What has your writing got for me? I'll ask you that! I want that two dollars back, and I want it damn sudden!" He beat the end of the sapling on the ground.

But Doctor Shellhorn had tested out Mr. Chutter's brand of backbone. "You won't get it! I did my part of the work and delivered the paper. If you'd had any kind of gumption in you you'd have made your wife read it."

"Good goshamighty! Didn't you see her with your own eyes? A fat show I had, of organizing a reading club, the way she was whooping things up when she struck here! So you have gone back on me, like all the rest, hey?"

"Perhaps I can heave in, free gratis, a little something in my other lines ——"

"Your other lines!" squalled Mr. Chutter, throwing away the stick as a useless utensil in securing his rights or expressing his emotions. "You can't vet'inary no hoss for me—I don't own a hoss no more. No matter how blasted sick I feel right now I ain't going to call in no hoss doctor for myself. And I ain't no stutterer."

Doctor Shellhorn smiled indulgently on this excitement and lighted a cigar.

"Other lines!" proceeded the exasperated client. 'A hypnoticker, it's said you are! Can you hypnotick that hay press back to me? Can you hypnotick that woman out of being a raging cattymount?" He was fumbling in a soggy vest pocket and pulled out a crumpled greenback. "Can you hypnotick this only dollar bill I've got to my name into money enough so't I can get to hell-'n'-hoorah fur enough away so I'll never get into that woman's clutches again?"

By that time Doctor Shellhorn had his cigar going well. He took it out of his mouth and inspected the glowing tip. "You have gone bump pretty hard, haven't you, P. C. Chutter?"

"I don't have to say 'yes' to that, do I?" demanded the client. "Look at me!"

"Can't be much worse off, I'll say."

"If she had stayed here and tempted me and I had got into state prison on account of her, I'd be better off than I am now—for I'd be sure of having my meals served reg'lar."

"What she said about the little end of the horn hits you off pretty well, eh?"

"What are you trying to do—trying to rub it in after taking my hard-earned ——"

"I want to see if it can't be proved to you that a horn has two ends, P. C. There's nothing more for you at the little end; let's head back toward the big end. What you need now is some good luck."

"The next thing I know you'll be telling me that this is my nose," said Mr. Chutter, putting finger to it, "and this here is my eye and this other is my mouth—and you'll think you are giving me information that is worth two dollars! What are you trying to string me for, after all what I have just been through?" He was lachrymose now.

"Cheer up!" advised Doctor Shellhorn. "Look at this!"

He opened his hand and exhibited a small object that glistened on his palm. "That's a lucky stone, Chutter. It was given to me by my grandmother. It can't help anybody outside of my own family. It has been a wonderful thing for me."

The client was not especially impressed. "It hasn't made you President of the United States or rich enough so but what you hang onto two dollars like ——"

"That'll be about enough on the subject of those two dollars, my friend! I ain't going to insult my own ability by working for anybody for nothing. I've got personal pride on that point.

"Now you listen! It's plain enough that you haven't been carrying a lucky stone or know anything about one. I have seen 'em advertised, but they're fakes; that's no way to get a lucky stone by buying it. What you must do is this: Go out to-night and exactly on the stroke of midnight begin to dig. The first thing in the rock line you come to, take it. You'll find that in shape or color or something it will be rather odd. That'll be your lucky stone. It won't be a real permanent one like this stone that has come down through my family. But it will turn some kind of a trick for you, there's no doubt about it. What do you think of that?"

"I consider too much of my mind to be wearing it out thinking on any such blamed nonsunch. I'd be a nice figger, owling it round in the dark, after a hunk o' rock!"

"Suit yourself," replied the doctor with serenity. "You're bellyaching to me about wasting two dollars—and I give you a chance to realize on it and you hout me! All right! I have nothing more to say!" He strode off, trailing cigar smoke behind him.

Mr. Chutter contemptuously put the lucky-stone advice out of his mind. He suddenly remembered something of real importance and he hurried across the oval to salvage the harness from the deceased Iron-Tail Ike; he could sell it and add a few dollars to his assets.

But the remains had been promptly removed from under the eyes of the holiday throng, and nobody was able to tell Mr. Chutter what had become of the harness; the road wagon was a complete wreck.

"You're out o' luck, old top," remarked a scoffer.

That careless remark was singing in Mr. Chutter's ears all evening, while he sat in an otherwise empty horse stall; he had resolved to sleep there that night for reasons that need no elaboration. Every time Doctor Shellhorn's gratuitous advice popped up in the client's thoughts that advice was treated with contumely, voiced so loudly that the night watchman patrolling the stable section thought that somebody was talking in his sleep. But Mr. Chutter did not go to sleep, even after he had raked the straw into one corner of the stall and had composed himself on the litter. He left the lantern lighted and kept looking at the driver's watch on his wrist.

"I haven't got much left to me now but my intellecks," he muttered, "and I ain't going to shame them by sneaking out and digging dirt at midnight, like a cussed coyote hunting for a buried bone. No, sir!" He engaged in two or three hours of that sort of broken soliloquy by which he kept bolstering his determination not to make a fool of himself—and then, just before midnight, he picked up a hoof file and went forth into the night.

It was a particularly black night and thunder had been booming up aloft.

The first big drops of rain came splotching his features. A distant tower bell began to clang the strokes of twelve and he fell on his knees and began to dig with one hand and fumble anxiously with the other. In a moment he felt a bit of stone and made sure of it. When he rose and started back toward the stall, stumbling in the darkness, a flash that split the heavens seared his eyes, and thunder, like the crack o' doom, jumped him off his feet and he fell flat. He crawled on hands and knees to the stall and slammed the door.

"Luck!" he snarled, all of a tremble. "Luck! There I was out there digging for luck, like he told me to do, and if I hadn't been almighty spry I would never have dodged that stroke o' lightnin' that was aimed at me, not in a million years. There ain't no sech thing as luck—a man has got to look out for himself in this world."

He scrubbed the dirt off the little stone. He was not able to perceive anything peculiar about it. He raised his arm to throw it away—then he rolled it up in the ragged dollar bill, tucked it carefully down in his vest pocket, blew out the light and went to sleep.

He slumbered peacefully though the rain poured down upon the stable roof in torrents all night long; the stab of that lightning flash had evidently done something desperate in the way of ripping open the pluvial reservoirs.

Mr. Chutter gazed on the landscape through sheets of rain when he peered out of the stall next morning. There were ponds in horse square, rivulets danced across the race track, and the wind whipped tattered banners and bellied the soggy tents of the Midway shows. It had all been gay the day before. But there is nothing quite so lonesome as the spectacle of a fair that has been put out of business by a rainstorm. Mr. Chutter was lonely enough anyway, outside of all matters connected with a fairground. In view of what had happened in public he had no heart to expose himself to gibes by seeking out horsemen on the grounds. After a few hours he could endure the sight of that lamentable fairground no longer. His nerves were getting beyond control. He was pretty wet, anyway, for the roof was leaking.

"The only thing that can make it worse is for me to go crazy," he told himself. "I'll try to save myself from being that!"

So he buttoned his coat collar close about his scrawny neck and set forth under the weeping skies. He went with the wind! He had not the courage to face the driving tempest. He had one thrill of satisfaction in realizing that he was heading up the river away from the intervale farm and Mrs. Chutter. Temerity, with Mr. Chutter, ranked among his assets in as pathetic a minority as his present stock of coin.

The highway was so muddy that he went up across the sloping hillside, stumbling against the pumpkins. In a field beyond, in a plot that was framed by still more pumpkins, he pulled up a turnip and trudged on, gnawing off his breakfast.

"Luck!" he growled, worrying the turnip, dog style. "I'm in luck, am I? 'Dig and be lucky,' said the bam-basted old tufted Houdan of a liar! And kept my two dollars. The only thing that's lucky is that they ain't getting up another lightning storm, now that I'm out here where they can aim at me all handy!"

His mood grew more ugly as he plodded along. He kept on past all shelter when shelter offered itself. The grinding, bitter, rebellious, raging hankering seized on him to see how wet and miserable he possibly could get! The rain pelted more furiously, the mess underfoot grew worse. In a final hysterical whirl of mental exacerbation he detoured down to the river highway, where the mud was deeper than it was on the uplands, and snailed his way right up the middle of the clay quagmire that had been a road. His trousers legs were coated with mud to above his knees and he interfered like an inadequately booted horse, smearing the clay into veritable greaves.

"Con-spire 'em! The whole world of 'em!" he declaimed. "They say there's such a thing as luck, do they? Let me show 'em. Let 'em look at me."

The river was already running full. In places where the road dipped Mr. Chutter was obliged to wade. He still had aches in his back where the stick had been thwacked. He addressed the flood when he waded. "Go it! Go to it! Go get her on that intervale farm! Make her climb a tree. She

(Continued on Page 119)

KWONG TUNG'S ENGINES ARE RUNNING AGAIN

THE Kwong Tung Electrical Supply Company of Canton, China, installed several large Diesel engines—brought from America.

After 50 hours of running, operating trouble developed. The engines stopped. From Canton the cable flashed to the builders of the engines in America "What shall we do?"

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Kwong Tung's engines are running again.

* * *

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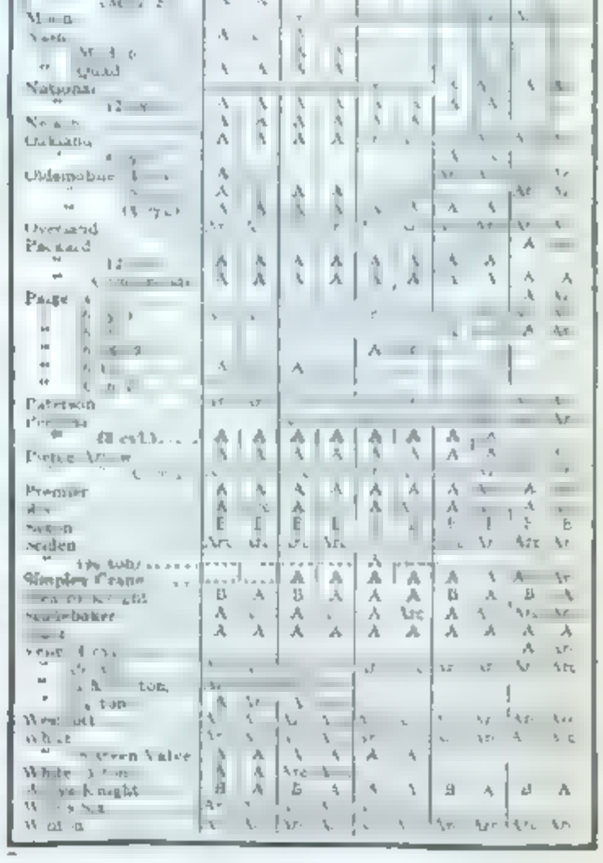
The Chart below [illegible] by the [illegible] Correct Lubrication [illegible]



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made me climb into that wagon! And I hope she'll find the ghost of that hoss straddled acrost the top limb ready to kick her back into the drink!"

At ten 'clock that night Mr. Peter Charles Chutter was the muddiest man, the hungriest man and the maddest man who could be found along the banks of the raging Swift River as he weltered his way through darkness and clay dough.

"I reckon I've got myself keyed up to G," communed Mr. Chutter with his soul. "But there's a limick, like there is to all things, and I don't want to bust a fiddle string. Let's see what that light is!"

He set the thought of weariness upon the back shelf in his brain and brought forward the conviction that he was now ready to exhibit himself as the foremost, chief and unique example of what a man can be brought to when he casts his fortunes into the keeping of the principle of luck.

"And he claimed to be an expert," was Mr. Chutter's gritting reflection.

In spite of his dolor he was heartened by another thought. He was truly in a class by himself as a hard lucker—and at the head of the class, so he fervently assured himself. It is something, at any rate, to be top liner in anything in this world. Yes, Mr. P. C. Chutter was ready to show himself. It made no difference to him who got first peek. Any person who had a fair amount of good judgment in matters of human nature would do.

He started directly toward the light, in the heat of his new resolve—and tumbled head over heels into the river. In that particularly black night it was hard to distinguish between straight water and water that was mixed with a little clay to make a highway.

When he came to the surface he threw aloft his arms, clawing his fingers through the rain-soaked darkness, and caught hold of something after a few moments. It was a bush. By the violence with which he was yanked up—a violence sufficient to set his teeth into his tongue—it was impressed upon him that the flood had been lugging him along at a very lively rate.

When he had struggled back upon soil that would partly sustain him he apostrophized the river again. "Go it! When you get to where she is, up a tree, tell her you saw me. Tell her she's an expert on knowing how to use husbands. P'raps she hasn't thought of chasing the next one into a gunpowder factory after she has been and hitched a bunch of Injy crackers onto his co't tail. Tell her I sent her the idee—I'm throwing it in for nothing, free gratis, like the way an advice expert had been kind and helpful in my own case."

He set out again to stalk the light, using more caution.

His course brought him to the end of an uncovered wooden bridge, to which the highway swung sharply at right angles. He perceived why his attempt to get to that light by way of the hypotenuse of the triangle had not been a haste-making success.

But the light was not on the farther shore!

It was on the bridge—in the middle of the bridge, and it glowed through a very large window. Furthermore, the rays revealed some details of the building as well as its location. Unless Mr. Chutter was much mistaken as his eyes searched the inky blackness above the light there was a steeple on the building. He decided that he must be mistaken. "The way I'm feeling right now I'm expecting to see most anything, from imps of Satan to ——"

He had stepped out upon the bridge.

The swelling flood was rushing past close under the stringers. His mind was instantly switched from his own troubles to the thought that others might be undergoing worse woes. He goggled with wide eyes over the bridge rail. The glimmer from the broad window revealed objects on the flood, hurrying past. His first horrified belief was that these were the bloated heads of partly submerged dead folks. As far as he could see the river was full of them. As a tin peddler Mr. Chutter knew to a child just how many persons made up the population in the Swift River Valley, and for a moment he had the sensations of the nightmare of a census taker who dreams that he has overlooked the enumeration of a metropolis in his district.

He got down on his hands and knees, stuck his head under the rail and observed with closer scrutiny. The rushing, bobbing objects were pumpkins!

"Seefered Cicero!" bleated Mr. Chutter. "This is a reg'lar punkin freshet!"

In that moment he gave out of his stress of emotions a name to that upheaval of waters that will stick as long as the current of Swift River flows; he had named an affair that will be reckoned from, as the Arabs reckon from the hegira.

He pulled in his head and stared up at the façade of the building on the bridge. "I ain't so good a jedge of meeting houses as I be of punkins," he admitted in soliloquy, "but most anything can happen on a night like this and I ain't going to say no till I find out whuther or not yes will better fit."

Swift River is not wide, and the bridge was not long.

A few steps took him to the building. The door was open and he stepped into what was unmistakably a meeting-house entry; his fumbling hands came in contact with a dangling bell rope.

Then he found a doorknob, pulled at it, and stepped through the opened portal into the auditorium.

A lighted lantern that was hung by a tarred string from the center chandelier afforded a so-so sort of illumination. It was light enough so that he saw the solitary occupant of the place. An elderly man in overalls sat behind the pulpit on the rostrum.

The ceiling was cracked, much of the plaster was off the walls and the old high pews, with doors, showed the antiquity of the structure; if was a very seedy interior, but it was a place of worship and Mr. Chutter was impressed.

"I hope I ain't breaking in on nothing special—any service or something," he apologized.

"No," returned the man in the pulpit, recrossing his legs. He waited a few moments. "Well," he called in querulous tone, "go ahead! Have your say! Join into the yapping. All welcome to wallop their old jaws. One more don't make any difference!"

Mr. Chutter promptly sat down in a pew, his head just showing over the top of the pen. Two reasons prompted this sudden subsidence: He was all-fired tired; by remaining on his feet, so it seemed, he was offering himself in the embarrassing rôle of an orator—was expected to say something on some subject of whose nature he had not the remotest idea.

"Go ahead—it's your turn." urged the pulpit occupant testily.

"I ain't no speechmaker. Never having perfessed religion I don't feel like standing up here in meeting and ——"

"What in blazes do you think this is?" That was a rather hot query to come from the pulpit, so Mr. Chutter opined, if the service, upon which he had intruded, was intended to fit the milieu.

Entirely mystified, he confessed that he did not know what it was. "I happened to be strolling past and I saw the light and dropped in, all casual, so to speak."

The man in the pulpit was not especially placated by Mr. Chutter's meekness. "If you haven't anything to say I'm glad of that much. For that matter, enough has been said by others. For myself, I'm saying that this bridge ain't closed to the traveling public—not when law is fined right down to the sharp point. I'm going to fight all damage suits they threaten to bring. I'm going to say that hosses ain't the traveling public. I ain't going to give you any chance for a suit. You can pass right through and step out by the Sunday-school door." He jerked a gesture with his thumb over his shoulder, indicating a rear exit.

"What for?" inquired the caller.

"Don't you want to get acrost this bridge?"

"No special hankering right now! I reckon the rain is just as wet on t'other side as it is on this one. Seems to be rather a soppy kind of an evening," he proceeded affably, willing to make conversation, now assured that he was not disturbing any religious gathering.

"I'll say this much!" admitted the man in the pulpit. "I'm glad to have one man step in here who ain't barking and bellowing and blustering. I've done my level best in this thing. I've worked like a dog hoofing it in a churn wheel. But what's a man going to do against the gad-firedest, lallypaloopered luck that ever happened to any man since old Nebbycudneezer had to take to eating grass?"

Mr. Chutter, immediately stung to action by a topic on which he possessed peculiar and intimate information, grabbed hold of the pew wall and pulled his aching body erect.

"When you go to talking about luck ——"

"That's what I am talking about! And I'll do the talking!"

"No, you won't, when you're laying your eyes on me!" shouted the other disputant in the joint debate on ill fortune. "I tell you ——"

"You can't tell me anything, sir, on that subject. I've been having the cussedest tough luck of anybody in the whole United States—and mebbe I'll take in Mexico, now that things have gone to b'iling down there again."

"I've got sort of tender feelings about standing up in a meeting house and telling a man that he's a liar," said Mr. Chutter, rasped beyond endurance by this arrogant attempt to take away from him the only distinction that he had nurtured as his last source of pride. "I claim for myself ——"

The man in the pulpit had the advantage of elevation and his position appealed to Mr. Chutter's layman's lurking deference to any person who looked like a churchman; furthermore, there was a big sounding board over the pulpit to help the man's voice. After a few minutes of unequal combat in the field of forensics Mr. Chutter sat down.

"Now you're showing a little good judgment," affirmed the victor. "Besides being a general dickerer, and ready to buy and sell anything from a clap o' thunder to a hank o' twist, I'm the best auctioneer in this county, and when I start in to hoot a man down I come pretty blamed nigh having my own way about it. It don't make any difference to me whether you're interested or not; I've got to get some of this load off'm my mind!"

A wrath which he considered righteous had been holding up Mr. Chutter's endurance for many hours. Now that his unique eminence in his special line had been claimed by another, now that he had been bawled into silence and was obliged to relax and listen, he was cruelly conscious of reaction. In any sort of building except a meeting house there might be a chance of finding something to eat. But of all the places that had held forth an inviting light he had stumbled into a meeting house—and evidently a migratory and improvident kind of a meeting house, at that! A tramp of a meeting house! Otherwise, what would it be doing at that time o' night, loafing right in the middle of a bridge across Swift River?

"There's a big load on my mind, you're here to listen, and it's got to come off," insisted the host, pounding his fist on the pulpit.

"If I had as much on my stomach as you seem to have on your mind," retorted the sullen drafted listener, "I might be in a more sooavable condition to hear what you have to say. All I can ask is that you'll make it short, and not harrer my feelings too much, else I'll faint away."

"Are you hungry? Is that what you're trying to say?"

"Yes, I'm trying—but I've hardly got breath enough left to say it."

The man stooped and secured a tin pail from under the pulpit. "Here's grub that I brought to eat at midnight. You're welcome to it. I haven't got any appetite left."

Chutter staggered up the aisle and received the pail from the donor, who leaned down from the platform. "Now that I see you close, I place you as Peter Charles Chutter, peddler, licensed by county commissioners, and so forth."

"And if that was the only license I'd ever took out some things that have been happening to me wouldn't have happened," declared Mr. Chutter, making his way back to a pew with the pail.

But the other man was too much absorbed in his own troubles to bother about asking Mr. Chutter to explain that reference.

He pulled a thick packet of papers from his hip pocket and smacked the dossier across his open palm. "These are the sort of billydoos I've been getting! You're the only man I've seen in two weeks who wasn't a constable with a law paper or else some old blarting doodlebug who talked as if this bridge connected hell with heaven, and he had a through ticket to the last-named place and I had blocked the way on purpose. Here are eleven suits for damages because it's claimed that hosses have been scared by seeing the meeting house in the highway. And they prob'ly wasn't half so much afraid of it as the humpbacked old heathens were who were driving 'em. This is a sacred old building, I want you to know, Chutter! It stood on the top of Meeting House Hill for nigh onto seventy-five years, it was built by the pious old fathers in Israel and no better grade of punkin pine was ever used by Solomon's boss carpenter. And they're talking about it scaring hosses! Seven other and separate suits brought because I have blocked the bridge! More threatened!"

He was delivering himself of his message with an auctioneer's best tone and with staccato impetuosity, and the sounding board helped him to fill the auditorium with clamor. Mr. Chutter, in his pew pen, had become an extremely tractable audience. He had a meat sandwich in one hand, with his fingers set into the bread in determined clutch, as if he feared that some one of those aforesaid old fathers in Israel might be tempted to grab over his shoulder; on a tripod formed by two fingers and his thumb he supported an ample wedge of squash pie and he bit into the pie and into the sandwich with brisk alternation, evidently resolved to take no chances of losing either the pièce de résistance or the dessert by any silly notions regarding the progression of courses. Crumbs rained down from the corners of his stuffed mouth, but he hugged his knees close together in order that no fragments might escape.

"I'm asking for your close attention!" the speaker warned, banging the packet on the pulpit.

Mr. Chutter bit a generous sector from the pie and boosted the remainder up and down, signaling that by no means was he asleep.

"I buy and I sell," proceeded the other. "I bought this building from pewholders, such as was alive, because religious services had been discontinued in it. And having bought it and paid my money I ask you as a fair man is it anybody's business what I intend to do with it after I have moved it to my land, where I own a water-power privilege?"

He paused and leaned forward and plainly expected spoken indorsement. Considering the obligation, and what use he was making of this person's food, Mr. Chutter made a muffled noise by which he strove to convey his sentiment that it was nobody's business. Politeness demanded that much.

"These are rushing times—days when business can't afford to be too squeamish," the host went on. "A building with timber in it like this one has got, mortised and fastened with handforged spikes and so solid that it can be rolled downhill and not start a j'int, mustn't be sacrificed to whims. This building has been fairly holding up that steeple, like a youngster stretching up his arm in school, demanding attention! If it had had a voice it would have called in loud tones to business men!"

For a startled instant Mr. Chutter thought that the old building had been able to secure a voice in some fashion and was proceeding to say a few words for itself. Under his feet there was a rasping sound as if some mighty animal had cleared its throat. There were grunts. There were wordless mutterings.

"You needn't be one mite afraid that anything is going to give way," stated the man in the pulpit, questioned by the bugged-out eyes that showed above the edge of the pew. "This bridge is built of the same kind of punkin pine that went into this building. I say that this meeting house has felt that it has been loafing on that hilltop too long. It has been asking for a chance to serve mankind in a practical way. It wants to get into the swim!"

There were confirmatory growls and grumbles under Mr. Chutter's feet, and he cocked his ear apprehensively. But he hooked his fingers into the pail and secured another sandwich.

"Look at the punkins sunning on the fields, the apples on the trees, the grain in the medders! We need in this town a building strong enough to house a gristmill, an evaporating fact'ry for them punkins, and a cider mill. But there are critters in these parts who have got such bad cases of ingrowing religion that they'd rather heave old Mother Nature's gifts back into her face than use a meeting house in a commonsense way, like I propose to use it—and I will use it in spite of all the pinch-nosed, psalm-snorting old woopentookets and teetotal temperance cranks who have been cutting my rigging in the night and throwing my rollers into the river and loosening

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the planks of this bridge on me when I was ready to rush 'er acrost and have all set! I ain't to blame! But I've been four weeks on a job that ought to have been all done in four days. If there are any suits to be brought, let 'em be brought against them moral uplifters who don't care how many rights they tread on so long as they have their own way about their own notions. It ain't any satisfaction for me to be sitting up nights watching my property from now on. But citizens talk as if I had plugged this bridge on purpose. Let 'em hunt down them uplifters!" He pounded the pulpit and began to stride to and fro on the rostrum.

A long-drawn, silence-searching moan quavered complaint. Mr. Chutter scooped a handful of crumbs from between his knees; his hand paused in front of his mouth.

"Keep your setting all serene," counseled the pulpiteer. "Old Mount Pisgy wasn't rooted any firmer than this bridge with this meeting house squatting on it. I don't mean to tucker you out by talking to you—and I'm going to give you your chance to state your case before the meeting is adjourned."

Mr. Chutter sat back in the pew.

"It isn't always that a man can get an intelligent audience when remarks are rising up in him. I want to grab this opportunity, now that I have found somebody who is intelligent."

Mr. Chutter crossed his legs. He knew well enough that the tin pail was empty at his side, but he clawed one hand round in it to make sure.

"I have been meditating on the subject of how reformers have run wild and I will here and now express myself as best I am able," stated the gentleman, twitching up his sleeves and crooking his elbows and manifestly ready to give his auctioneer's larynx a setting-up drill.

Mr. Chutter laced his fingers across his stomach before he closed his eyes. He still had the air of one who proposed that nobody should be able to frisk him for anything in the food line, no matter where the food might be located.

"In starting, I will say ——"

Beyond that exordium Mr. Chutter pursued the subject no further. In the dim light he sank slowly down behind the wall of the pew. That full meal on top of his utter weariness had put him out as effectually as a slung shot would have done the trick.

He did not hear the arguments, he did not quail under the invective, he did not thrill with the convictions of the summing up; nor did he hear certain outside sounds. The orator of the occasion was too much bound up in his own eloquence to pay any heed for some time to those sounds.

But it became apparent at last that in that section of the town the inhabitants were performing with much zest and industry on those adjuncts of farm life—dinner horns. There were dinner-horn wails afar, and dinner-horn blasts near at hand. The squawkings blended in a chorus that signified something else than mere dilettante indulgence in a midnight hornfest.

The gentleman on the rostrum paused and hearkened.

Then he offered certain indignant remarks anent the moral nature of a community that could get up a charivari bee on a night like that. "But if they think they're going to catch me napping, when it comes to protecting my property, I'll show 'em that a good mouser ain't afraid of wet feet," he declared with venom.

He leaped down from the platform, climbed on a pew, yanked down the lantern and hurried out.

In his absorption in matters pertaining exclusively to himself and to repletion and general comfort after travel and trials P. C. Chutter did not hear what the other gentleman heard after he had reached the shore in quest of a threatening mob. Not everybody in the region was provided with a horn; others were using their voices and were proclaiming: "Jepson's dam has gone out!"

That promptly seemed to be just about what had happened, though the gentleman with the lantern could not see very far in the night, and for some time had not been in a state of mind where he believed much of anything his neighbors said. There was a dull, increasing roar in the river valley. Then, even though the night was black, there was the spectacle of white banners flung by upending waters, marching irresistibly.

The orator, not knowing that he had put his intelligent audience to sleep, could not entertain compunction on that score; but the man in the dark meeting house had not been warned, and would have trouble in groping his way to safety. Nerved by that reflection, running back toward the bridge——

But the rending racket of ripped timbers made the potential rescuer's haste of no account! Even an auctioneer's voice availed not to warn in that uproar. The meeting house, riding on the bridge, was on its way—to somewhere!

In the dream in which his subconscious self was reviewing recent events Mr. Chutter was hurled again from the seat of a wagon. It seemed as if he hung in the air for a long time. Once again was he swimming in that tank of the high diver.

"I told you about that old hick'ry-root tail!" he whimpered. "But you had to have it your own way! All right! Now I know your nature. Wherever you are I shall head t'other way."

Then Mr. Chutter woke and did not have the least glimmer of an idea that he was heading down Swift River under circumstances that were wholly outside his control.

As a matter of fact he did not know where he was anyway!

In the pitchy blackness he floundered in water, butted his head against partitions, climbed up, fell into more water and kept encountering a nightmare succession of board walls. Then he found steps and crawled up on his hands and knees, and seeking something for an anchor found a square object and clung to it, giving, had there been a spotlight to show him up, a very fair presentation of the tableau, Rock of Ages.

His terror whetted his perceptions, now that he was wide-awake, and he knew that he was hanging onto the pulpit of the meeting house. He began to call for the orator, addressing him as "Auctioneer!"

Then he became aware that the meeting house was lurching in sickening fashion every little while; occasionally there were bumps.

"She's agoing it! She's agoing, surer'n hosannas ain't a pop'lar tune in Tophet," he wailed. "I'm agoing to get drownded and it ain't no special comfort to me to think it's a meeting house that I'm agoing to get drownded in."

Only a stuffy echo responded to his repeated calls for "Auctioneer!"

The grinding rancor of a man who had been put to sleep and basely deserted possessed the victim. That ugliness helped somewhat in lieu of courage. He settled himself more firmly on his knees and hugged the pulpit.

After a time there was less bumping and the vicious slewing ceased. But the adventurous meeting house was still on the move, he knew, because it slowly rocked and dragged itself past obstructions.

There was no consolation for Mr. Chutter in the fact that he had found sanctuary, such as it was. Ire was mingled with terror in his little mind. He had been hearkening to the recent record of that apostate of a meeting house. Here it was aroving and strolling again, after having captured a victim. He shifted his stream of anathema from the absent auctioneer to the auctioneer's rat trap. That's what he called the reverend vagrant, in his excitement disregarding the fact that the epithet cut both ways in the matter of derogation.

The coming of dawn did not comfort him very much, though the gray light that filtered through the upper parts of the windows revealed that the water barely covered the pews; evidently the building was still sticking to the submerged bridge, like a drowning man riding on a savior's shoulders.

In the rear of the auditorium was a choir gallery; this was flanked by galleries on two sides of the low and modestly small interior. By stacking up the three pulpit chairs Mr. Chutter was able to reach the rail of a gallery, and he pulled himself onto a dry upper deck. His courage mounted along with his physical ascent. There was a ladder behind the choir loft. He climbed and found himself in the belfry, a skipper on the bridge of a craft that wallowed along sluggishly in a turbid flood. The mists did not allow him to see very far. But as nearly as he was able to estimate, in his sour mood, there were all of eleven thousand pumpkins within the range of his limited vision. There did not seem to be much of anything else for companionship.

The bell hung right over his head. He grabbed the clapper and banged furiously. "Whuther they think this is a fire or a prayer meeting, I don't care so long as it fetches somebody," he growled. But when he listened there was no hail to indicate that anybody had heard. In default of a listener in that waste of waters Mr. Chutter, as was his custom, fell back upon himself.

"Luck, is it? I suppose if that old two-dollar pote was aboard here he would say to me that sailing in a meeting house and having all the punkins I want for breakfast is good luck enough to pay for setting up and digging rocks and getting hit by lightning and suffering all the torments of perdition, like I've been doing! Old Noah was the white-haired luckster of the human fam'ly alongside of me! No matter what had happened to him in the weather line, he had a Mount Ariat handy by to land on. And where I be I don't know! If this ain't the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, then the size of a puddle don't furnish no signs and symptoms."

Then, right ahead in the mist, appeared certain symptoms. The amateur mariner decided that he was perceiving a rock covered with sea gulls.

But when the saintly structure reached the object Mr. Chutter saw that it was a roof that had been trigged in its course by a tree. The roof was thatched thickly with hens. The tree did not avail to stop the meeting house; the building moved straight on, pushing the roof ahead. Led by a venturesome rooster, the hens flew in under the lintel of the front door; their fear had strengthened their barnyard pinions. Mr. Chutter taking a peek down through the belfry trapdoor saw that they were roosting along the gallery rail.

"I ain't expressing my sentiments about some other two-legged critters in this valley, but by snummy, I'm glad I've got along in season to be of some help in your case," he declared. "If any of you feel like reciperkating by laying a few eggs I shan't begretch the hard efforts I've put out to make you safe and comfortable."

Then a plaintive blatting called his attention outside. A calf was standing on wreckage of some sort that had been anchored by another tree.

"Foller your leaders! Plenty of room and all kind and best feelings here," called Mr. Chutter, forgetting in the enthusiasm of the moment that a calf has no wings.

However, that enthusiasm animated to effort the Noah pro tem. He hastened down into the body of the meeting house by way of the ladder and choir-loft stairs, waded to the door and received the terrified calf in his arms when the building caved in the wreckage that supported the animal. After a protracted wrestle Mr. Chutter got the calf up the stairs and into the loft.

"I'm glad I've got you all safe, but I'm sorry you ain't your mother. I'd relish some eggs in milk, pervided them hens wake up to what's expected of 'em."

He hastened back to his observation post in the belfry; he was forgetting all his own troubles in this opportunity to assist the dumb and innocent.

From that time on Mr. Chutter was so busy that the details of his salvage operations became jumbled in his mind.

When the sun was well up and the mists had been burned away and the waste of water revealed no other living objects and his excitement had subsided he checked up the congregation that was assembled in the galleries of the meeting house. Roster: Twenty-seven hens, assorted breeds; eight roosters; five calves; nineteen sheep—an especially rambunctious buck included—an acquisition that Mr. Chutter, having been butted consistently and thoroughly, would have thrown overboard if he had not feared that the sheep would follow their leader, after their custom; a whole flock of ducks and many geese—enumeration impracticable, because they insisted on swimming round in the meeting house in scattered groups.

Furthermore, he had a big hog and five shotes, which, buoyed by their fat, had swum into the door of the building.

Mr. Chutter went up into the belfry with a warm egg in each hand and two more in his coat pocket. "I'm in a state of mind to enjoy a clear conscience and some of the comforts of religion, so to speak," he observed, preparing to suck an egg. "But I'd be a blasted sight more timdickular in my mind if I only knowed where in the name o' sanup I be!"

The shore lines conveyed no information to him. The puddle that encompassed him was a big one. But now that his feelings were calmer he saw the upper part of a stone-quarry derrick past which he was drifting, and recognized it by a certain peculiar droop of its arm. He had seen it several times before. It was borne in on him, as he pondered, that he must be drifting round and round in a huge eddy.

At last he saw a big skiff containing several men. Two men were rowing with all their might and main and no attention was paid to him when he banged on the bell and yelled. They were headed to pass him at some distance. But the insistence of his clamor induced them finally to sheer up a bit nearer.

"We ain't got no time to do rescuing now," bawled the steersman. "We've got important business to tend to."

"I don't want to be rescued," returned Mr. Chutter scornfully.

"What's the matter, then?"

"I want to know where be I?"

"What's your name?"

"P. C. Chutter."

"What's the joke?"

"If I look like I'm cutting up, all so gay, this morning, the shower we've had must have warped your eyesight. I've asked you a plain question, and I'd like plain answer."

"You're floating round over Center Intervale, you dum fool! Why shouldn't you expect to be floating right here, seeing that Jasper's Narrers just below us has been choked up by the refige, punkins and rough stuff? That's where we're bound to—to blow it up with rendrock and let off this water." They hurried on with splattering oars. "Don't you know your own home place when you see it?" called back the steersman.

Mr. Chutter, sucking an egg, peered all about and admitted to himself that he did not know the home place. The big eddy was hauling the drifting building in toward the hills that banked the newly made pond.

"If this is what has happened, then the good Lord help Oggie!" he muttered, forgetting rancor in the presence of this devastation and the woes it hinted at. "She had a comf'table home, though the stand o' buildings wasn't right up to snuff—and she was a blamed good cook when she let herself slat loose. P'raps, if we was to live it over again—— But she's gone!"

He crumpled the empty eggshell in his fist and dropped the symbol of his crushed hopes over the belfry rail. "I'm going to set down here and compose my mind and mourn a while. It's due from me as a husband."

A hail awoke him from his doze.

He stood up and leaned from the belfry and looked down into the face of Mrs. Chutter; she was alone in a punt, which she steadied with a paddle.

"Sounds carry a good ways over the water on a still morning, P. C. Chutter," was her greeting. "I heard you announcing your arrival a little spell ago. Well?"

"I have just been mourning for you, thinking you had got drownded. But if you feel like the way you look, I've been wasting my time."

"How do you expect a woman to look who is flo'ting round in this skimdinker over a hunderd acres under water, and her buildings all washed away and her stock heaven knows where?"

"Well, the stand o' buildings wan't no great, and ——"

"I've listened to your last twit on that subject, P. C. Chutter! Now as for you, looks like you'd started out preaching. Where's your next stop going to be?"

"By jigger, it won't be here," blazed Mr. Chutter, leaning lower over the rail, "if that's all the thanks and the kind of a reception I get when I come home after all my effuts!"

"Effuts!" she taunted. "How much of an effut was it to get rid of ——"

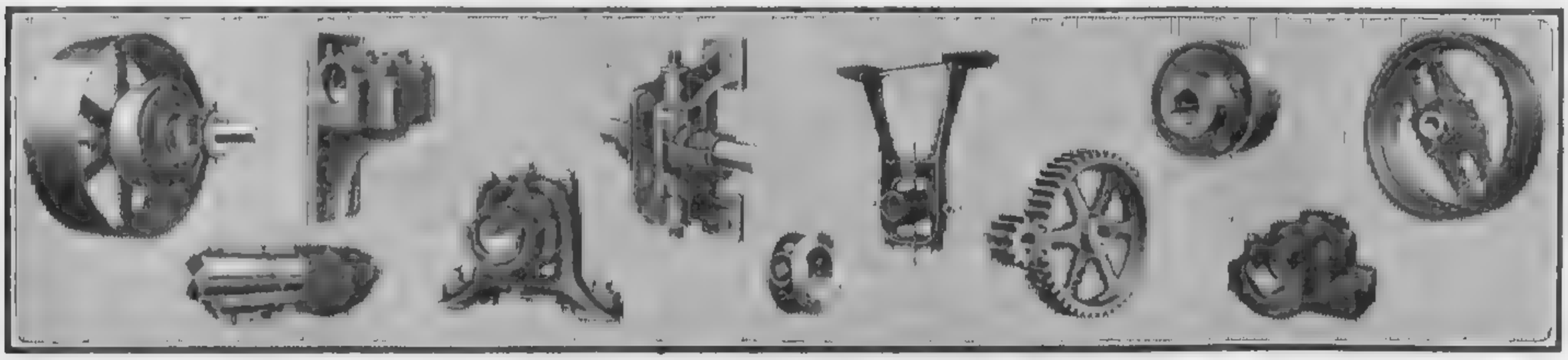
"Yes, effuts! You listen to me! I've listened to your last twit on a certain subject too! Little end of the horn, said you! My front door is open right now. Come in!" He jabbed gesture. "Paddle right in! There's plenty of room between the water and the lintel. And when you paddle out you'll feel so small that you won't have to scooch! I'd like to ask you who hits the little end of the horn right now? Come in!"

He disappeared from the belfry, and after a moment of hesitation she accepted the invitation he had given.

She found Mr. Chutter standing behind the pulpit when she had pushed her punt up the center aisle. She was obliged to confess that he possessed a dignity and

(Concluded on Page 127)

THE DODGE LINE *is the only line containing "everything for the mechanical transmission of power" in which the various units are designed and built with a distinct relation to each other and to the service they are expected to render in your shop.*



After you have chosen a dependable method of transmitting power from the engine room to the machine room, you still face the very important problem of distributing that power to the individual machines.

In at least 90% of the finest equipped manufacturing plants in America, the line and countershaft method still holds the first choice of production managers as the really safe, simple, and reliable means of operating machines at lowest net cost per unit of production.

Low first cost, adaptability to present installations, minimum operating cost and absolute interchangeability from one use to another, make Dodge equipment the logical selection of any plant engineer, whose reputation for service is dependent upon the continuous production of his shop.

He, first of all other men in your plant, will recognize the prudence of adhering to those standards of practice that years of development in power-plant economics have proved trustworthy.

DODGE

ONEIDA and KEYSTONE products should be the shop standard in your plant.

Quality, first of all, is the biggest reason for specifying Dodge products either for replacements or for new installations.

Dodge, Oneida and Keystone products are all Dodge-built in Dodge Shops, by men, the majority of whom have never worked outside of the Dodge organization.

Steadily, but normally, the Dodge line has grown from a single product, the wood split pulley, until today it contains everything for the mechanical transmission of power.

Each new product was designed with direct relation to every other product and tested for superendurance. Each new product was added only as it successfully met those tests and proved its fitness for the Dodge line.

In consequence where quality alone is the consideration, Dodge products are invariably chosen without further investigation than to ascertain the presence of the ◇ on the goods themselves. That trade mark on iron goods (Oneida and Keystone on steel) is the final mark of genuineness and your guarantee that a Dodge installation will go together right and stay right for the service intended.

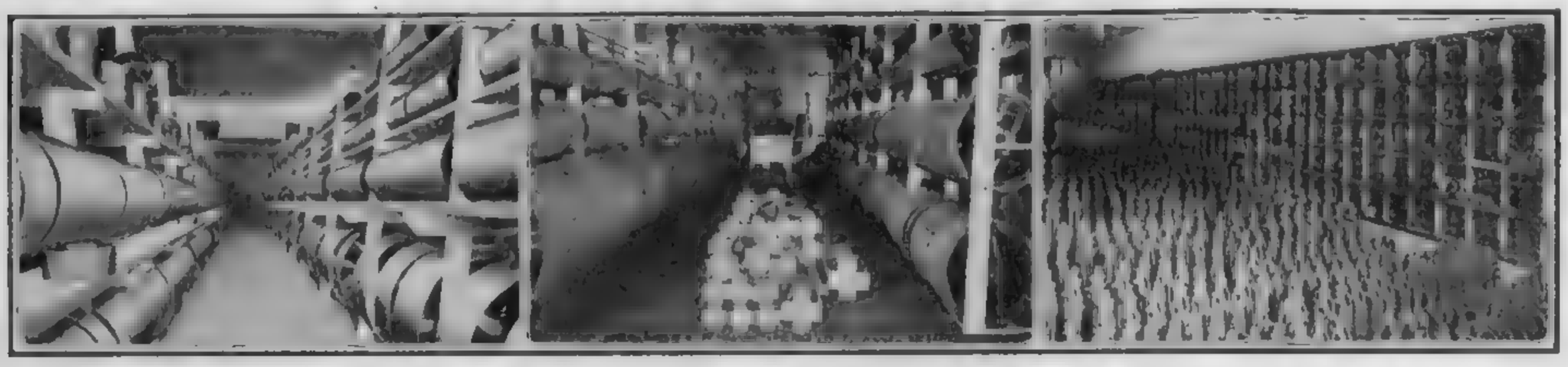
We are asked, "What do you mean when you say that Dodge products are standardized and interchangeable?" Just this: Whether you buy one or a thousand Dodge bearings of a size, each bearing will be identical with every other bearing; a 2 1/16" bearing is not a 2 1/16" bearing rebored for greater shaft size. The larger bearing is increased proportionately throughout, according to a fixed standard.

Because Dodge products are thus designed and built to an inflexible standard, several sizes of hangers will accommodate a bearing of a given bore.

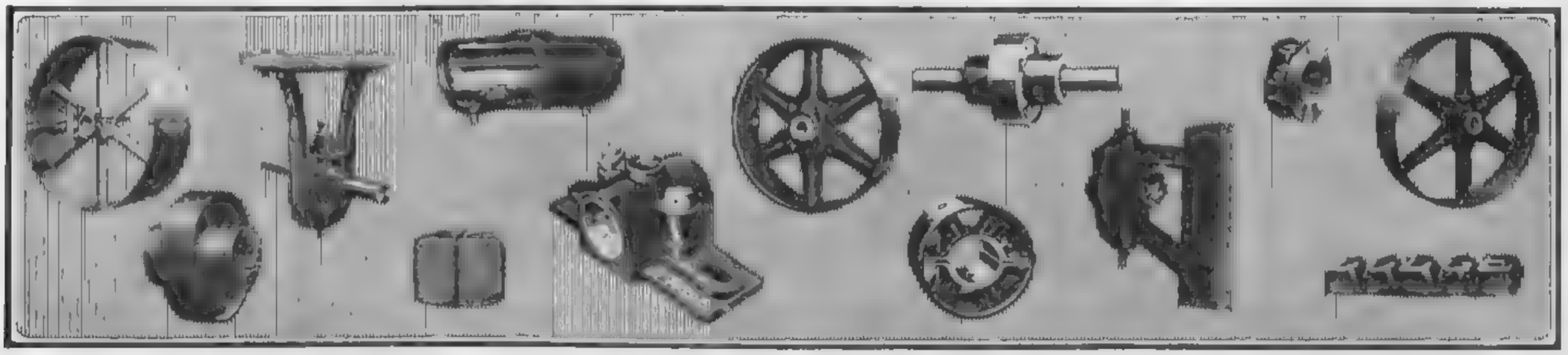
Dodge pulleys are bored to standard size and may be fitted to a wide range of shaft diameters by a standardized bushing system common to all types of pulleys.

When any piece of Dodge equipment has served its original purpose it may be put to service in another part of the plant. Dodge equipment is never scrapped; it always carries its original asset value.

Specimen stocks of pulleys, clutches, hangers, bearings, couplings, etc., carried by Dodge, Oneida and Keystone dealers



DODGE PRODUCTS *are distributed by over 500 mill supply dealers who advertise "what you want when you want it" and who back up that claim by carrying complete stocks of Dodge Products to meet your requirements on immediate-delivery basis.*



Immediate delivery at a guaranteed price

Next to quality, the important consideration to a manufacturer or his production manager is the immediate delivery of a needed part.

On replacement jobs, the ability to serve on the immediate-delivery basis has time and time again saved thousands of dollars for the manufacturer.

When new equipment is needed, you commence operation many months sooner if Dodge equipment is specified throughout.

An example: a New Jersey manufacturer wired for

258 2 15/16 x 16" capillary oiling hangers
78 2 7/16" keyless couplings
333 2 3/16" collars

They were shipped the following day from a Dodge branch warehouse.

On October 27th, another manufacturer wanted

170 — ring oiling hangers
114 — keyless couplings
170 — split iron pulleys in four sizes

The shipment weighed 56,000 pounds; but it went from stock on October 30th.

On a Philadelphia order, 400 2 7/16" keyless couplings and 200 2 7/16 x 30" ring oiling hangers were shipped from stock.

Dodge, Oneida and Keystone dealers are located all over America. They know the value to you and to themselves of complete stocks. They furnish "what you want, when you want it" on the immediate-delivery basis and at a guaranteed price.

Get on the telephone and satisfy yourself in advance of an emergency as to just how quick you can get delivery of Dodge products.

POWER TRANSMITTING MACHINERY
that will save money and prevent accidents in your plant.

The insistent demand for industrial safety by worker and employer alike has developed into an increasing demand for Dodge products.

Particularly is this influence felt in the sale of Dodge friction clutches, the use of which is now compulsory in many states, as a necessary safeguard to life and limb.

To be able to control, individually and independently, important machines, groups of machines, rooms and departments is the major step toward power-economy and production-efficiency.

Here is a statement that we would like to sink deep into the mind of every power user in America: when argument is limited as to why Dodge should be the American Shop Standard of power transmitting machinery, we prefer to mention chiefly:

1st: That the Dodge line is the only line containing everything for the mechanical transmission of power; and

2nd: That Dodge products are sold in over 500 cities from stock on the immediate-delivery basis.

If the buyer of mill supplies will keep those two facts in mind when placing an order for power transmission appliances, we can safely guarantee the owner or plant superintendent lower power costs, less disturbance to production, and a bigger return on the investment in plant equipment than has heretofore applied.

For those who would further satisfy themselves as to the merits of the Dodge line, we publish complete engineering information on every Dodge product as well as the 600 page D19 catalog covering the full line. Any or all will be sent to those interested in power transmission.

Dodge Sales and Engineering Company

Distributor of the products of Dodge Manufacturing Company

General offices: Mishawaka, Indiana **Works: Mishawaka and Oneida, N. Y.**

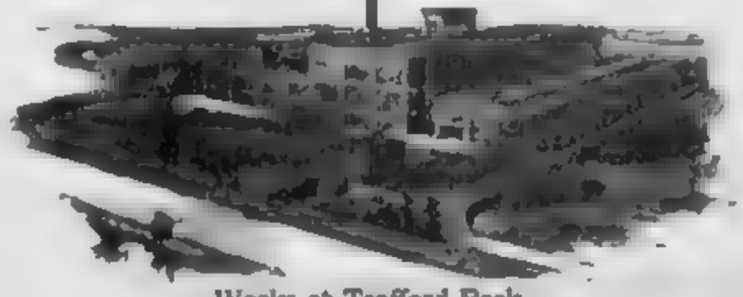
Dodge Branch Warehouses

Chicago New York Philadelphia Boston Pittsburg Cincinnati St. Louis Minneapolis Atlanta Newark Providence Seattle

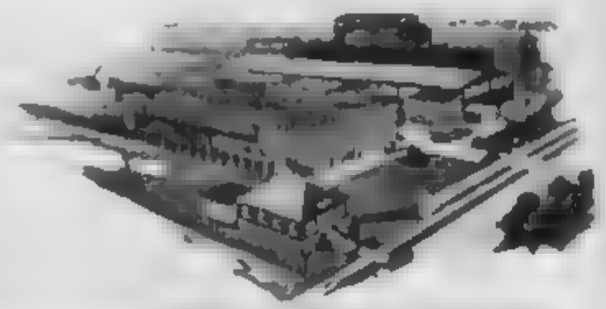
CARBORUNDUM PRODUCTS

IN THE SERVICE OF INDUSTRY

The Home Plant and Office of
The Carborundum Company,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.



Works at Trafford Park,
Manchester, England



Works at Niagara Falls, Ont.

Works at Shawinigan Falls,
Quebec, Canada

Works at Sarrancolin, France

Carborundum Service to Industry is World Wide in its Scope

In the five great Carborundum plants, thousands of tons of crude Carborundum and Aloxite are produced.

Millions of grinding wheels and sharpening stones and miles of Carborundum, Aloxite and Garnet Paper and Cloth are made.

Tons of Carborundum and Aloxite grain and thousands of hand and foot power grinders are turned out.

Carborundum Service reaches out through its branch stores and its selling agencies to every part of the World to which industry has penetrated. It is your Service—Ready, Willing, Competent to help in giving you the right grinding wheel in the right place—Affording constructive assistance in the solution of any problems that have to do with the use of Abrasives.

You will find Carborundum representatives in all foreign countries and in the following American cities:

New York, N. Y.	The Carborundum Co
[illegible]	[illegible]
Philadelphia, Pa.	[illegible]
Boston, Mass.	[illegible]
Cleveland, Ohio	The Carborundum Co
Pittsburgh, Pa.	[illegible]
Cincinnati, Ohio	[illegible]
Milwaukee, Wis.	[illegible]
Grand Rapids, Mich.	[illegible]
Atlanta, Ga.	[illegible]
Atlanta, Ga.	Lowe and Jean Mach. & Sup. Co.
Baltimore, Md.	The Carborundum Company
Binghamton, N. Y.	Babcock, Hinds & Underwood
Birmingham, Ala.	Moore Hardware Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Weed & Company
Charleston, S. C.	The Carrison & Barkley Co.
Charlotte, N. C.	The Textile Mach. Supply Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Lupton Supply Company
Dallas, Texas,	Driggs-Weaver Machinery Co.
Decatur, Ill.	Morehouse & Wells Co.
Denver, Colo.	Hendrie & Bolthoff Mfg. & Supply Co.
Detroit, Mich.,	The R. B. Ridgley Company
El Paso, Texas	Krakauer, Zork & Moyer Store, Inc.
Erie, Pa.	H. P. Weber Supply Company
Evansville, Ind.	Lalb Co.
Flint, Mich.,	The Geo. W. Hubbard H'dw're Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind.	C. C. Schlatter Co.
Fort Worth, Texas	The Texas Mfg. Co.
Greenville, S. C.,	Carolina Supply Company
Houston, Texas	Peden Iron & Steel Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.	[illegible]
Jamestown, N. Y.,	C. A. Lund[illegible] & Company
Joplin, Mo.	[illegible]
Kansas City, Mo.	Gustin Bacon Mfg. Co.
Knoxville, Tenn.	C. M. McClung & Co.
Little Rock, Ark.,	Central Supply Company
Los Angeles, Cal.,	Union Hardware & Metal Co.
Louisville, Ky.	Lalb Co.
Macon, Ga.	J. S. Stofflet - Sons Co.
Marion, Ind.	Marion Hardware Co.
Memphis, Tenn.	E. C. Atkins & Company
Minneapolis, Minn.	The Williams Hdw. Co.
Moline, Ill.	[illegible]
Muskegon, Mich.,	[illegible]
Montreal, P. Q.	[illegible]
Muscatine, Iowa	Barry Manufacturing Co.
Nashville, Tenn.	Keith, Simmons & Co.
New Haven, Conn.	The [illegible]
New Orleans, La.	[illegible]
Norfolk, Va.	Taylor-Parker Company, Inc.
Omaha, Neb.	The McGraw Co.
Pine Bluff, Ark.,	Arkansas Mill Supply Co.
Portland, Ore.	E. C. Atkins & Company
Racine, Wis.	Mohr Jones Hardware Co.
Richmond, Va.	[illegible]
Rochester, N. Y.	Weed & Company
St. John, N. B.	The A. R. Williams M'ch'y Co. of St. John, N. B. Ltd.
St. [illegible], Mo.	Crawford-Wright M'ch'y & Sup. Co.
Saginaw, Mich.	[illegible]
Salt Lake City, Utah	The [illegible]
San Francisco, Cal.,	Harron, Rickard & McCone
San [illegible], Cal.	Western Metal Supply Co.
Savannah, Ga.	Savannah Supply Company
Seattle, Wash.	Cragin & Co.
Spartanburg, S. C.	Montgomery & Crawford
Spokane, Wash.	Holley-Mason Hardware Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.	Burhans & Black Co.
Terre Haute, Ind.	Power Supply Co.
Toledo, Ohio	The Bostwick Braun Company
Vancouver, B. C.	McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.	Norman Macdonald
Troy, N. Y.	Fred K. Bland [illegible]
Worcester, Mass.	[illegible]
	The A. R. Williams M'ch'y Co. of Winnipeg, Ltd.

Carborundum Paper and Cloth for the Shoe Trade

Boston, Mass.,	Sewing Machine Supplies Co.
Chicago, Ill.	United Shoe Machinery Co.
Haverhill, Mass.	Irving L. Keith
Lynn, Mass.	[illegible]
Milwaukee, Wis.	[illegible]
Montreal, P. Q.	[illegible]
New York, N. Y.	J. K. Kreig Company
Newark, N. J.	Abrasive Mach. & Sup. Co.
Quebec, P. Q.	J. A. Scott
Rochester, N. Y.	Charles M. Lane
St. [illegible], Mo.	[illegible]
[illegible]	Crawford Wright Machinery & Supply Co.
San Francisco, Cal.	Hollister & Bro.
Toronto, Ont.	Norman Macdonald

The Carborundum Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

(Concluded from Page 123)

importance she had never observed in him before; she never had viewed him in a pulpit. He waved his hand in stern and silent triumph, and she obeyed the gesture and ran her eyes along the rows of docile faces regarding her from the gallery rails.

"Who does it all belong to?" she faltered.

Mr. Chutter flapped his hand on his breast. "To me!"

"But they'll be claiming ——"

"Let me ask you, Mrs. Chutter, whuther you know anything about a man's right under mari-time law?"

"No," she confessed.

Mr. Chutter was perfectly conscious that he didn't, either, but he was not going to allow any doubts to take the gloss from that triumphant occasion.

"I took this building after it had been abandoned. I'd like to see anybody get it away from me after my hard work and effuts has got it located onto land. Overruling Proverdunce has planned it so that animiles are dumb beasts; them critters can't tell who they belong to! They was all floating free and loose and I found them and they're mine. When I decide where I shall locate ——" He paused with impressive importance.

"Ain't you going to stop here at home, Peter?" Her voice quavered.

"What do you expect me to tie up to and land on? That punt? According as I view the landscape o'er you haven't got no other assets. Take a man that's at the big end of the horn like I be now ——" Another pregnant pause.

In that silence the echoing slow-moving sound of an explosion came rolling over the flood.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Peter! Seeing that you have brought it home, like you have ——"

"By my own effuts!"

"Yes! I admit it! I'll come halfway to meet you, Peter. I'll deed you land enough to set the building on, if my land ever shows up again."

"That's being tended to! Oggie, I'm tired of roving round. I'm going to settle down from now on."

He was wondering uneasily just how big a hole the blast had made in the barricade in Jasper's Narrows and how far that eddy would lug the meeting house before the receding waters allowed it to get a foothold. In his new importance he had been standing with finger tips cocked in his saggy vest pockets; he felt something. He pulled out the dollar bill and unrolled it—and the lucky stone dropped into his palm.

Illuminating conviction instantly blazed up in Mr. Peter Charles Chutter! Every dark worry was chased out by that new light.

That building was bound to land just as the doctor ordered.

"Gor-ram it all," he told himself, "that lucky stone has been working right along, and I didn't reelize it."

"What is it, Peter?" asked Mrs. Chutter meekly.

"Nothing!" returned Mr. Chutter, proceeding on the principle that what a woman didn't know wouldn't hurt her. "But before I get busy locating, and before I forget it, I want to inform you that we've got a building here that's made of punkin pine and put together by the old fathers in Israel, and it can be rolled downhill without being started in a single j'int. And the bridge that has come along with it is made of punkin pine too, and will saw up into lumber enough to give us a piazzy and partitions and a barn frame—there ain't no doubt of it." He squinted aloft. "And how many gabriel winders had we better have, Oggie, dear? Come up here and take a look with me!"

He embraced her and kissed her when she stepped upon the rostrum. She kept her arms round him while they laid out the details of the proposed transformation.

A few hours later they stood in the belfry of a stationary meeting house and watched the retiring waters spreading thick flotsam of pumpkins over the hundred emerging acres of the farm.

"I'll own up that I didn't get it onto the old foundations, best I could figger it, Oggie. But back here, further from the river, is going to be all the better in case there's another punkin freshet."

"You have planned it all just noble, Peter, dear," she declared with true wifely enthusiasm. And she pulled his willing head down upon her ample shoulder.

ACCORDING TO UNCLE

(Concluded from Page 17)

This resulted in the important discovery that surprisingly few people finally bought exactly what they originally inquired for. The man who stipulated for a five-room bungalow and a small lot with a certain location often ended in buying an eight-room house with a two-hundred-foot lot in quite a different locality; while the man who had declared that he would only consider investing his money in suburban property eventually invested in a city lot.

All this showed Winter that there was a certain amount of human nature mixed up with the real-estate business. It was also evident that most people didn't know their own minds and that what they were really after was a good investment. So Winter began to study human nature as well as localities and values. He soon found that most of the people who had money to invest didn't know the first thing about real estate, and he realized that anyone who made a business of supplying their deficiencies and was at the same time thoroughly honest and reliable would stand a good chance of making a fortune.

So when he knew that Mason was quitting he rented an unpretentious office, hired a stenographer and blossomed out as a real-estate agent. Mason laughed contemptuously. So did a number of other people. But Winter never looked back. He bought a secondhand automobile and kept outside, watching properties and values. He also continued to keep his observant eye on human nature.

He didn't worry much about system. The stenographer kept an indexed record of all properties listed, attended to correspondence and made appointments with inquirers for Winter.

A selected list of properties was carried by Winter in his pocket. He knew all these properties personally, he was well aware of their merits and he was convinced that they were worth the money asked for them. He didn't rush buyers all over the place and worry them to death. He talked quietly and convincingly with them, found out exactly what they wanted and why they wanted it. Then he gave them the full benefit of his knowledge by telling them what they should buy and why they should buy it. Gradually he came to be looked upon as a property specialist. Influential people made a habit of appealing to him for his opinion and advice. Speculators discovered that he knew what he was talking about and that he was thoroughly reliable, while people who wanted to buy homes soon learned that they could be sure of getting value for their money by dealing through Winter.

To-day he controls the largest real-estate business in the state, is the trusted friend of all the big men in his city and is a millionaire. I don't know where Mason is. Probably he is selling imitation safety razors to savages somewhere in the South Seas.

The moral behind all this is that knowing the exact reason why such and such a state of affairs exists is far more important than all the systems in the world. Putting an adding machine in the front office won't get those batteries here on time if the real source of the trouble is your power plant. Ascertaining exactly what's wrong is the problem that has to be solved, and in this connection it is well to remember the ancient saying: "The devil never sends a better man than himself."

Of course, as you suggest, you can call in an expert, but don't be surprised if he merely strolls about your works for a week, looking mysterious and chewing numerous cigars, and then presents you with a bill for five hundred dollars and a beautiful-looking report in which is announced the interesting discovery that 78.69 per cent of the vital energy of your staff is escaping up elevator shaft Number Nine; or that one of your stenographers is squandering thirty-seven cents a day through wasting time in passing sheets of paper from her right to her left hand before inserting them in her machine. Most of the alleged experts I've encountered think much more of this kind of thing and of the look of their reports than they do of anything else. For myself, I have never had much faith in outside experts and I never call one in until I've called in everyone else.

Too much outward enthusiasm for system I always consider a bad sign. A few of the men who rush about emitting a lot of noise about the beauties of system are little tin gods in the business world. But most of them won't bear close inspection. Get to work on them with a gimlet and what runs out? Essence of efficiency? Not on your life. Sawdust! I went to a much-boomed systematist once in search of advice, but the moment I saw his private office I made an excuse and got away. I felt that a man who couldn't keep his own desk clear couldn't sell me system. It was too much like a bald-headed barber trying to sell me an infallible hair restorer.

I have always held the opinion that real system, like a straight line, is the shortest distance between two given points. If it tries to be anything else consider it carefully with the cold eye of suspicion. System should spell service, saving and simplicity. The reason why I've got rather a tender spot in my heart for the modern efficiency expert is because simplicity is his religion. Waste motion is the cumbersome animal he goes after with an ax. To make everything as direct and simple as possible is his main object, for he knows that by doing that he will solve the problem he is attacking. Consequently, his appearance on the business horizon has been quite refreshing. A lot that went by the name of system before he arrived consisted of adding unnecessary motions and in building elaborate stairways that led nowhere—unless they happened to take you up into the clouds of impossible theory.

Much of the system that one meets every day is only skin deep. Have you ever noticed that the man who prides himself on his wonderful efficiency and has his office stuffed full of things that are supposed to eliminate work thinks nothing of howling into a phonograph stuff like, "Inclosed herewith please find ——"?

Unless system is going to make money for you, don't bother with it. What's the good, anyhow? I once knew an old chap named Watkins who had a disastrous experience with system. He had several European agents that he looked after himself. All he needed to do was to go regularly round a select list of customers and hit their orders. The goods sold themselves, but there was only a very limited demand for them and nothing on earth could have increased it. The business was entirely a one-man affair, and Watkins kept a simple set of books. He had one private account—profit and loss—and to this all charges were debited and all earnings credited. The balance at the end of the year was profit. For several years it had been quite stationary and had kept close to $10,000.

Suddenly in some mysterious manner Watkins had his attention directed toward the merits of system. Something convinced him that he should keep a detailed record of everything so as to know exactly where he stood. This idea fairly mesmerized the old chap and it wasn't long before he invested in an accountant at fifteen hundred dollars a year. This individual, who was one of the type that love system for itself alone, opened about a hundred private accounts in a special ledger, started to keep all income and expenditure under special headings, spent an extra five hundred dollars on account books and other stationery and at the end of the year presented Watkins with an elaborate balance sheet showing a profit of eight thousand dollars. That was a case where system wasn't required and where it didn't have a hope of earning its wages. Watkins was shy just the amount he had spent on it. He fired the accountant and went back to his old methods. But it had cost him two thousand dollars to learn their true value.

No doubt by the time you get this far you'll have reached the conclusion that I'm a fossil that should be decorating a museum and that I'm married to the methods used by Noah for keeping track of the business handled by his famous liner. Don't make that mistake. I'm as keen on real system as anyone—but I'm mighty suspicious. I want to get a glimpse of the birth certificate, pedigree and character of every bit of system that attempts to break in here.

Though you don't know it, the real name of the animal you are hunting just now is Experience. It's elusive and it can sure fight some; but though you'll probably get badly mauled before you succeed in capturing it, there's no need for you to worry. Experience has never killed a real business man yet.

I happen to have cornered the very thing that you are pursuing and I know just how you feel. You're something like the man who goes out alone into the modern world with one thousand dollars in his pocket to buy his first automobile. He doesn't know which way to turn or where to go and he is apt to regard the first motor salesman he encounters as a heaven-sent angel of deliverance. So he is easily induced to squander his cash on some weird contraption that is merely a collection of trouble disguised as an automobile. If he hasn't had actual experience with motors he isn't likely to know that the Lyon is the best. Is he?

Probably you need more system in your business, but beware of the cranks. Only the other day I met a man who firmly believes that the way to business salvation lies in using a particular type of office tickler. What I have been attempting to drive in with this epistle is the fact that before you go out and lasso it you should make quite sure that you're capturing something that will be of value. The system landscape has always been decorated with plenty of donkeys dressed up to resemble lions. Don't go in for system that may be only system for collecting dust, and don't put your trust in something that may only be a beautiful theory glued together with hot air.

If I were you I'd start right in myself to find out why you are not doing what you should. After all, isn't it up to you? Call in the head of every department and go to it. If you find that you want more system go after it by all means, and, for the love of Mike, put some of it into the turning out of starting and lighting outfits! Even my patience isn't inexhaustible. Besides, if you're going to get behind on a contract for two hundred thousand a year, what's going to happen to you next year when we will probably require twice that quantity?

You'll be glad to hear that the new Eights have caught on. The howl for deliveries from the Lakes to the Gulf is deafening and all the dealers are wanting to know why we didn't make twice as many. The real reason behind all this is that the Lyon Eights are real cars. It makes me weep to think that we can't get 'em out according to schedule because you hold us up for batteries. Yours as usual,

UNCLE JOHN.

BEAVER BOARD

PURE WOOD FIBRE

You can't expect Beaver Board results unless this trademark is on the back of the board you buy.

Rejuvenate the Office

An attractive office is a good tonic for any business. A convenient office is a silent salesman for more business. A Beaver Board office is BOTH. It is attractive, convenient and more. It is *ECONOMICAL.*

Beaver Board provides new walls, new ceilings, new partitions and other new conveniences so quickly, so easily and so expeditiously that economy is bound to follow.

It transforms old factory spaces into bright attractive quarters for office, drafting room, tool room, stock room or shop. It covers up old unsightly walls and ceilings. *It saves building anew.*

Beaver Board is a basic building material. Like many other building products, its result depends very largely upon the way it is used. Banking Rooms, Private Offices and Clubs with beamed ceilings, paneled wainscotings and richly finished walls, represent its decorative possibilities. Stock rooms, backgrounds, and partitions are a few of the practical things that can be accomplished with this knotless, crackless manufactured lumber.

BEAVER

FOR BETTER

Rejuvenate the Home

When you've learned to know Beaver Board in business you'll introduce it at home—and VICE VERSA.

The same decorative advantages apply. The same practical results are gained and economy follows every Beaver Board operation whether in the new home or for the rejuvenating of the old one.

It's easy to prove these facts to your own satisfaction. Take the unfinished attic or any other waste space about the house. Get a little Beaver Board in sizes to fit, enough attractive strips to cover the panel edges and your carpenter or any one handy with tools can quickly and easily build you a cozy den, or a useful playroom for the children.

Knowing how Beaver Board is made gives greater confidence in its ability. Knowing what it is made of gives assurance of its lasting qualities. It is a true lumber product. It is built up, from the pure fibre of the white spruce, into large flawless panels, light in weight, sturdy and strong.

The *Sealtite* process adds further advantages by moisture-proofing and by providing a surface for beautiful decoration.

A full description of Beaver Board production together with many hints and helps for building rejuvenation will be found in our booklet "Beaver Board and Its Uses."

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BEAVER BOARD
PURE WOOD FIBRE

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BOARD

WALLS & CEILINGS

Latest Model Appliances Now Have This Convenience

—so you just press a button to turn the current on or off. No need to pull or push at the plug, when this neat little switch is on the cord.

Many manufacturers are now equipping their latest irons and toasters with the

C-H Seventy Fifty 70-50 SWITCH

More than a convenience—it saves current—prevents socket and cord troubles—makes the appliance last longer. Tells at a glance whether the current is on or off.

Saves Electricity

On an iron it tells you instantly whether the current is on or off—no danger of wasting current by leaving it on by mistake and possibly scorching the clothes. You use current only as you need it.

On a toaster it enables you to turn off the current between slices—without yanking at the plug, without burning the fingers, and without spilling the toast. Current saved too.

Prevents Burn-Outs

Most sockets now in use were designed for lamp-bulb service, which takes but little current. This switch protects them against the ten-fold strain of electrical appliances—keeps the latter in good working condition—avoids delays, waiting for iron or toaster to be repaired.

Why Cords Fail

Continued pulling and twisting near socket and connector plug break down the insulation covering the wires. The current jumps, burning the insulation and melting the exposed wires.

Modernize Your Appliances!

You can have this switch-convenience on the older-model toaster or iron you have. Take one of your cords to your dealer and he will put a ***C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch*** on it for 75 cents. Use it a while and you will see why all the more modern electrical appliances come C-H Switch equipped. When you buy a new appliance, ***look for the C-H Switch.***

If your dealer can't supply you, we will mail switch on receipt of 75 cents

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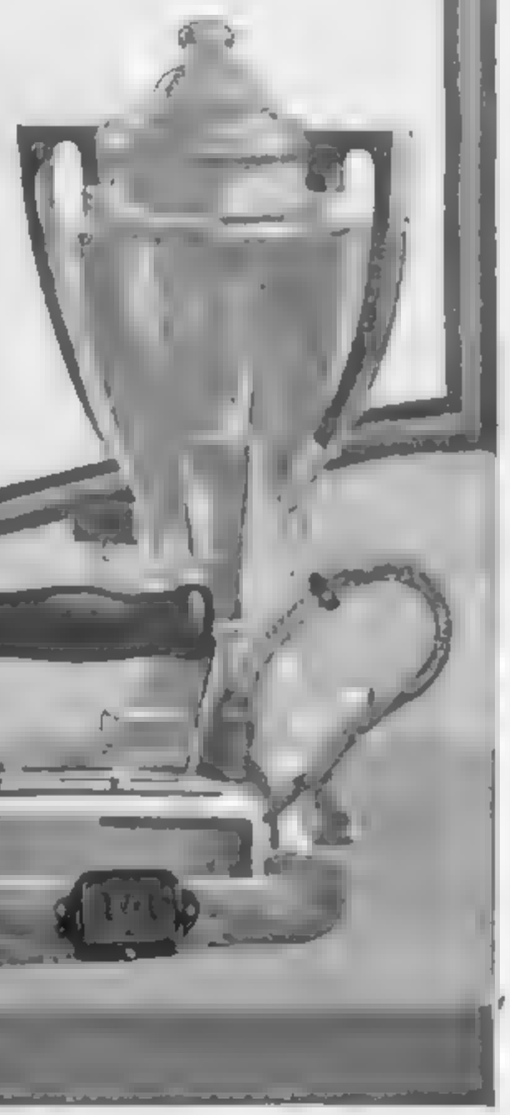


TRIMMED WITH RED

(Continued from Page 25)

So Emily went to the dreary den across the hall to offer peace and a chance to live to miserable Elsa.

XVI

EMILY RAY came upon Mrs. Ballymoore during the week when she was somewhat disgustedly packing for Tawgamuk, her country home, in order to organize another campaign in behalf of her beautiful but strikingly unattractive daughter Vera. Vera's hope, member of a recently deposed royal house, had found an heiress just as rich as Vera and infinitely pleasanter to associate with. Therefore Mrs. Ballymoore's Fifth Avenue house, decorated to the nth degree of taste by that fashionable swindler, Carlo Dulcimer, was in a confusion suitable to Mrs. Ballymoore's mind on the afternoon of Emily's call.

The indefatigable climber, seeing in Emily a relative of the detested Mrs. Shallope, was at first fiercely polite; then when it was artfully made known that Miss Ray held in her hand bag, as it were, no less a jewel than Professor Walter Syle and a series of drawing-room lectures, Mrs. Ballymoore's manner was at first curious, then kind. She asked a few oblique questions, to be irritated by equally oblique replies. The distinguished revolutionist was willing to auction his talents to the highest bidder; that much was explained. It was not said outright, but it was implied that Mrs. Shallope was already in the field with no end of tempting offers.

The game was easier than Emily had foreseen. Mrs. Ballymoore dismissed her from the presence with the understanding that Professor Syle should appear at Tawgamuk Point immediately after horse-show week and give two performances for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars and his expenses. Emily, being still young in her profession, had felt some qualms at asking the price; but the cheerfulness with which her terms were accepted indicated that the fee might have been doubled and no questions asked. She intimated that Mrs. Ballymoore's word was as good as her check and took her departure with an empty pocketbook but a full hope.

Rosamonde, who was resolved to turn New York into a summer resort and had already taken to late hours with the dancing Army set, managed to wrest sufficient nourishment from the hungry Eustace to keep her cousin fairly comfortable during those weeks of waiting. Then, early in June, with one of Merlin's cast-off and made-over warm-weather costumes on his back and another in his hand bag, the Professor took his fashionable way up to Tawgamuk Point. He had been quite docile, had taken Emily's advice in everything; even the brisk military manner in which he was wearing his mustache had been one of Emily's ideas. She thought him rather handsome on the day when, with the whispered injunction, "Keep 'em guessing, whatever you do," she saw him off at the Grand Central Station.

Walter's absence was protracted from one week into two. He telegraphed triumphantly twice, and the New York Trombone's society page came out with a snapshot showing Walter Syle, companioned by great folk and beautiful in Merlin's summer suit, witnessing a tennis match. A paragraph from Sissy Spooner's notes included the statement:

". . . and sweet 'Lusia Ballymoore will always have her lion. This time he is fresh from the jungle of social discontent; but his roarings above the summer tide of Tawgamuk Point are attuned to the best traditions of modern chamber music. Professor Walter Syle's lecture on Love and Politics packed Mrs. Ballymoore's drawing-room, and was delivered with such success that Sissy predicts any number of dainty converts to the Cause ere the autumn leaves begin to fall."

A few days before his return Syle wrote in part:

"It seemed at first like a silly sacrilege, but I am beginning to feel that my message is here. They receive my words with the faith of little children and I feel that I may yet be able to work out their redemption. Mrs. B. has given her check, which I shall bring down with me. By the way, can't you invent something—something Russian but not too Russian—to go with my lectures? Everything should be in key. Mrs. B. and Vera are touring down next Wednesday and I may be included in the party."

So far so good, and no better. Luck turning in her favor Emily Ray, being human, permitted her mind to dwell on that which she did not possess. Since the night of Aunt Carmen's crazy house party she had never set eyes on Oliver Browning. At first it had seemed to her that the melodramatic rescue scene in which they were so intimately concerned should have settled all their differences. Instead it seemed to have drawn them farther and farther apart. Oliver's apartment in Pomander Place was locked and deserted. The Italian woman who had made his bed informed Emily one hot morning that Mr. Browning had gone to Texas in a matter of mules.

"Mule himself!" sniffed Emily, and again turned her thoughts toward the man whose destiny had become so inextricably interwoven with hers. She began making allowances for Walter. Undoubtedly he had come to see the error of his ways; if he was making good in a somewhat dubious profession, was not the fault entirely Emily's?

Who could blame him for commercializing the only art he knew? Under Emily's grooming his face was filling out and he was becoming positively handsome—much better looking than Oliver to the unprejudiced eye. And yet ——

"How old are you?" asked the spectral Elsa one morning; she had become Emily's housekeeper and confidential agent.

"I was twenty-four on the second," admitted Emily.

"You'll be an old maid the next thing you know," warned the prophetess of evil. "I had my chance when I was nineteen. It was up in Salem, Mass. I thought I had a great career ahead of me—writing poetry. And I had a silly notion that I couldn't marry a man who came home at night and talked business."

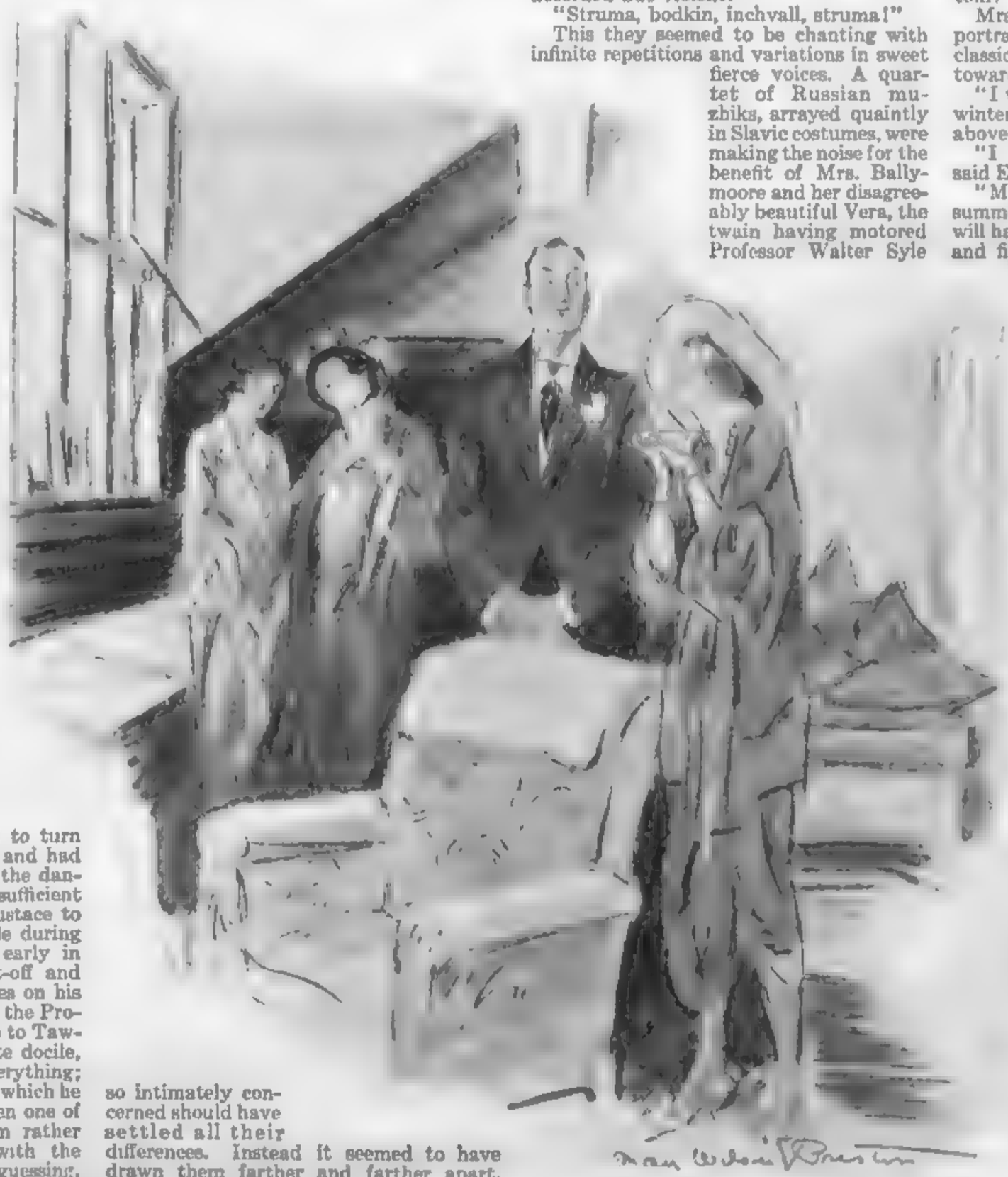
"What was his business?" asked Emily sympathetically.

"He was an undertaker," said Comrade Elsa.

It was a sultry afternoon in mid-June when the Pomander Place studio staged a truly musical comedy. Electric fans were going full blast, ruffling crisp muslin curtains against fly-screened windows, while the neat, smart interior with its pretty chintz and black-framed drawings was a-quiver with the notes of male voices, accorded but violent:

"Struma, bodkin, inchvall, struma!"

This they seemed to be chanting with infinite repetitions and variations in sweet fierce voices. A quartet of Russian muzhiks, arrayed quaintly in Slavic costumes, were making the noise for the benefit of Mrs. Ballymoore and her disagreeably beautiful Vera, the twain having motored Professor Walter Syle down from Tawgamuk Point in order to hear these rare song birds which Emily had assembled out of the flotsam of the Pilsen School.



"But Do You Think Society Should Deny a Woman's Right to Her Choice?"

The studio was somewhat less futuristic in appearance than it had been under Rosamonde's management. The pink curtains had come down; so had a menagerie of wild paintings. Emily had gone in for repression, accentuated by a note of horror here and there; she had worked under the sane philosophy that a single murder is often more dramatic than a massacre.

In a far corner, whither the impressionistic portrait of Lenine had been sequestered, Vera Ballymoore—Emily was not overlooking this encounter—was making violent love to Professor Syle. And a wonderfully remodeled Syle he was, with a gardenia in the buttonhole of a new pongee suit.

"What are they singing about?" asked Mrs. Ballymoore.

Emily, who had been indulging the feminine thought that Vera's thousand-dollar costume had managed to exaggerate repellent loveliness, started at the question and extemporized rapidly.

"It's a folk song about—about horses. 'The horses gallop up the hill.'"

"The songs of the people are so full of pathos," suggested Mrs. Ballymoore, who was also watching Vera out of a corner of her hard eye. "'Progress marches to music.' That is a quotation from Professor Syle. Could I have them at my house next winter, do you think?" Referring of course to the musical muzhiks.

"They are very much attached to Comrade Walter," objected Emily. "They seldom sing except on the same program with him. In fact, as I understand it, he has arranged to take them on his lecture tour."

Mrs. Ballymoore paused. Under the portrait of Lenine her daughter Vera's classic head was slanting coquettishly toward that of Professor Syle.

"I was hoping to have him with us next winter," confided Mrs. Ballymoore at last, above the droning of the Russian music.

"I am now making out his schedule," said Emily, which was literally true.

"My ballroom is being remodeled this summer," observed Mrs. Ballymoore. "It will have a seating capacity of two hundred and fifty and makes an excellent auditorium. Last winter we had Sir Taj Rabore's series on Etherialism ——"

Emily, sensing the time to strike, broke in:

"Professor Syle's New York course will include twelve lectures. Our books are now open. Of course we must have a guaranty that the capacity of the auditorium will be sold out. My aunt's ballroom, I believe, will seat over three hundred ——"

"He will be wasted on Long Island!" exclaimed Mrs. Ballymoore feverishly. "The Taj Rabore lectures sold out at twenty-five dollars for a season ticket."

"We are asking thirty," explained Emily.

"The extra five oughtn't to make any difference."

"That is necessary on account of the Russian music."

Emily was now sorry she hadn't asked fifty. True, Comrade Horrovitch, the Ukrainian leader of the harmonious four, had settled on a lump sum of ten dollars a night, which was seven more than the Ukrainians had ever seen assembled in one transaction. But Emily was yet to perfect herself in the Fifth Avenue business philosophy: The Higher the Price the Finer the Goods.

The Russian quartet had ceased to boom. In the sudden hush Emily could hear Vera Ballymoore asking in a note as melodious as a song:

"But do you think society should deny a woman's right to her choice?"

"By—by no means." Walter seemed unusually hesitant. "No doubt the relative values will be determined as the race becomes more enlightened."

Comrade Horrovitch was advancing upon Emily, smiling the smile of the conscious artist.

"You are heavenly!" cooed Mrs. Ballymoore.

"What she said?" asked Comrade Horrovitch, turning to Emily.

"Nice—good—fine!" interpreted Emily, raising her voice as we do when addressing aliens.

"We sing more," boomed Horrovitch's deep basso.

"Splendid!" cried Mrs. Ballymoore. "Do sing something warlike and stirring."

"We sing Tincannus," he volunteered.

Tincannus was what it sounded like, but Russian scholars will doubtless disagree with me. At any rate the merry muzhiks got themselves in a row. One of them

(Continued on Page 135)

FIGHT it with the

THE MULTIGRAPH SENIOR This is a complete, compact equipment that turns out the highest quality printing and form typewriting at very low cost—averaging a saving of from 25% to 75%. It is simple and easy to operate; rapid and convenient. Electrically driven, with printing-ink attachment, automatic paper feed, signature device, automatic platen release and wide printing surface. Easy payments if desired.

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Total Ignorance!

Ignorance feeds the ranks of Bolshevists, I. W. Ws, criminals, loafers and all the other cooties that infest human society.

But ignorance isn't wholly confined to solid ivory heads, all ignorance doesn't come out of Russia, ignorance isn't always a crime—it's just LACK OF KNOWLEDGE. The ignorance of workers goes with ignorance of bosses. The ignorance of salesmen is a reflection on their chief—*and ignorance is more general than we admit.*

In fact ignorance is the "nigger" in the business woodpile today. Your salesman loses orders because he doesn't *know* the goods and *know* the prospect. You lose your workers' loyalty because they don't *know you.* The buyers pass your goods because they *do not know* they need them.

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And all this it does at a saving of 25% to 75% of the ordinary cost. Economy, speed and convenience are the reasons why men do *with* it what *they'd never do at all, without it.*

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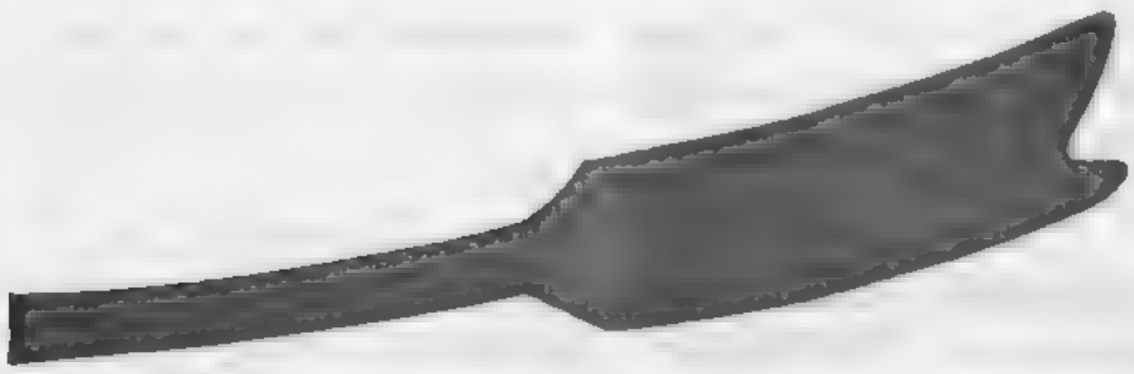
But if you have ignorance to fight anywhere in your business sign the coupon and FIND OUT THE FACTS



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HOOSIER

— the Kitchen Cabinet that saves miles of steps

"Saving work is saving youthfulness"

REFLECTIONS tell one of two important stories—of antiquated household methods or modern homekeeping efficiency. The one means needless overtime and unnecessary labor. The other means tasks quickly and easily done—enjoyable work.

Hoosier is the faithful help-mate of a million and a half housewives. It is the mixing center, the labor-saving machine that cuts cookery work to a minimum. You sit at ease with 40 work-reducing inventions and exclusive conveniences before you. Within easy reach are all needed utensils and supplies. Work becomes play.

You should know the Hoosier intimately, how it will render valuable aid and make the kitchen more attractive. The Hoosier merchant is anxious to demonstrate it for you. Visit his store now and see the many models. If you do not know where these cabinets are sold, write us direct—don't delay another day.

The Hoosier Manufacturing Company, *Main Office*, 919 Maple Street, New Castle, Ind.

BRANCHES

THE HOOSIER STORE, Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Building, San Francisco, California
THE HOOSIER STORE, 368 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Canada

Send your name and address today for copy of "New Kitchen Short Cuts"—helpful information on kitchen efficiency.

(Continued from Page 131)

whanged passionately upon a harpish sort of instrument. Then four right hands went upward and there belched forth a sudden roar which shook the bric-a-brac of No. 18 and caused poor old Elsa to jump as though she had beheld the ghost of her discarded undertaker.

The noise subsided as abruptly as it had begun, and in the nervous silence Emily was aware that somebody had been alternately ringing and knocking at her front door. It was Elsa who went to the door. There was a brief parley and in walked Oliver Browning, perspiring generously in spite of his paper-thin blue suit and waving panama.

"Oliver!" cried Emily, rushing to greet him.

But the moment was unpropitious, for she had no sooner taken his hand than the Russian quartet, who had been waiting moodily upon the tink-tinkling of the harpish instrument, attacked again with appalling vigor. It was nothing less than a musical explosion, and at its compact Oliver Browning started back, his cherubic young countenance blanking with a sort of comic fear.

"I—I guess I got in at the wrong party," he shouted in the ear of the girl, who strove so bravely to detain him. He was backing toward the door.

"No, no!" she pleaded confusedly. "We're only practicing. We ——"

"I know. But practice makes perfect." He had now backed out into the hall and was standing at the head of the stairs. How could she explain that this was merely playing Bolshevism to suit the whim of a silly woman?

"We'll be through in a minute," she assured him, seeing that he would escape.

"Through with that?" he chuckled. "Say, Emmy, I thought you were through with that the night they tried to dynamite Aunt Carmen's place and ——"

"Sh-h-h!" warned Emily, alarmed lest Mrs. Ballymoore should scent a scandal.

"All right," said Oliver, "but I'm on my way. This Russian jazz gets mine."

"Oliver, you're a mule!" she cried, losing her temper.

"I admit it—association with mules, you know. But a mule isn't the worst animal there is. There's his daddy ——"

"If you're going to stand there and call my friends jackasses, you can go!"

"I'm sorry, Emmy. Honest I am."

"I hope you stay sorry," she blessed him as she closed the door and went back to the Russians and their shocking noise.

XVII

IT WAS in that season of piping cold when Russian symphony orchestras are tuned up at concert pitch, dray horses are falling down on the slippery asphalt, coal deliveries are late, musical critics are complaining that Caruso is not what he used to be, and the mayor of New York is buying a tropical trousseau, preparatory to a much-needed rest at Palm Beach. It was, in short, the week before Lent, a period of pause, when the industrious harvester of the city's crop may take stock of his blessings, considering whether he has done well or ill by himself.

I am aware of two stock takers on a blustering March afternoon, who, superficially viewed, would have been at once classed among the thrice blessed. Professor Walter Syle, a worldly figure and prosperous, was just stepping out of Mrs. Ballymoore's pot-bellied marble façade and into a pea-green town car. The initials "W. S." plainly lettered on the door might, unconsciously, have advertised War Savings Stamps, although they had been put there to announce that Walter Syle was owner of the car; and the professor's manner said as much as he permitted his chauffeur to slam the initialed door and to whirl him noiselessly down the Avenue. His face had plumped visibly in these months of good living. He wore a shaggy gray overcoat and loose-fitting gloves, suggestive of a country gentleman in town for the day.

Unsympathetic observers, such as you or I, would not at that moment have placed him on the extreme left wing of the radical movement; yet he displayed two evidences of his lifelong conviction. First, there was his scarfpin, a large ruby of that cranberry cut known to the trade as "cabuchon." Miss Vera Ballymoore had given him that as a symbol of his faith—and hers. Secondly, there was the book which he held lightly in his loose-gloved hand. Without going into the extravagances of the bookbinder's prattle it might be described as a handsome volume, bound in red morocco, hand-tooled in gold with the title The Heart of a Radical and the authorship, Walter Syle.

He who was thus goldenly proclaimed sat thoughtfully ruffling the chaste pages and paused at an inside leaf, beautiful with the red-lettered announcement:

EMANCIPATION EDITION

Limited to Four Hundred and
Fifty Numbered Copies
of Which This Is
No. . . . . 2.

The numeral had been put in with a rubber stamp, and that Walter Syle was able to uncap his fountain pen and scribble a line below was a tribute to the smooth action of his excellent town car.

This voyage de luxe marked for him the closing of one triumph and the imminence of another. In the language of the Rialto he had just completed an engagement, playing New York two nights a week and alternating with Boston. With the blooming of Easter lilies he was booked for a Middle Western circuit—Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Milwaukee. It was all on the principle of advertising your show in the big town, as Emily had so crassly put it, and then you could take it on the road.

At the moment of Professor Syle's triumphal progress down Fifth Avenue she who had talked him into his talks, the authoress of his authorship, was just closing the affairs of the day in the Red Revolution Tea Room, a flourishing second-story enterprise in the business heart of New York's fashionable thoroughfare. Emily Ray, as she busied herself looking over the day's accounts and giving orders for tomorrow's rush of business, was a truly lovely sight to see. Prosperity always became her; and she had not made the mistake of attiring herself like a harlequin in the Bolshevist mode.

The broad space in which she stood was an exotic bower of her own creation. The center of the main floor had been cleared for dancing—dancing was chronic in the Red Tea Room. Balconies, balconies, everywhere, short balconies for two, long balconies for twenty; an infinity of spindled rails, trimmed artistically in Chinese red. Emily had chosen this shade as an aesthetic compromise; the vulgar ox-blood red of liberalism jarred horribly with every decorative scheme she attempted. A number of redbirds, in the expensive Chinese cages which hung from the balconies, twittered peevishly for their supper. Comrade Elsa, attired as a Ukranian peasant girl, was hopping stiffly up and down a ladder, distributing birdseed.

Comrade Horrovitch, in native costume, came down a narrow staircase from the balcony where his quartet had been performing.

"I see you?" he asked, trouble distorting his greasy fat face as he faced the manageress of the Red Tea Room.

"You see me," she agreed. She was just closing the daybook and her smile still lingered.

"Fifteen dollar a day for four singing people too much little," he growled.

"Make it sixteen," she suggested shortly, and went back to the pleasurable account book.

"Too less still," he persisted. "From here on we ask twenty."

"You are a gouge," she suggested.

"I am a leeberal," he argued. "Hard times are going up."

"If you'd ask reasonable wages they wouldn't go up."

"We strike," decreed Comrade Horrovitch.

"Go ahead, but please don't bother me."

"Strike no bother you?" Comrade Horrovitch looked truly worried.

"Why should it?" she inquired. "If you go we can get a troupe of Neapolitan serenaders. There are plenty of Reds in Naples."

"Ha! If you do we make walk-off of all your union employment."

"Do you belong to a union?" she asked innocently.

"No; but we can."

"Don't talk nonsense, Horrovitch. Who ever heard of a Brotherhood of Ukrainian Folk Song Society Tea Room Artists? The Federation wouldn't take you in unless you were fumigated."

"We do so." It was apparent that Horrovitch didn't know what he was in for.

"After that we strike some more and all your employment walk off."

"What if they do?" asked Emily. "There's no reason why we shouldn't employ scab labor."

"Scab labor in Red Socialist Headquarters?" he fairly gasped.

"Nobody who comes here ever worries about labor problems," she told him severely. "Do you think they'd be annoyed by strikes and lockouts and all those vulgar questions? What our clients here want is liberation, and they want it served with as little friction as possible. However, if you feel that you must have twenty dollars a performance"—again Emily looked over her daybook and smiled a satisfied smile—"why, I suppose we've got to pay it. Now please go home, Horrovitch, and next time you put on your costume don't wear those awful tan shoes. We've bought you boots at thirty-eight dollars a pair and ——"

Her lecture was interrupted by Comrade Horrovitch who had fallen on his knees and was rapturously kissing her hand.

When Professor Walter arrived he was greeted by Comrade Elsa, who was badgering a redbird from the top of her ladder.

"Say!" she screamed down at him, whereupon he jumped and somewhat guiltily smuggled The Heart of a Radical into his overcoat pocket.

"Howdoyou do, Elsa! Howdoyou do!"

"The Grand Duke of New Rochelle!" she saluted him sourly. "Living uptown now, eh, what? Apartments in the Fitz-Hebron like the regular actor that you are."

"Since when have you objected to personal freedom?" asked Syle, not without temper.

"Since I got loose," announced Elsa, "and found what freedom really is."

"Where's Comrade—Miss Ray?" he asked sulkily.

"Back in the pantry roasting the chef." Elsa had now got down and taken a seat beside him.

"Do you know what the comrades down at the school are saying about you?" she inquired, eying him wickedly as she rested a sharp chin on a sharper elbow.

"I don't know that I care." Syle's attention was now riveted on the pantry.

"They say you're cutting 'em on the street and that you won't notice a Bolshevik worth less than fifty thousand a year."

"I didn't begin the cutting, if you'll remember," he deigned to reply.

"Oh, I don't blame you, Walter," she persisted. "That village stuff is all bunk. I didn't know what life really is until I began living with Emily up at the Hotel Joan of Arc. It's wonderful what a difference a hot and cold shower makes, and a wop in the morning to bring up your coffee. Bolshevism de luxe—that's the life! I understand that pretty book of yours was all subscribed at twelve dollars a volume before the date of pub——"

Emily appeared on the high landing leading to the cuisine, whereupon Elsa scuttled back to her loveless task of feeding the redbirds.

"Why, Walter!" cried Emily rapturously, as though separation had been long and he was everything he might be to her.

"I was wondering," he asked moodily, as soon as he had sufficiently removed her from Elsa's morbid ears, "if you'd like a little run round the park before dinner."

"I am dining early with the Van Laerens," she explained; then seeing his troubled brow: "What's happened, Walter?"

"Nothing," he replied, which is the Chinese method of saying "Everything."

"I'll put my hat on," she said. And five minutes later Syle's smart town car was rounding the Sherman statue and pointing its aristocratic nose into Central Park.

"I—I've brought you my book," was his way of opening the campaign.

He pulled the red volume from his pocket and rather clumsily laid it in her lap.

"Oh, Walter!" She was rhapsodical. "How lovely it looks now that it's all dressed up for the evening! Have the publishers paid you yet?"

"They'll settle for the whole edition next week. And they're putting on one of those rotten popular editions—vulgar cheap-Jack stuff—at a dollar-ninety. It seems that the Trombone has been writing scarehead editorials about it and giving it a certain vogue among the riffraff."

"I know," sympathized Emily. "I wrote the editorials."

"This is for you," volunteered Syle rather wearily, rejecting the book which she was trying to give back to him.

"You sweet thing!"

She opened it at the flyleaf, and with every appearance of upliftment read aloud the scribbled sentiment:

"For Emily Ray, whose editorial skill has made my thoughts intelligible to the world."

"You did write about half of it," he added generously. "You turned the title from The Hate of a Radical to The Heart of a Radical, and cut that dangerous old manuscript till it wouldn't offend a rabbit."

"Walter," she asked quietly at last, "this is Number Two. Why didn't you give me Number One?"

"Hm!" He cleared his throat twice before replying. "You see there were circumstances."

"Was the circumstance Vera Ballymoore?"

"What made you think so?"

"Of course it would be."

"Mrs. Ballymoore," he came out roughly, "has financed the book. She's fixed it so that I'm getting a double royalty. She's financed the advertising."

"Why didn't Number One go to her?" was Emily's inexorable cross examination.

"It did. That is to say, by giving it to Vera I gave it to her mother in the most flattering possible way."

"So."

Emily Ray experienced something akin to desire at the realization that she had been favored with Number Two when Number One had been placed elsewhere.

"It's a rotten tangle," said Syle bitterly, his auburn eyes burning amber fire. "The Ballymoores can do anything for me if they're given a chance. Vera is an unobstructed heiress to thirty-six millions."

"Why don't you marry her?" asked Emily, trying to keep the hardness out of her voice.

"Do you think I'd better?" he asked, in the tone of one consulting his manager.

"Why not? Several royal dukes have considered her and only backed out because of—well—her disposition."

"She's crazy about me," he admitted modestly. "I seem to have a peculiar influence over women—most of them. She scarcely ever lets me alone. I have to keep my telephone unhooked for hours at a time or she wouldn't give me time to work. But now the time has come"—he broke off suddenly and seemed interested in the wintry trees spinning past—"the time has come when something definite has to be done. I've got to choose one way or another."

"That ought to be simple enough," she thought she said, but was not sure.

"She'll take me in a minute if I ask her. I'll be definitely fixed for life. With unlimited money I can carry on my work far beyond what I have dreamed of. Other men have married unpleasant women for a lot less than I'd be getting."

"You could be quite happy, I think," said Emily distinctly, looking straight at him.

"That's a lie, I should be miserable, Emily!" With an agony that made him all human at the moment he reached over and clutched her hand.

Of course she knew what was coming. And why shouldn't it be so? Their financial affairs were as completely amalgamated as if they were married already. A charlatan he might be—yes. But it was in the pursuit of a heady romance, a romance of trade and bright baubles and drama and audacity, that she had led him to this pass. Yes, their lives were interwoven, even as their fingers were at this moment. Together they could dare everything. Apart they would be nothing.

"Emily," he was racing madly on, "I can't do it! I can't. You know why. I love you. But I've got to decide. If you make me I'll go to her and ask her to finish up the mess. But it's got to be now or never. Will you marry me?"

"Yes."

Somebody seemed to be saying it for her. But even as he was gathering her in his arms she heard herself saying "Mule!" It was as though she were addressing the ghost-picture which floated toward her somewhere out of Texas—a plump, boyish young man smoking cigarettes as he strolled amiably through a herd of his long-eared pets. There was no reproach in his look; only a good-natured, tolerant philosophy. And "Mule!" her soul cried out as she surrendered to the inevitable.

Walter Syle leaned over and kissed her. After all it was not so unpleasant.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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The Eureka cleans in the most thorough manner not only all carpets and rugs—but with its numerous attachments it is just as effective in the cleaning of upholstery, mattresses and draperies.

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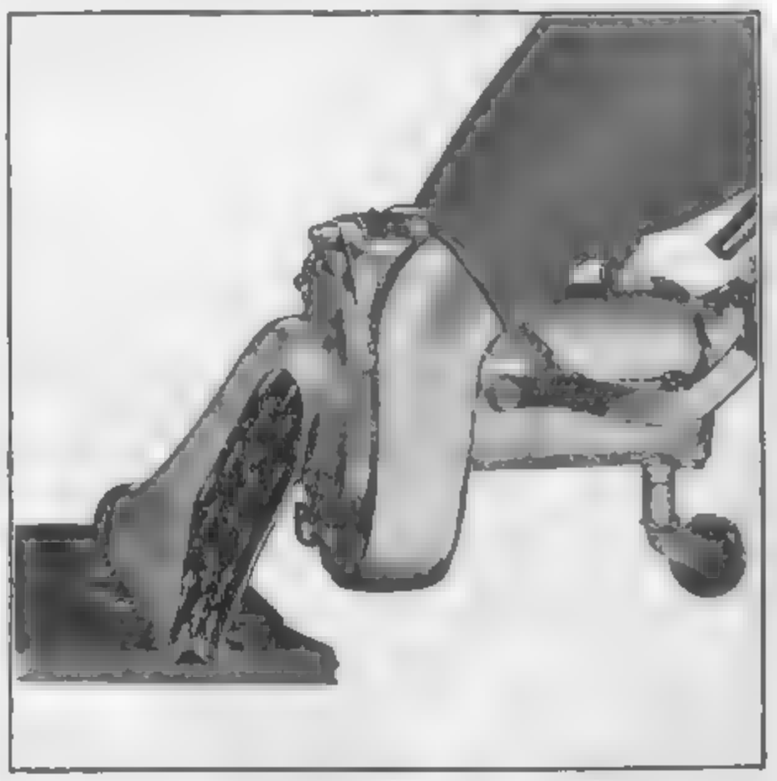

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☆(5) Rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob. (6) Hollow steel handle, comfortable to the hand. ☆(7) Handle ears welded on. (8) Unusually wide heating base.

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Good Housekeeping

ON THE SLY

(Continued from Page 19)

For he realized one thing—it was this way that turmoil started. For Eloise and him there was to be no turmoil—none. To that end he had taken solemn silent vow on his wedding day. There would be no loud voices, no sharp tongues, no sullen silences. He had sworn to that. He took a strong grip upon himself.

"Listen, honey," he said to Eloise gently, tenderly, "the very best thing that ever happened to me was to be my own father's son. There are some things I want to tell you now. Now is the time to tell you. There'll be no drink—I promise that. And there'll be no gambling. And there'll be no women. All that's understood. But that's the least of all. Listen, honey," he went on, "there'll be no bickerings about money; no bickerings about anything, but particularly about money. There's to be no talk of money, Eloise. For me, hands off! The money question's up to you."

Eloise saw that he was meaning something generous and kind.

"But I don't quite understand just what you're driving at," she told him.

Dan shook his head firmly.

"Just what I say, honey," he went on. "You're to be the boss. From the word go every cent I earn I hand to you. You do the rest. You're to handle all the money that there is—and no back talk from me."

Eloise felt her face flush with pleasure. She knew her eyes were glowing.

"You mean, Dan," she faltered, "that I'm to manage everything?"

"I mean that," nodded Dan, "I've learned something in my time. It's the women—only the women—who make both ends meet. It's the women who hold the families together and build them up. You're to be the doctor, Eloise, and no back talk from me. We're to have no words."

"No words about anything!" cried Eloise joyously. She was in the seventh heaven of delight. She knew what marriage meant. She had seen many of her friends married off amid showers of rice and roses. She had had them come to her later with whispered tales of selfishness, stinginess, sordid, shameful scenes—all of them to do with money. To Eloise it had seemed that all husbands were alike. Wives were playing one continuous game, fighting one continuous fight to just get money.

Men might be good, true, righteous; they might possess all the virtues. But they fought a hard fight over money. The better they were, the harder they fought. Eloise had heard all about it until it had made her sick. Yet she had married, just as her friends had married, knowing that her man was different. Well, in this case he was different. He was proving it. He had kept his matrimonial vow to the letter. With all his worldly goods he was endowing her. There could be no higher evidence of his regard for her than this, she thought.

"No words about anything," Dan Martin echoed. "You're the doctor, Eloise."

She caught him to her and held him tight.

"Oh, Dan, Dan!" she whispered, "I'll see to it that I'm always worthy of your trust."

Dan's heart was singing as he went to work that day. It would be a wrench to have that little brown house go. But what of that? He told himself—and he told his mother's memory—that in its place he would rear a far finer monument. He would build a home without a quarrel. His family should be a family of peace.

He little knew how soon his great resolve would meet a setback. He little understood how soon he himself would break his vow.

They had a boy—a little Bailey Martin. At least they named him Bailey, but he was only just another little Dan.

There was a period during the course of the few succeeding weeks after his arrival when Eloise was very sure that she was about to die. Dan, well advised by nurse and doctor, was well assured she wasn't. But in the semi-delirium that accompanied her fevered state Eloise looked all things fairly and squarely in the face—or so she thought—and arranged the future of her little family.

"I've thought it all out, Dan," she told her husband, "and there's only one thing that I want your promise on. It's not for me; it's for my boy."

Not our boy—my boy! Dan smiled soberly. His mother had been just like that with him. Her pride was in her own possession of him. He was hers and hers alone.

"Because of what may happen," went on Eloise, "I've figured it all out. You'll understand—your mother knew, Dan. She wanted you to be something better, something finer than she was herself. She spent her life making you what you are. And it's that way with me and my boy. Dan, listen! If I don't live to bring him up I want you to give Bailey the best education he can get."

"Oh," cried Dan with a reassuring smile, "you don't think I'd neglect a thing like that? I'll see to it that he goes through grammar school and high ——"

"Yes, yes," said Eloise insistently, for she felt the boy's career must be mapped out then and there. "Listen, Dan! I want him to be bigger, better than we are ourselves. Grammar school and high, Dan, yes. They're fine so far as they go. But I want to see him graduate from Farnsworth, Dan, and take his place—his true place—in River City here."

"Farnsworth!" echoed Dan. "Farnsworth! You mean you want the boy to be a college boy?"

"Yes, yes," said Eloise, "I mean just that!"

"My boy," mused Dan, "a college boy?"

To him it sounded funny. There was something fancy, something ultra, luxurious, even useless about the thing. Dan saw no use in college boys. The papers of the period played up their pranks, their escapades. The mental picture that Dan had of college boys was that of hare-brained idiots in skullcaps painting a college town with yellow paint.

"Why," cried Dan, "I wouldn't want my boy to be a college boy!"

Eloise stared at him hopelessly, helplessly.

"It isn't going to cost so very much," she said.

"Money?" Dan returned. "I wasn't thinking about money. I was thinking of my boy."

"If you think of your boy as I think of him ——" returned Eloise.

Dan's face suffused with crimson.

"Oh, honey, honey!" he exclaimed contritely. "Already I have broken my solemn promise to you. It's in my blood, honey—this bickering. I told you that there'd be no question. I told you you were the doctor, Eloise—and here I go again!"

Eloise drew him down to her and kissed him.

"Dan," she whispered, "it's only if I die. If I live I can see to it myself. Dan, it's for me, for him."

"You win!" said Dan shamefacedly. "I'm disgusted with myself, starting to bicker when I'd promised—I'll do anything you want me to. You're the doctor, Eloise."

Eloise didn't die. She was sincerely glad of it, for her life's work was before her. She was to have two men to manage now instead of one. She started out to manage both of them. Her own way seemed strangely good and wise to her. She had her own way, for no one interfered. Dan, in fact, was pleased. His mind, it must be said, was troubled when Eloise dilated upon the boy's career, but not for long.

One day a few years later he came home with his brow cleared and a satisfied smile upon his face.

"Honey," he said, "I've got to tell you. I've got a Farnsworth boy to help me."

"You fired your other boy?"

"He was no good," nodded Dan. "No good at all. But this lad—I've just begun to see, honey, why you wanted little Bailey to have a college education. You'd have laughed to see me watch this new one when he first came in. Oh, but he was raw, honey—a greenhorn of the greenhorns! Raw and clumsy for the first two hours. But the minute I showed him my system—or yours, rather—and the books, then he was on. The day's over and he knows the business. To-morrow he'll know just what to do without my telling him. To-morrow he'll be doing things a better way than mine perhaps. And I can see why—now. It's the mental training that he got at Farnsworth. You should listen to him talk! He can talk to me—he can talk to anybody. He's at home anywhere he is. He knows just what to say. He's got me beat a mile."

"Who is he?" queried Eloise.

"You wouldn't know him," nodded Dan. "Just a scrubby, bright-eyed little Hebrew from Down Neck. Out of the slums, he says."

"And he went through Farnsworth?" exclaimed Eloise.

"Ah," said Dan, his eyes glowing, "he worked his way through Farnsworth! Four years he's worked his way. Paid for his education like a man and he's got money in the bank. Eloise, honey," exclaimed Dan, "if my boy could do a thing like that!"

Eloise sighed. Would Dan never see, never understand what she was trying to do for Bailey? This little Hebrew, sweating his way through college, taking on an eight-dollar-a-week job in a real-estate office—that was one thing. But Bailey must have standing. His was to be a higher plane than Dan's, than hers. Even now she was fighting for all this. For Bailey's sake she had picked a neighborhood to live in where his little playmates would be playmates quite worth while. The scrubby little office boy was one thing. Bailey must do better. Dan didn't see it. Bailey must have standing with his fellows—always—particularly in Farnsworth. He must make a good club. He must take his place with the rest.

"You see now," she said to Dan, "what Farnsworth really does to boys."

"You're dead right I do," he answered gladly.

With his mind's eye he could see Bailey fighting his way through Farnsworth on his own. Bucking the game from the start; digging in, digging out his education, building himself up in his own way. He said as much.

Eloise just sighed again. It was all so clear to her. And she made it very, very clear to Dan. She explained it all to him. They were founding a family, he and she—Bailey was to carry on the line. He must be well equipped to do it. She knew just what must be done and what must not be done. She made it clear to Dan.

"I know, of course," she said, "that it will take money, dear."

Again Dan shook his head.

"I wasn't thinking of the money," he repeated. "I was thinking of this clever little Goldfish chap. I wish you'd talk to him."

Eloise didn't want to talk to the clever little Goldfish chap. In her mind the little Goldfish chap was not and never could be in Bailey's class.

"But I've been thinking of the money all along, Dan," she went on, "and sooner or later we've both got to think of it. We may as well talk about it now."

She said it apprehensively—she braced herself as for a struggle. She ought to have known better. Dan had broken a sacred vow just once. He was not likely to break it any more. And yet years later he did break it—once again. But now he smiled.

"Whatever you say goes," he told his pretty wife.

"I've looked it all up," said Eloise, "and I'm sure I've got the right of it. Farnsworth can be done properly and well, Dan, for a thousand dollars a year. It can be done for seven hundred, but on a thousand dollars no boy can have regrets. Four years—four thousand dollars. It means an awful lot of money, Dan. But when you think that Bailey's to have the chance you've never had; that it opens up to him a future that never can be opened up to you! And I know that somehow we can get the money, Dan. Our love for Bailey is sure to find the way."

Dan nodded soberly. It touched him keenly to see how at this early day she was looking far ahead. Not for herself, just for the boy—his boy and hers.

"Honey," said Dan, smiling, "I've been thinking all along that you were mighty previous with all this college talk. Now I see you're not. It's pay day, honey. By gosh, we'll start right now!"

Pay day was no longer Saturday to Dan, for Dan no longer had a boss. He had no job. He was in business for himself—a good business, too, he told himself. Eloise had arranged it all for him. She was a business woman. She kept abreast of the times. When she married Dan she had taken stock of Dan; she had taken stock of his job and she saw no future for him there. The ball-bearing plant where Dan had worked, where she had been employed—it was all well enough in its way, but it didn't weigh enough in her own estimation. Barber's Ball Bearings—they had struggled on for years. The Barbers, true enough, had made a good living, but they hadn't got rich. Even when Eloise left them they were hopeful but uncertain of the future. They held their glances upon a will-o'-the-wisp—the automobile, a very new thing then. Dan had believed in the future of the automobile, the Barbers had believed in it. Eloise hadn't. She held to the views of pessimists that no light engine work could withstand uneven roads.

She had judged the Barbers by many standards. In five years they hadn't broadened out. Their plant was small, their orders and their market limited. She smiled incredulously when Dan told her what must be the future of ball bearings. Even then she conceded that the Barbers might some day get comfortably rich. But their superintendent wouldn't—that was clear to her. She made Dan see it as she saw it all herself.

Dan was a master. He could handle men. He was a handsome lad, steeped to the finger ends in magnetism. She knew there was something better in life for Dan Martin than coming home day after day from the shop, all dirtied up, begrimed forever. All about them money was being made—big money.

There was a reason. River City was only seven miles from New York itself and New York's population had long since come to be a saturated solution. It wouldn't hold itself. It backed up, it overflowed. River City got the best of it. Crowds surged to River City. And while ball bearings stood stock-still, River City real estate soared to the skies.

Dan listened to Eloise's logic. He felt that she knew what she was talking about. She had been a business woman; he had been a shop man all his life. He saw her point—he yielded. So he left the shop for good and all. He set up in his cellar his little blowpipe furnace. He was working on a cheaper hardening process for the bearings. He kept on working at it nights. But for the rest he followed Eloise's lead. He drew down his savings-bank account, opened a modest real estate office, indulged in an extensive drive for a clientele and set up his flamboyant red-white-and-blue For Sale signs all over River City. The immediate result had exceeded expectations. Out-of-town customers flung themselves at his head and at the end of the first year he had netted as much money as the Barbers had been wont to pay him. And over at the works Buck Conner, married and settled down by this time, slipped easily into Dan's place, radiant and satisfied, his nose to the grindstone, his hands begrimed with toil.

And so for Dan and Eloise pay day was no longer Saturday. Pay day for them was once a month. And as they talked of Bailey it came to Dan that pay day was at hand.

"By gosh, honey," he repeated, "we'll start right now."

He drew forth his wallet. From it he took a batch of greenbacks and a few crumpled checks. He straightened them out, counted them while Eloise looked on. Then he separated them into two distinct piles. Eloise wondered.

"What the idea?" she queried.

"This pile," said Dan, "is ours. The other's little Bailey's. From now on, Eloise, we start to build for little Bailey. From now on, every month we'll save ten per cent of all I make for Bailey. Honey, I have a feeling I can always pull down fifty dollars a week, somehow, some way. I can't bank on more than that. But if I can't make that—why, I'll go back to Barber's. I'm glad you spoke of Bailey so far ahead of time. Ten per cent for little Bailey that goes, Eloise. And by the time he's ready for the cash—why, by gosh, the cash will be on hand for him!"

With a new light in his eyes, Dan pushed the money over toward Eloise and went downstairs to light his blowpipe furnace. He had a cellar all to himself these days—they had moved into a one-family house. Eloise, too, had arranged all that. She was clever at these things.

"Trick of the trade, Dan," she had said to him. "Move into a house and fix it up

(Continued on Page 142)

Champion

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Matthews
Miller
Municipal
Murray & Tregurtha
Muskegon
New Way
Northwestern
Novo
Owen
Peninsular
Red Wing
Reliance
Root & Vandevoort
Sanderson
Schramm
Sheffield
Sterling
Termaat & Monahan
Unitlectric
Universal
Van Blerck
Waterloo
Waukesha
Western
Witte
Wolverine

MOTORCYCLES

Cyclemotor
Excelsior
Harley-Davidson
Henderson
Schickel
Thor

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company, of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

(Continued from Page 139)

like home. Then offer it—somebody'll snap it up. Always a few hundreds to the good. We can't lose out. Then buy a better house in a better neighborhood and sell again. Always a nice house in a nice neighborhood, Dan. We surely can't get stuck."

Dan in his own mind had viewed all these plunges with alarm. It had been a wrench to tear himself up by the roots and leave the ball-bearing plant. He liked that plant. He liked ball bearings. They belonged together, that plant, the ball bearings and himself. Eloise overestimated his ability—he was sure of that. He told her so. She had more cleverness in her little finger than he had in his whole body. And always he was casting wistful glances backward at the Barber plant. But so far, at least, Eloise seemed to have had the right idea. Events had justified her policy. Dan came to feel that she must be the highest type of American wife and mother—always alert to further the interests of her husband and her home. It was he himself who didn't fit in with her cleverness. He told her so. As the years went on he felt this keenly. She was a better man than he was. She was quick-witted, ready-tongued, she was resourceful. He was none of these. He kept telling her so time and time again. And she kept reassuring him.

"Dan," she said to him, "the Barbers never had a man who could handle men as you handled them. Nobody could handle Buck Connor but yourself."

"Until that little girl that he married took a job at the works," laughed Dan. "Then she got him—and now she runs the works, they say, as well as Buck. Eloise, I hand it to that little girl. I hand it to the memory of my mother. I hand it to you. My hat's off to the women! But that's not the point. You were dead right. I could handle men over at the works. I could handle my inferiors, I could handle my superiors. But I can't handle my equals. This clever little Goldfish that I've got—he can talk to a roustabout; he can talk to the President of the United States. That's the way our boy'll be in time. But it's not for me, Eloise, it's not for me."

"Nonsense!" cried Eloise, kissing him. "As a man thinks, Dan, so he is. You are, if you'll only think you are."

But Dan couldn't think it—he felt that he wasn't. And so he held his peace, he kept his solemn vow.

"You're the doctor, Eloise," he would tell her time and time again.

Eloise was the doctor, but there were some ills she couldn't cure. River City woke up, blear-eyed and wabbly, one fine morning to discover that it had been committing excesses for a long period of time. She had overdone herself, overboomed herself, oversold herself. A terrific slump was on. There was no help for it. The real estate men got together—all the River City business men got together with them. They looked the facts in the face. They had been mad—stark staring mad. They had bought and sold River City real estate at prices that were ten years ahead of the times. Half of these men were stuck—the other half were not. The public had been badly bitten. Hydrophobia was likely to set in.

Dan Martin came home one afternoon, shaking his head.

"Eloise," he said, "I've given up my office. It won't pay to keep it going any more."

"Given up your office!" cried Eloise. "Dan, you can't give up your office! It's our living."

"That's why I've given it up," said Dan. "I'm not worried over that so much, but I had to give up Goldfish too. He's sore. It's kind of queered his prospects. But I did the best I could. I took him to Barber's and they've given him a job."

"Never mind about Goldfish!" said Eloise. "What about you?"

"I'm doing what all the other chaps have done," said Dan. "Made a rush to cover. I've kept desk room in an office and got my name upon a door. But don't you worry. I'm in luck."

"In luck?" echoed Eloise.

"Just that," said Dan. "The Jersey Mutual has given me a job. I fell into it to-day. The Jersey Mutual loans its money out on mortgage—that's a part of the insurance game. They had a man named Katz to appraise their properties. Katz was an optimist—he plunged. He's lost 'em thousands of dollars. Lots of their mortgages aren't worth anywhere near par. I've been a pessimist about River City real estate almost ever since the boom was on. They found it out. They've checked me up. They find I'm safe. I've got Katz's job."

"At how much?" queried Eloise.

Dan told her—told her, smiling. "So you see," he said, "what with my salary, what with the small rent-collection business I can do, what with this and that, I'm still good for fifty dollars a week and mighty little worry, Eloise. Fifty dollars a week, Eloise! I've always told you it's just about my size."

He kept on making fifty and a little more. He held his nose to the grindstone for the Jersey Mutual. And before Dan knew it Bailey suddenly developed into a full-grown lad. He was a fine boy, tall and straight as an arrow, with his mother's eyes and his mother's grace and his mother's ready wit. And his talk was full and his thoughts were full of—Farnsworth.

He sauntered into his father's small office at the Jersey Mutual late one afternoon. His eyes were glowing, a boyish smile lit up his face. He had a piece of cardboard with him.

"You look that over, pop," he said. His pop looked it over. It was a report card on Bailey's standing in the college entrance examinations. Dan Martin stared at it, he stared at the boy.

"Over eighty-five in everything!" he exclaimed.

"Yep," said Bailey, "not so worse." He placed it in its envelope and thrust it carefully into his breast pocket. It was his open sesame to Farnsworth.

Dan looked the boy over. It was hard for Dan to realize that Bailey was his boy. He saw that Eloise was right. Bailey was finer than his father, finer even than that ambitious little Goldfish. Bailey was classy—he belonged.

When they reached home, Dan Martin, a proud smile upon his face, drew Bailey's mother into their bedroom and shut the door.

"The boy," he said in a half whisper, "comes into his own. He wants us to go with him to Farnsworth to-morrow afternoon and matriculate him and help him choose his room and furniture. I can get off to-morrow, Eloise. How are you fixed? For you must come along."

"Oh, yes," said Eloise hastily. "I can go, but ——"

"No buts," laughed Dan, "at a time like this. We go."

He opened the bedroom door and called downstairs.

"It's all right, son," he yelled joyously, "we go!"

He shut the door again and turned to Eloise. "There's an eleven-thirty train to Farnsworth," he went on. "I looked it up. You'd better make tracks for the bank at half past ten and draw, say, five hundred dollars, so we can pay 'em on the nail."

Eloise turned pale.

"Draw five hundred dollars!" she echoed. "But, Dan ——"

Dan waved his hand. "That'll be enough," he said. "They won't want more than that to start 'em off. Five hundred sure will do the trick."

"But, Dan," cried Eloise, "we haven't got five hundred dollars in the bank."

Dan nodded.

"I know we haven't," he returned, "but Bailey has—he must have near five thousand now."

Eloise drew herself together.

"Dan," she cried, "Bailey hasn't any money in the bank! He hasn't any five thousand dollars—he hasn't five hundred! He hasn't anything! There's nothing, Dan! I haven't any money in the bank!"

There was a long long silence. Dan's face went white—went white and shocked. He caught Eloise by the wrist.

"I don't quite get it," he returned finally. "You haven't any money in the bank? No money in the bank—for Bailey?"

Eloise found herself instantly upon the defensive. "How could you expect me to have money in the bank?" she responded. "It's taken every cent we've had to live."

Dan turned whiter still. The thing was beginning to sink in. His voice was thick and harsh—and disappointed.

"You're joking, Eloise," he said. "You must be joking, Eloise. You remember it was ten per cent of what I made, ten per cent each week, each month, each year. Ten per cent for Bailey. We said that—it was all arranged."

"But, Dan," pleaded Eloise, "that was years and years ago."

Dan nodded. "It was years and years ago," he acquiesced, "when Bailey was a baby. So long ago that I thought you must be crazy to make his plans so far ahead. But you made me see your point of view. I saw it. It was years and years ago you made me promise. It was years and years ago we had it all arranged. And all in your hands, so nothing could go wrong. Ten per cent a year for little Bailey. A sort of trust for little Bailey. A solemn promise to him. It was his money—always his—not ours. We had no right to live it up. I can't believe it. We had no right. It's—it's a kind of crime, I think."

He turned on his heel and left her. He made his way down cellar to his blow pipe furnace. Eloise got the odor of it almost immediately—it filled the whole house, the smell of that blowpipe furnace. Dan stayed down there for hours. Once only he called to them from below. He wasn't hungry—he wanted no dinner. He had a hen on—he was getting some results. Eloise sat at the table with Bailey, but she couldn't eat. After they had finished she placed some viands on a tray. Three times she started down the cellar steps; three times she crept back. Dan came up later with a bad burn on his arm. She realized the storm was over. He smiled as she dressed the burn—smiled and kissed her and apologized.

"It's the second time I've gone wrong, Eloise," he told her later. "Once again I broke my promise. I renew my vows. No further bickering—not any more."

She crept into his arms, sobbing, silent. And yet she wanted to explain—she must explain. What was there to explain? He must have known that they had had to live; of course they'd had to live. She tried to tell him how it was. But Dan gave her no opening, there was no chance. He had forgotten Farnsworth, that was all.

Next day Eloise put Bailey off with some excuse. Bailey was hurt. He was deeply disappointed.

"Buck Connor's going to be my roommate," he pleaded, "and he's going down to-day. He's going down because I'm going down to-day. And besides, we haven't got much time. I had it all planned out with Buck."

Eloise winced. Buck Connor's son—young Buck—was to be Bailey's roommate. Buck Connor's son—with twice the money to spend at Farnsworth that Bailey could ever have hoped to have. Well, of course, Buck Connor was Buck Connor. He was manager of the Barber plant.

Eloise had to put Bailey off. She clenched her hands, she gritted her teeth. She took a strong grip on herself. She must fight it out with Dan. Bailey didn't need five thousand to go to Farnsworth; he didn't need five hundred to start in. Dan must raise the money. He could get the Jersey Mutual to hand him an advance of salary. It was so ridiculous, Dan's point of view. Bailey must not be disappointed, he must not be humiliated. Bailey must go to Farnsworth—she must make Dan see that. She would work her fingers to the bone to see it through.

The doorbell rang. Eloise answered it. The letter carrier handed her a single letter. Eloise read it and reread it. It was a letter that sent her to her room in tears. She had hardly finished crying when Dan came home. Dan never noticed that she wasn't quite herself. He was radiant. He took her in his arms and kissed her gently, very gently.

"Honey," he said, "how'll to-morrow do for our little trip to Farnsworth?"

"Do!" she cried. "Oh, Dan, you've figured out that we can do it after all?"

Her eyes sparkled and for the moment she forgot the letter that had come. She didn't want to remember that letter. The thought of it made her positively ill.

"I've figured it all out, honey!" exclaimed Dan, "and I figure that we'll have car fare to get down there at any rate—just about enough to take us there and back."

He drew forth his wallet. From it he abstracted a crisp slip of paper. He handed it to Eloise. It was a cashier's check drawn to Dan's order for five thousand dollars. Eloise stared at it.

"Five thousand dollars!" she exclaimed.

Dan nodded.

(Continued on Page 145)

"Your Mother Knew, Dan. She Spent Her Life Making You What You Are"

Growth

The growth of *Certain-teed* is the world-wide development of first-quality ideals turned into products delivering utmost satisfaction.

It is a monument of accomplishment—the reward of magnificent production without lessening integrity of product.

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THERE ARE NO BETTER

SHOES

FOR FIT FOR STYLE FOR WEAR

F. M. Hoyt Shoe Company, Makers, Manchester, New Hampshire

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"Honey," he returned, "it's mine."

"Yours—honestly?" cried Eloise.

Dan flushed.

"Honey," he confessed, "it's the only thing in life I ever kept from you. You never heard about the McFarland deal I had ten years ago. I never told you, honey. It was the biggest deal I ever had. I made this money from it and I put it away. I made it on the sly, honey, and I kept it on the sly. Fair and square, I did it on the sly, for I was doing it for just one reason, honey. I was waiting for a wedding anniversary—for the time when we'd have been married twenty years. Then I was going to do something with this money. I was going to take title in your name to that house on Denny Way you've always liked. You see—five thousand dollars and our equity in this house that we've got. I was going to turn 'em in and take that house on Denny Way for you, honey, just for you."

Eloise forced herself to be grateful, to be exuberant over it, but her heart sank. For Bailey's sake, for all their sakes, she had wanted that house on Denny Way. Long ago she had given up all idea of ever getting it, and yet here and now Dan unwittingly had dangled it in front of her and had snatched it away again, for she knew well what was coming.

"And so," went on Dan soberly, "it was a good thing that I kept it on the sly, because this money'll see Bailey through the next four years. And that's what we all want, isn't it? Just that and nothing else."

Eloise's heart kept on sinking. Reluctantly she dragged forth the letter that had come that day. She handed it to Dan. Dan read it. It was from Jansen, who held the mortgage on their house—thirty-five hundred dollars. He wanted it paid for two sound reasons. First, the slump had knocked the value of the house into a cocked hat. It would no longer stand a mortgage of that size. Second, he wanted to use the money. As the mortgage was long overdue he had the right to call it. Dan was not so much disturbed as Eloise had expected him to be.

"I've been expecting this," said Dan. "It was a situation that we would have had to meet most any day. I'll see what can be done about it." He put the letter into his pocket.

"What can be done about it?" queried Eloise. She was very anxious.

"I don't just know," said Dan. "I can't ask the Jersey Mutual to loan us thirty-five, nor yet three thousand on this house. I'll think it over. I'll see what we can do. Meantime," he went on with a smile, "to-morrow we go down to Farnsworth. I can't use this money to buy you any wedding present, Eloise, but I can keep my promise to you about Bailey—and that's the thing that counts. I'm going to hand this check to Farnsworth University to-morrow."

"That check?" cried Eloise.

"Why, yes," said Dan. "Why not?"

"They'll think you're crazy!" exclaimed Eloise.

"Not when I've explained to 'em that I can't trust myself to keep it," went on Dan. "Not when I tell 'em it's a solemn trust to get my boy through Farnsworth. It may be all irregular, but I'll make 'em see the point. I'll make 'em keep it for his use."

It seemed ridiculous to Eloise; it seemed childish to her. But she saw he meant it. He clutched the check tightly in his hand.

"I'm going to see to it," he nodded, "that Bailey gets the chance that you wanted him to get."

"But, Dan," cried Eloise, "what about this house? We can't afford to lose this house."

Dan shook his head grimly. "We can afford to lose everything," he said. "But we can't afford to break our word to Bailey. We can lose the house—we can live in two rooms, you and I. But I'm going to keep my word to you. Bailey is the vital thing. Ever since you made me promise I've had that in mind—the vital thing."

As Eloise stared at him she was reminded of Dan's mother. Just a flash—something about his set mouth. His mother had been that way perhaps. Eloise didn't like it. His mind was narrow—narrow. She must make him see the thing as she saw it.

"Listen, Dan," she said gently, persuasively, "it's all well enough to make Bailey's money sure. "It's Bailey that I'm thinking of—only Bailey, all the time. This is not only our home, Dan. It's Bailey's home. Bailey, who'll bring home his classmates; Bailey, who must compete here in River City; Bailey, who must make his showing. Bailey has got to have a home he's not ashamed of. Don't you see? And he needn't be ashamed of this. But if it goes he suffers. You and I can live in one room, Dan. But Bailey doesn't want to see us live that way. Dan, get a comprehensive view of Bailey. You can pay Jansen off—you can cancel the mortgage as a wedding gift to me—you can kill two birds with one stone, Dan. You can pay Jansen and still have fifteen hundred dollars left for Bailey."

They were not bickering, she and Dan. Eloise realized that. There was no quarrel over money. Dan was reasoning things out in his way; she was reasoning things out in hers. There was not a trace of ill nature in his face, his voice, his manner. But his mouth was like his mother's—he was adamant.

"There's one thing to be done first," said Dan. "We've got to pay back the money that we should have had in trust for Bailey. That's the first thing and the only thing. It's the thing that must be done. That is the vital thing."

The vital thing.

That phrase kept rankling like a wound in Eloise's consciousness. The vital thing—it bothered her, that phrase. And after Bailey had been packed off to Farnsworth in the early fall Eloise pulled herself together—girded her armor on to fight that thing, that phrase. It was a phrase she didn't like. She hadn't liked the tightness of Dan's mouth when he used it. He had been too much like his mother then. Eloise's thoughts strayed back to Dan's mother. She hadn't liked Dan's mother, save for one thing—her tenderness for Dan.

"You've got a man in your hands now; take care of him." So had said Dan's mother. Eloise had promised. That had been a very vital promise then. It was vital now. And she had kept that promise. She had used all her wit, her cleverness to further Dan and his interests. The slump had cut his slowly successful career quite short. That could not have been foreseen by her. Dan had foreseen it, it is true. He had foretold it many times. But other people hadn't and she hadn't.

Yes, she'd done her best by Dan. She'd taken care of him, she had been ambitious for him, she had lifted him out of a rut. She'd had Dan in her hands—and little Bailey. She remembered the week when she was sure that she would die; that week when she kept begging Dan to carry out her plans for the child she would leave behind her. The instant Bailey had been born she had planned for him—planned the best future she could afford him. Yes, how vital he had always been! From the moment he was born—part of her whole life. She had made Dan promise then—promise against his will—to carry out her plans. Her plans—the vital thing. How the phrase kept recurring to her! She wondered vaguely whether it had been her phrase so many years ago in that semidelirium of hers, or whether it was Dan's phrase, newly adopted for his use. No matter—she couldn't face it now. Just now she couldn't fight.

To get away from herself and that elusive phrase that wouldn't down she dressed and went down to the shopping district. The bank first—she had to cash a small check. It was at the bank that she heard Buck Connor talking; the same Buck who had tried to kiss her across the way from Plunkett's so many years ago. Buck was smoking a big black cigar. He was talking to another man—about his wife.

"My wife!" said Buck. "My wife! Huh! Ever since the kids could dress themselves and put themselves to bed my wife's done just two things—called down the tube to the servant girl to put more coal on the fire. That's one of them. The other is to call the butcher up and tell him to send us something good for dinner. That's all she does—and all I do is to draw a check."

Eloise was shocked, distinctly shocked; shocked at a husband who would talk like that about his wife; shocked at a wife who would earn that kind of an opinion from her husband. Buck Connor—there had been times when Eloise had compared Buck Connor with her Dan. Buck at one time had had all the instincts of a drunken loafer, of a corner hanger-on. Now he was manager of the Barber plant. There had been times when Eloise's thoughts had strayed curiously to Buck. She could have been Mrs. Buck Connor had she wanted to. She hadn't wanted to. She was glad of that. She had a man in her hands—a sensitive man. Rather him than a thousand Bucks. Buck Connor—a loafer with the instincts of a loafer. What had changed him? Dan had told her many, many times. Buck's wife had been the making of Buck Connor. A factory girl who could handle him, who knew how to keep Buck's nose to the grindstone, knew how to keep him straight.

Buck's wife had managed Buck. She had made him manager of the Barber plant in time. Eloise knew it. And yet the girl had done it so simply, easily, that Buck had never known. Buck drew the checks, but for Buck's wife he would have had no checks to draw. And his wife—what did she do? Nothing, only to have more coal put on the fire and have the butcher send up something good for dinner.

That was all—and Buck was manager of the Barber plant. And Buck's boy was spending money down at Farnsworth. And Buck had two motor cars.

And Dan Martin—what of him? Bailey—what of him? Eloise had spent her life doing for her two men, keeping her mind on their future. Doing that always. Her life had been full—she had planned and planned and planned.

Suddenly it confronted her once again—the vital thing! It hurt, that phrase. She had planned and planned. How had she executed? Dan was a fifty dollar-a-week man. But for her he would have been the Barber manager; she knew it. And but for Dan—but for Dan, Bailey never would have gone to Farnsworth. The vital thing to her! And Dan had made it possible! She had planned—he had executed.

How had he executed? The question answered itself. He had saved five thousand dollars on the sly. On the sly he had managed to keep that sum intact. It was by his management, not hers, that the vital thing had been accomplished. An appalling situation, but terribly true, for she realized it all. If Dan hadn't hid that money from her there would have been no money now. The only thing that was putting Bailey through Farnsworth was just that and nothing else. Dan had saved that money on the sly. If he hadn't done that she would have had it ten years ago and they would have lived it up.

It was a crime—her crime. Dan had always had the vital thing in mind. He'd had all the vital things in mind and all the time. If he had gone his own gait, if she'd left him alone, if she hadn't schemed and planned for all their futures—if she'd only called down the speaking tube to put more coal on the fire and left it to the butcher to give them something good for dinner! If she hadn't been so smart, so clever, so ambitious, so superior to Dan! Why had Dan trusted her? Why had he always let her be the doctor, Eloise? She hated that phrase more, almost, than she hated the other. She broke into a storm of weeping.

The vital thing! It had her by the throat. She spent an afternoon face downward on her bed.

It had her down for the time being; yes. But not for long!

A month after Bailey had begun his first semester at Farnsworth, Gaylord, of the Jersey Mutual, sent for Dan one day. Gaylord was the head of the insurance company's employment office. Dan went to him in fear and trembling. He was afraid that for some unknown reason he was about to be fired. But not so.

"Martin," began Gaylord in an apologetic tone, "my job's a funny one and sometimes gets me into funny mix-ups. I took advantage of your offer to size up loans for us and that put you on our pay roll. Actually you're one of our employees."

"I hope to keep on being one," said Dan apprehensively.

"Being an employee of ours," went on Gaylord, "it makes you subject to our rules."

"I hope I haven't broken any," returned Dan.

Gaylord laughed shamefacedly. "I little thought," he said, "that it would be necessary for me to interfere in your family affairs."

"You interfere?" said Dan.

"Martin," went on Gaylord, "our big rival here is the Monumental Life. We can't hope to compete with the Monumental Life, but the Monumental Life takes great pleasure in competing with us. They leave no legitimate stone unturned to undermine us. You know that. People on our pay roll are in their pay. I don't know who they are, but I know that that's the fact. You know it too. Now there's the rub. We've got a vital rule affecting our salaried employees. There are families of wage earners, brothers and sisters, fathers and sons—all out making a living. We employ the father, say. Somebody else employs the son. Over the dinner table they talk about their jobs. The one is bound to get an insight into the business of the other. Now, if we employ the father, we don't give a tinker's dam who employs the son—except in one instance only. We won't stand for the son being on the pay roll of the Monumental Life.

If the family's going into the life-insurance business and we've got one of 'em—why, then we want 'em all. That family's got to be with us. And if it isn't it's up to me to make a thorough-going kick. You get me?"

"I get you," said Dan.

"But you didn't know about this rule?" suggested Gaylord to help Dan out.

"No," said Dan with the air of a man discussing the barometer, "I didn't. But it's a good rule, it seems to me."

Gaylord nodded. "I'm glad that you approve of it, because I want to get you personally to do something that will help me out."

"Name it," said Dan.

"I wish," said Gaylord, "that you'd get your wife to leave the Monumental Life."

"Leave the Monumental Life!" echoed Dan. "My wife? What's she got to do with the Monumental Life?"

Gaylord stared at Dan in amazement. His manner changed. Incredulity shone in his eyes.

"You're not usually evasive, Mr. Martin," he returned quite coldly. He was astonished at Dan's attitude. "Your wife took a job two weeks ago under Perkins in their auditing department. She's working at that job to-day."

"My wife?" cried Dan.

"Of course your wife!" said Gaylord.

"There—there must be some mistake," stammered Dan. "My wife isn't working for her living."

Gaylord touched him on the arm.

"Straight goods?" he said. "Are you acting a part or are you telling me the truth? I want to know."

"I'm telling you the truth," said Dan. "My wife doesn't work for anybody."

Gaylord searched Dan's face critically. Then he leaned back satisfied. "Martin," he said, "you've got another guess a-coming. Your wife is working for the Monumental Life all right. And if you don't know it, then she's a darned clever woman. She's working for them on the sly."

Dan was terribly troubled.

"It's a new one on me," he said. "I didn't know."

"Find out for yourself," said Gaylord, "and get her to seek some other job as soon as she gets the chance."

"I'll get her to seek no job at all," said Dan.

But he didn't do it. He did nothing—that is for the time being. Eloise could see that night that Dan was troubled, worried, restless. She wondered whether he had found out, for she had the job and it was a good job and it fitted in with her scheme of things. The Monumental Life opened up at nine and sent the bulk of its salaried employees packing every day at four, so there was good reason why Dan hadn't found out about her job. But other people had found out—Eloise discovered this next day. On her way home on the trolley car she sat behind two of her prosperous neighbors, well-dressed business men of the town. She realized suddenly that they were talking of her husband.

"Jansen says," said the bigger of the two men, "that he's going to pull the mortgage on Dan's house." He didn't say it pleasantly.

"Yeh," nodded the other, yawning. "Dan Martin doesn't show. He never has shown and he never will show. Looks decent enough and acts decent enough, but the man can't earn his salt. I'm told even that his wife has had to go to work."

"No!" cried the best man, surprised. "That little woman go to work? Why, she's the finest little woman up our way! Always making the best of everything, putting her best foot foremost, making both ends meet. I know her—she's mine. And my wife tells me she never has a row with Dan—she's that kind. Salt of the earth.

"It's an outrage—that the little woman to pack her off to work."

"If a man can't earn enough to keep his wife and family," said the other, "by gosh, I'd get a pickax and a spade and dig a ditch before I'd come to that!"

(Concluded on Page 148)

The Burroughs

Calculator $175

Adding Accuracy—Cutting Waste

Forty years ago Butler Bros. pioneered in a new kind of merchandising.

Instead of hiring salesmen to sell to the wholesale trade they mailed catalogs. To every customer they quoted the same prices and showed the same "goods."

They were convinced that it was such an easy, economical and efficient method of selling that it ***must*** succeed, and the balance sheet today is an answer to doubters.

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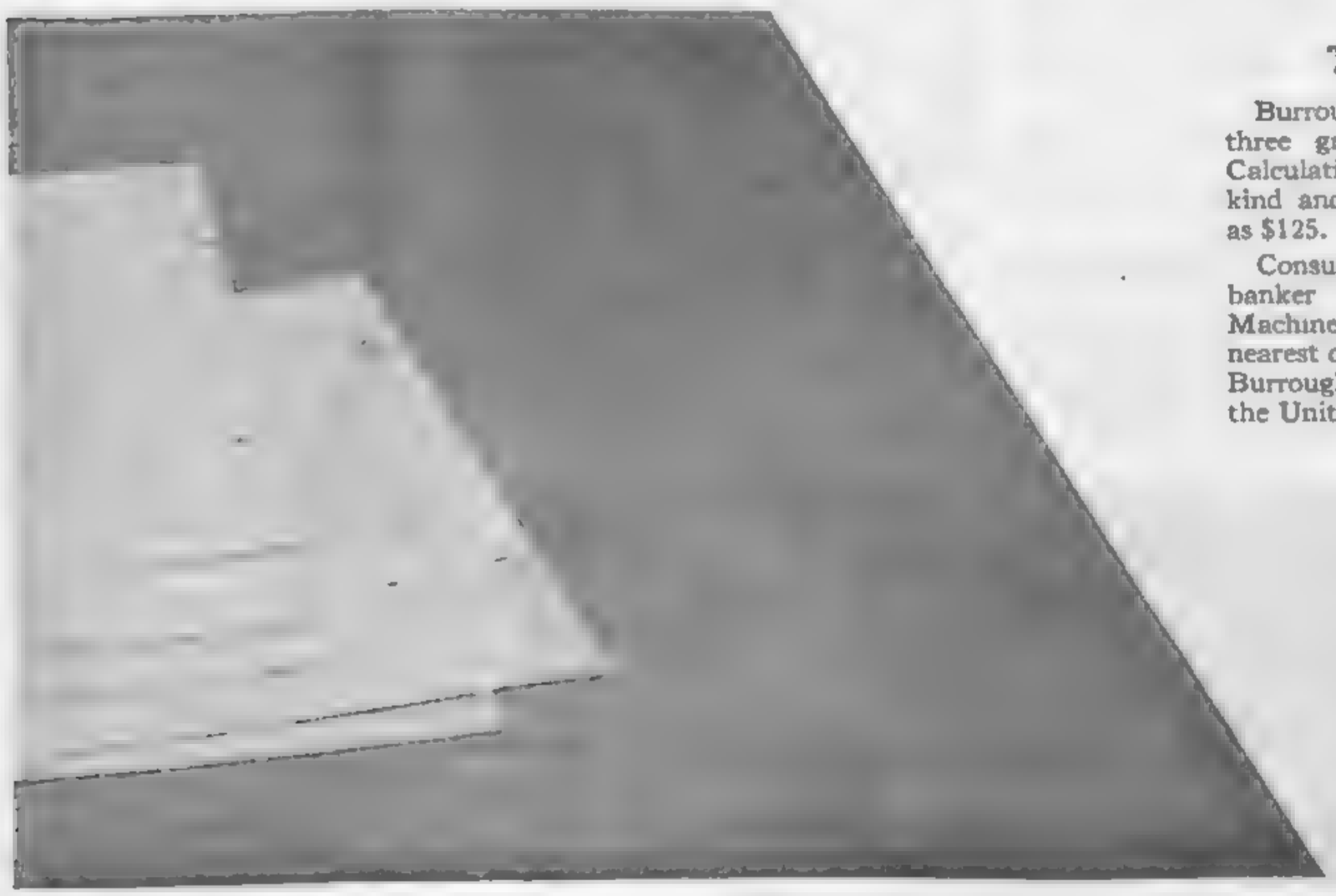

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Consult your telephone book or ask your banker (who doubtless uses Burroughs Machines himself) for the address of the nearest of the 213 offices maintained by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company in the United States and Canada.

(Concluded from Page 145)

Eloise left the trolley car; she walked the rest of the way home. She was all in—aghast, appalled. Everything was topsy-turvy now. For weeks now Eloise had been almost happy—happy in the belief that she was doing a fine, heroic thing. With what result? They lauded her—her—for the part she played. And they gave Dan a bad name and hanged him. Why? Dan was no good and she was fine—that was their idea. Her gorge rose against them, against all her neighbors, against herself. A fine reputation she had got—she never had a row with Dan. She never had a row! Why had she never had a row with Dan? Because Dan had never had a row with her.

Peace in the household—that had been another vital thing with Dan. The vital things—how he had clung to them. No rows, no words, no bickering. Why? Dan was the answer. There had been no bickering because Dan had let her have her way. Never had he balked. Never had he said no. Suppose he had balked, suppose he had said no now and then. Yes, then there would have been words—her words, not Dan's. They had had peace because Dan had let her go her gait. It sickened her, the whole thing sickened her. Always she had been wrong, always his ideas had been the right ideas. She saw that now. But always he had yielded. Peace was a vital thing. All else must give way to peace.

Her eyes were red that night when Dan got home, but she couldn't tell him yet.

"Trouble, honey?" he queried anxiously.

"Headache," she pleaded. Dan let it go at that.

But next morning she informed Perkins of the Monumental Life that she was going to leave him. She told him her reason—the plain truth. Perkins nodded sympathetically—for a while—and then he frowned.

"Mrs. Martin," he returned, "that's your viewpoint—you're entitled to it maybe. Personally, I'm interested in your story. But there's another side to the question. You and I have started here on a six months' job. We've got to get it through in record time. I like the way you work—you're accurate and quick. You understand plain English language. You're fitted for the work. I can't chop and change. I've taught you all I know about this batch of stuff. I want you to keep on. You've made a contract with me and I want to see you keep it. If you were a feather-brained girl I wouldn't mind. But, great Scott, if a man can't depend upon a steady married woman, upon whom can he depend? I want you to promise me you'll stay."

Eloise didn't promise. She'd think it over carefully, she said, and turned back to her work. She was deep in it when the door opened and in swung Bailey Martin. He was not alone. With him were two classmates. One of them was Buck Connor; the other boy was Perkins' son. The three boys swept up to Perkins' desk with all the characteristics of a whirlwind. Bailey shook hands exuberantly with Perkins. Then he turned and saw his mother at her desk. He darted toward her.

"Mother!" he cried. "Mother, what are you doing here?"

He stared at her aghast. But Eloise was game. She only smiled.

"What are you doing here in River City, Bailey?" she inquired. "Why aren't you down at Farnsworth."

"Nothing on till two o'clock this afternoon," said Bailey, his brow clouded, "so I drove up with Macy here and Buck in Buck's car. We start back in an hour."

Bailey introduced her to Macy Perkins. She knew Buck and shook hands with him. And then with sinking heart Eloise went on with her work. She was conscious that Bailey's eyes were eating holes in the back of her head; conscious that Macy Perkins was wondering. But she gave no sign, and Bailey left without seeing her alone.

When she got home she found a note from Bailey. He had gone to the house to get a sweater and a pair of gloves. And he had this to say:

"*Mother:* Why have you gone to work? Has it anything to do with me? I want to know. Buck Connor thought it funny—he's still laughing. Macy didn't say anything. Macy's father says that you're a brick. What does it mean? I want to know—I've got to tell the boys

"BAILEY."

Eloise had another bad half hour with herself. She gave full vent to her outraged feelings. When the storm was over it left her almost calm, for she had soothed herself with a masterly resolution. She intended to follow it out along this line if it took a leg. She would vindicate herself! She would be firm! If necessary she would tell people what it meant—she would eat humble pie, but she would go on. They would find that she could conquer. She wouldn't have it said or thought by anybody that she was a quitter. She would ride through.

When Dan came home she told him—a bit defiantly—all about it. Dan nodded, smiling.

"I know, honey," he assured her as he kissed her. "I've known it all along." He told her about Gaylord.

"And you never—kicked?" she cried.

"Why should I kick?" he answered. "Haven't I told you that what you say goes? Always you're the doctor, Eloise."

It was his use once more of that detested phrase that goaded her to telling him the rest—what his neighbors had said about him on the street car. He flushed as she told him. But still he smiled.

"What do I care about what those two big stiffs say, honey?" he assured her. "I don't care what people say of me. The important thing, the vital thing is to have you satisfied. But why ——"

She told him why. The vital thing was why. She had made up her mind that she was going to pay him back that five thousand that she hadn't saved up all these years. She was going to earn that money while Bailey was at Farnsworth. She was going to pay that money back. She begged of him to let her go on—to do that vital thing first. She would tell people, she would make it clear to all her friends, she would write to Bailey. And then she almost wilted. The thought of Bailey choked her. Bailey's standing at Farnsworth—with Buck Connor, with Macy Perkins. She had fought all her life for Bailey's standing. In one moment the props had been kicked from under Bailey. She had set Bailey up to knock him down. Dan hadn't done it—she had done it.

"It was like a knife thrust, Dan," she said.

Dan laughed.

"Don't worry about Bailey," responded Dan. "The boys came in to see me. Bailey asked me—and I told him in the presence of the boys. I told 'em you were earning money for the Women's Service League. It was a lie, but it went down with them."

"Oh, Dan!" cried Eloise, throwing her arms about his neck.

The doorbell rang. Dan answered it. A girl entered. She was somewhat somberly clad. Her face was pale. She seemed worn and tired.

"Mrs. Martin?" she queried.

Eloise waved her to a chair, wondering.

"Mrs. Martin," went on the girl with a nervous smile, "you'll think me terribly presumptuous, but I can't help it. I wouldn't be here if I didn't have to come. Mrs. Martin, I want you to understand the fix I'm in. I have two people to support besides myself. I have my mother and my crippled sister. They can't do anything. I have to do it all. And so I came to you."

"But why to me?" asked Eloise. She was about to refer the girl to the Bureau of Associated Charities. Fortunately for herself, she didn't do it.

"Mrs. Martin," went on the girl, "I came here on the sly. I didn't say to Mr. Perkins that I'd come."

"Mr. Perkins!" echoed Eloise. What, she wondered, did Mr. Perkins have to do with it.

"I'm here on the sly," said the girl shamefacedly, "I had a talk with Mr. Perkins just to-day. You ought to hear the fine things he has to say about you. He says he hasn't had a woman for years that fitted in like you—not since I used to work for him."

"You used to work for him?" repeated Eloise.

The girl nodded.

"I did a foolish thing," she said. "I left a sure thing for what I thought was a much better job. I went in with a big real-estate concern. They've hung on as long as possible, but they've failed. Just as the market's getting better they've gone under. Nice people, but it's left me high and dry. You don't remember me?"

"I certainly do not," said Eloise.

"I came into Mr. Perkins' office the day you got your job, Mrs. Martin," said the girl. "You were there when he saw me—and told me he was sorry but the place was filled."

"Yes, I think I do remember," nodded Eloise.

"I went to him again to-day," went on the girl. "I saw him again and he lauds you to the skies. But he says there's only one thing—he has an idea that you're going to quit. He has got that idea in his head, he says, and he can't get rid of it. Something happened there to-day or yesterday that made him think so. He told me this in confidence. You won't repeat it to him?"

"Go on," said Eloise.

The girl's chin quivered. She held out her hands.

"Mrs. Martin," she went on, "I know who you are. And I know about Mr. Martin here and what he does—my old firm has had some dealings with him. But, Mrs. Martin, you're a married woman. You have a husband to support you. You have a boy in Farnsworth. You live well. Mrs. Martin, listen to me please! You don't need that job—you don't need it, I tell you! There are lots of people that do need it. None needs it more than I do. I wouldn't be here, Mrs. Martin, if my need were not so great. I need the job, Mrs. Martin, and I can get it for the asking—if you'll only quit."

Eloise quit. She did more. She met the girl at Perkins' office and saw to it personally that Mr. Perkins took her on. Eloise went back home, gritting her teeth. She had another cry—it cleared the air.

At last she saw! At last she understood! She had Dan in her hands—and Dan's fine reputation. She had Bailey in her hands—and Bailey's future. She had a home in her hands, a home where peace reigned—or ought to reign. The turmoil was all over. She saw it all now. Her place was home. Home was the vital thing—for her it was the vital thing. And her men, and peace, and something else.

Fifty dollars a week to work with and out of it in four years she must pay back Bailey's money! It all came down to that. A sordid detail, but she must work it out. She must work it out in her own way so Dan would never know. She must do it all upon the sly. She forgot everything else. All day long she concentrated upon that vital thing. Interest, life insurance, taxes, house rent after a while perhaps, clothes, food, sprees for Bailey when he came back home—all these must be met. All these must wrestle with that vital thing. How could she save all that money on the sly, without Dan's knowing it? How could she do it anyhow? It was like trying to square the circle. It was a thing that could not be done. She was worn to a frazzle when Dan came home. Dan had some news—she could see that in his face.

"Honey," he said, "I've left my job."

"Dan!" cried Eloise, horror-stricken. "They didn't fire you not on my account!"

"No," returned Dan, "I fired myself on your account."

"But I've given up my job," said Eloise.

"I know," said Dan, "but it was your job and the talk I had with Gaylord and all the fuss about it—it was that that set me thinking; and what that girl said the other night about her leaving Perkins.

"Listen, honey! You remember the last time I burned my arm downstairs? Well, that night I did something more than burn my arm. I got to the cheapest formula for hardening that anybody ever heard of. A day or so ago I took it to the Barbers. They've been working on it ever since. To-day they sent for me. Eloise, you ought to see 'em! They've got a plant a mile long almost. They've got motor-car contracts for ten years ahead. The war has made 'em millionaires. They're building two new foundries and a slew of other buildings. They've got a regular city down there on the river."

"They sent for you?" said Eloise.

"Ah, yes," nodded Dan. "Buck Connor's taken me on—at twenty-five a day. I've got my old job back. Buck Connor gave it back to me, honey—and what do you think he says? He claims it was that time I beat him up that made a man of him—and everybody knows it's just his wife."

"Yes, yes," said Eloise hastily; "go on!"

"That's all," said Dan. "Seventy-five hundred a year and a liberal royalty on my formula. And Barber's going to take over the mortgage on my house. And Buck Connor rustled me out a check for five hundred in advance. And," laughed Dan reminiscently, "little Goldfish—my office boy, you know—little Goldfish sending for me every now and then to give me orders. To give me orders, understand?" Dan drew a long happy breath.

"Honey," he exclaimed, "it was just like going home!"

He handed her the five-hundred-dollar check. But Eloise only shook her head. Her chin quivered, she was on the verge of tears.

"Dan," she said, "will you do something for me, dear? I really want it. Will you hand me just fifty dollars a week as we go along, just fifty, Dan—no more. You keep the rest for you and me and Bailey. I have a special reason, dear."

The next day she was in the dumps, but solely on her own account. Dan's troubles were ended; he had ended them himself. And Bailey's future was assured. But she was up against a stone wall—a no thoroughfare. She was going to do the impossible on fifty dollars a week and she was going to do it on the sly. But how?

The telephone bell rang. Eloise answered it.

"This Martin?" yelled somebody.

"His home," said Eloise.

"Well, look-a-here," went on a strident voice, "this is a pretty note! Martin's sign is standing on a big vacant plot at Danforth and Thirteenth. I'm Kelly and I want to buy that plot. But I can't locate the owner—don't know who he is, in fact. And Martin's closed his office, so they tell me, and I can't get him on the phone. I want that property if I can get it right—what am I going to do?"

"Mr. Kelly," said Eloise in her most professional tone, "I have the matter in my hands. Give me your full name, your office and your phone. The books are here. I'll be over to see you in about an hour."

She reached him in less than half that time. She spent the whole day with Kelly and the owner of the land. She closed the deal on the figures in Dan's books. She got an advance payment that covered her commission. She came home radiant.

Kelly had told her that there was a new boom looked for. Even the bears admitted that River City real estate was looking up. She sighed with relief. Her belief in Providence was suddenly restored—Providence had a comfortable way of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. After all, there was a way of doing what she had to do. The outlook was encouraging. And encouragement is everything—even though it comes upon the sly.

That night she was gowned her prettiest when Dan came home. Her eyes were bright, her face was warmly flushed. They went out to see a moving picture—a love story par excellence. And when they got back they sat down close together by the open fire.

Eloise was very happy. She snuggled up to Dan. Dan held her close. For the time being they were forgetting even Bailey. Somehow it seemed to both of them that the hour for the beginning of another honeymoon was close at hand.

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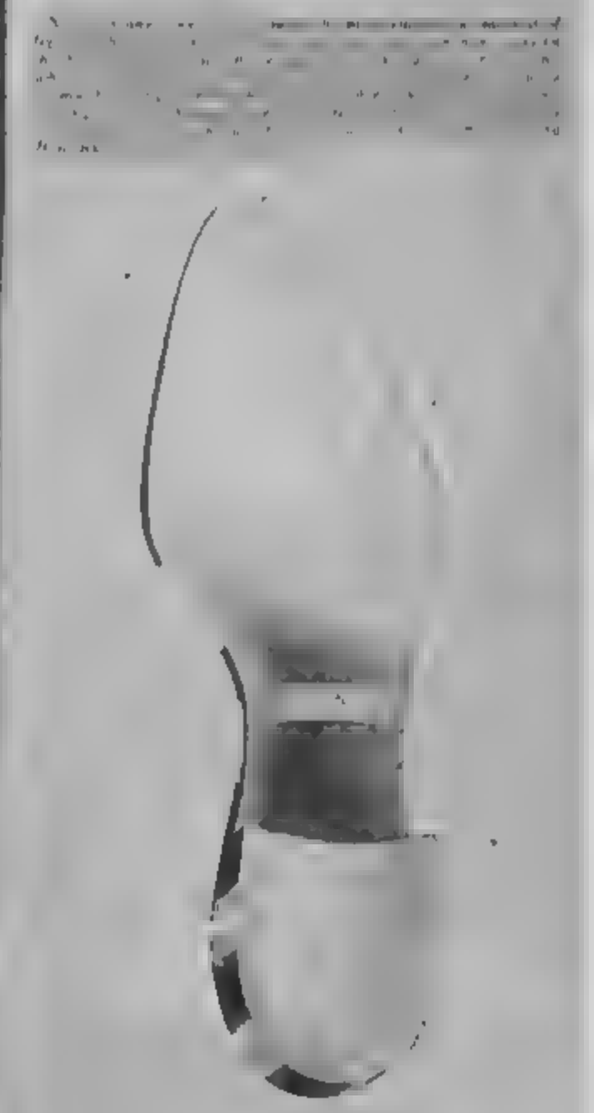

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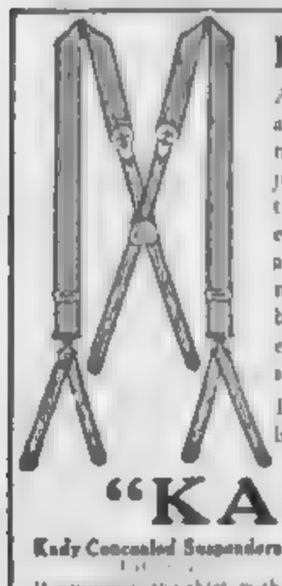

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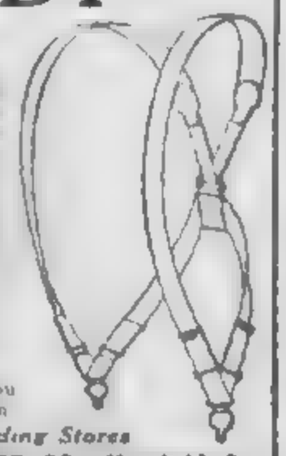

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ELEPHANT CONCERNS

(Concluded from Page 36)

Skag looked at the boy's face in incredulous amazement. It was lit—awe and exaltation were both there. Then he noticed the look of the master mahout—that was a revelation.

They were putting half as much again on top of the already loaded elephant. Only their faces showed that it was anything extraordinary.

Certain phrases went through his brain as he watched the thing done—over and over; he couldn't get past them. No one had called this elephant back. He came before they knew themselves that an elephant was sick. When the mahouts first went to examine the sick one this one was already on the way. How did he know?

The extra-loaded elephant rose and started again. Then a great shout went up. Tones of many voices filled the slanting sun rays in all the glamour of dust. The wonderful voice of the master mahout loomed above all:

"Wisdom and excellence are thy parts, O thou! Justice and kindness—we who are poor in them—will learn of thee! Thou son of strength, thou child of ancient knowledge and worth!"

And the mahouts shouted again!

At that moment Skag—Sanford Hantee, the American animal trainer—knew as well as he knew anything in life that he stood somewhere in the outer courts of a great animal cult, and he was convinced that it was of a mystic nature, however that could be. He swore in his heart that he would never give up till he got farther in.

The master mahout's voice ascended now on a strange call. It was a lift-lift-lifting tone.

"What does that mean?" Skag asked.

"All the elephants know that—it's the lifting call," Horace explained. "When an elephant is sick—unless they have an extra number in the regiment—they always call for two to volunteer and they divide the load of the sick elephant between them. They use these tones instead of a name—just for that. There comes a male now to take the rest of this load."

Skag watched the added load going into place on the volunteer. It was almost finished when a trumpet blast sounded directly behind him, toward Hurda. Several elephants from the regiment answered and many mahouts called to each other.

"Is that the bad fighter coming to start something?" Skag asked.

"Yes, Skag Sahib, that's Nut Kut. But I don't know just what you're going to see, because the ones who ought to handle him have all been sent away."

The master mahout's voice was rising up into the vault of heaven and falling over upon the horizon. It seemed to Skag the like was never heard before.

"He's calling the two big tuskers back," Horace chuckled, "but there'll be doings on before they get here! Will you listen to Nut Kut's challenge? It always carries far. You know, he's done this times and times before, and it's usually fun. He's so young and strong and splendid—and he is a fearful fighter. I'm not afraid for myself—only he might hurt some of the mahouts."

"Don't be afraid for anyone, son," Skag said quietly as he turned to face the looming trumpet tones.

There were no tones behind him like them. Smooth and mellow, they were yet so full of power as to make all the others sound insignificant. They were like love tones translated into thunder.

But when Nut Kut came in sight, Skag caught his breath. The shape was made of gleaming bronze. No detail showed; it was a thing that took the eye and the breath and the blood. There was no look of effort in its inscrutable motion.

They stood in the open, between this thing and the regiment behind—there was no obstruction and Skag moved to be between it and Horace when it should pass them on its way.

The regiment of thoroughly trained elephants were standing firmly in their places, but they were making the welkin ring with a thousand trumpets in the air.

Certainly Skag knew that this incredible thing before him—looming bigger every second—was Nut Kut. Skag was an American animal trainer and he was wide awake. He looked to see why Nut Kut had stopped challenging—and revelation went through him like an explosion. Nut Kut had seen Horace and was coming straight for him.

Skag leaped to meet him first, but he couldn't catch the elephant's eye. He could see it, but it wouldn't see him. The huge shape was upon him and he was flung aside. Recovering himself almost instantly, he got round in time to see—but not in time to prevent.

Horace lifted both arms and leaned forward—his gray eyes gone black—as Nut Kut's trunk caught him. A little broken cry came from him and his death-white face hung down an instant—from high up.

Then, backing away, swaying from side to side, Nut Kut set his eyes on the man who followed—his red eyes, blazing with red warning. The American animal trainer did not fail to understand; he paused.

Slowly the great bronze trunk curled and cuddled about Horace Dickson's body and began to swing him.

Skag knew that elephants swing men when they intend to kill them, and he heard a low moaning—like wind—rise up from the multitude of mahouts behind.

Farther and farther the child swung in the elephant's trunk, back and forth, back and forth. Once unnatural tones startled Skag—sounding like delirium.

Then Nut Kut put little Horace Dickson down close under his own throat. He kept his long trunk curling outside—always curling about—feeling up and down the child's limbs, his frame, his face. The small mouth was open and it showed a small red tongue—flickering.

It was gruesome to look at; it chilled like nightmare.

The child seemed oblivious; but when he laughed aloud Nut Kut caught him up again—lightning quick.

This time he swung the boy higher, till he rounded a perfect circle in the air. Backing still farther away and lifting his head, Nut Kut flung the child round and round and yet round—faster and yet faster.

Skag felt the spell tighten and braced himself to fend it off. The moaning—like wind—still came from behind.

After endless time—like perdition—Skag heard Horace gasping, choking—he thought there were words but couldn't be sure.

And while it was going on Nut Kut brought the child down—flat on the ground. The impact must have broken a man. But Horace got to his feet, staggering in the circle of the trunk, looking dazed.

Then Skag went forward, holding his hands out as he came nearer to the big black head.

"I know you now, Nut Kut," he said quietly. "You're white inside all right. You're not meaning to hurt him. You like him—so do I."

But Nut Kut backed away, gathering the boy with him, looking down into the American's eyes—the red danger signals flaring up in his own again.

"Nut Kut, old man," Skag reasoned in perfectly natural tones, "you can't bluff me. I tell you I know you. I know you as well as if we came out of the same egg!"

Nut Kut was still backing away and Skag was following up.

"You may take me, if you want—I can't let you wear him out, you know."

And then, while Nut Kut wrapped about and drew Horace in closer, Skag laid his fingers on the great bronze trunk, gently but firmly stroking, the red eyes focused in his own. For seconds the man and the elephant looked into each other.

Suddenly Nut Kut loosed Horace and laid hold on Skag.

The moaning—like wind—ascended as Nut Kut flung the American animal trainer high in the air and held him there.

There was nothing certain to the mahouts but that this man of courage would be dashed to death before their eyes.

Skag squirmed in the grip about his body—it looked as if he were being crushed—but when he got his hands on the trunk again he laughed.

Nut Kut lowered him quickly and held him close before his own red eyes. The touch of the elephant was the touch of a master; but the eyes of the man were mastership itself.

They were standing just so when Ram Yaksahn—with a ghastly haggard face—lurched from behind Nut Kut, fairly sobbing.

Nut Kut jerked Skag tight—it was like a hug—released him deliberately, and turning put his own sick mahout up on his own neck with a movement that looked like a flick of his trunk.

"Now easy, majesty! Go easy with me—indeed I am very ill!" Ram Yaksahn protested in plaintive tones as Nut Kut wheeled away with him.

Seeing that Horace was in the arms of a strange native—and certainly recovering—Skag looked away toward Hurda and wondered aloud if Nut Kut would be punished.

It was the master mahout who answered him:

"Nay, sahib, he has done no harm."

"I'd like to have a chance with him," said Skag.

The master mahout smiled—a mystic-musical smile, like his voice.

"I have come from my place for a moment," he said, looking intently into Skag's eyes, "for a purpose. We have just heard of you, Son of Power. The wisdom of the ages is to know the instant when to act—not too late, not too soon. We have seen you work this day, and the fame of it will go before and after you, the length and breadth of India—among the mahouts."

He turned, pointing toward the elephant regiment. Many mahouts were shouting something together. It sounded like a sort of acclamation. Their right hands were flung high.

"It is right for you to know," the master mahout went on, "that mahouts are a kind of men by themselves, apart. Their knowledges are of elephants—sealed—not open to those from without. Yet I speak as one of my kind, being qualified. If in the future you have need of anything from us—it is yours."

Skag turned toward Horace, who was drawing a fine-looking native forward by the hand. The boy spoke with repressed excitement, otherwise showing no sign of Nut Kut's strenuous handling:

"Skag Sahib, I want you to know Kudrat Sharif, the malik of the chief commissioner's elephant stockades. It is not known, you understand—meaning my father—but the malik has always been very wonderful to me."

Kudrat Sharif smiled with frank affection on the boy as he drew his right hand away to touch his forehead in the Indian salaam. The gesture showed both grace and dignity, as Dickson Sahib had said.

"I am exalted to carry back to my stockades the story of the manner of your work, Son of Power," he began.

"My name is Sanford Hantee," Skag deprecated gently.

"Ah, but you will always be known to Indians of India as Son of Power!" Kudrat Sharif protested. "It is a lofty title, but you have established it before many."

Just then a great elephant came near, playfully reaching for Kudrat Sharif with his trunk.

"And this is Neela Deo, the leader of the caravan!" laughed Horace.

"It is my shame that there is no howdah on him to carry you; we came like flight when Nut Kut's escape was known," Kudrat Sharif apologized. "But after some days, when Nut Kut's frenzy sleeps again, we shall be distinguished if Son of Power chooses to come to the stockades and consider him. I heard your judgment of his nature, Sahib, and I say with humility that I shall remember it in what I have to do with the most strange elephant I have ever met. Truly we are not sure of Nut Kut, whether he is a mighty being of extreme exaltation, above others of his kind in the world, or—a prince from the pit!"

Kudrat Sharif salaamed again, and Neela Deo lifted him to his great neck and carried him away.

Walking home Horace expressed himself to his friend, as the heart of a reticent boy may be expressed, and Skag dropped his arm about the slender shoulders, speaking softly:

"Remember, son, a little more—would have been too much."

"All right, Skag Sahib, because now you understand, but—doesn't he make things interesting?"

And because Sanford Hantee had felt the touch that stimulated every dare-devilment in the boy, he grinned an understanding American grin.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of stories by Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost. The tenth will appear in an early issue.

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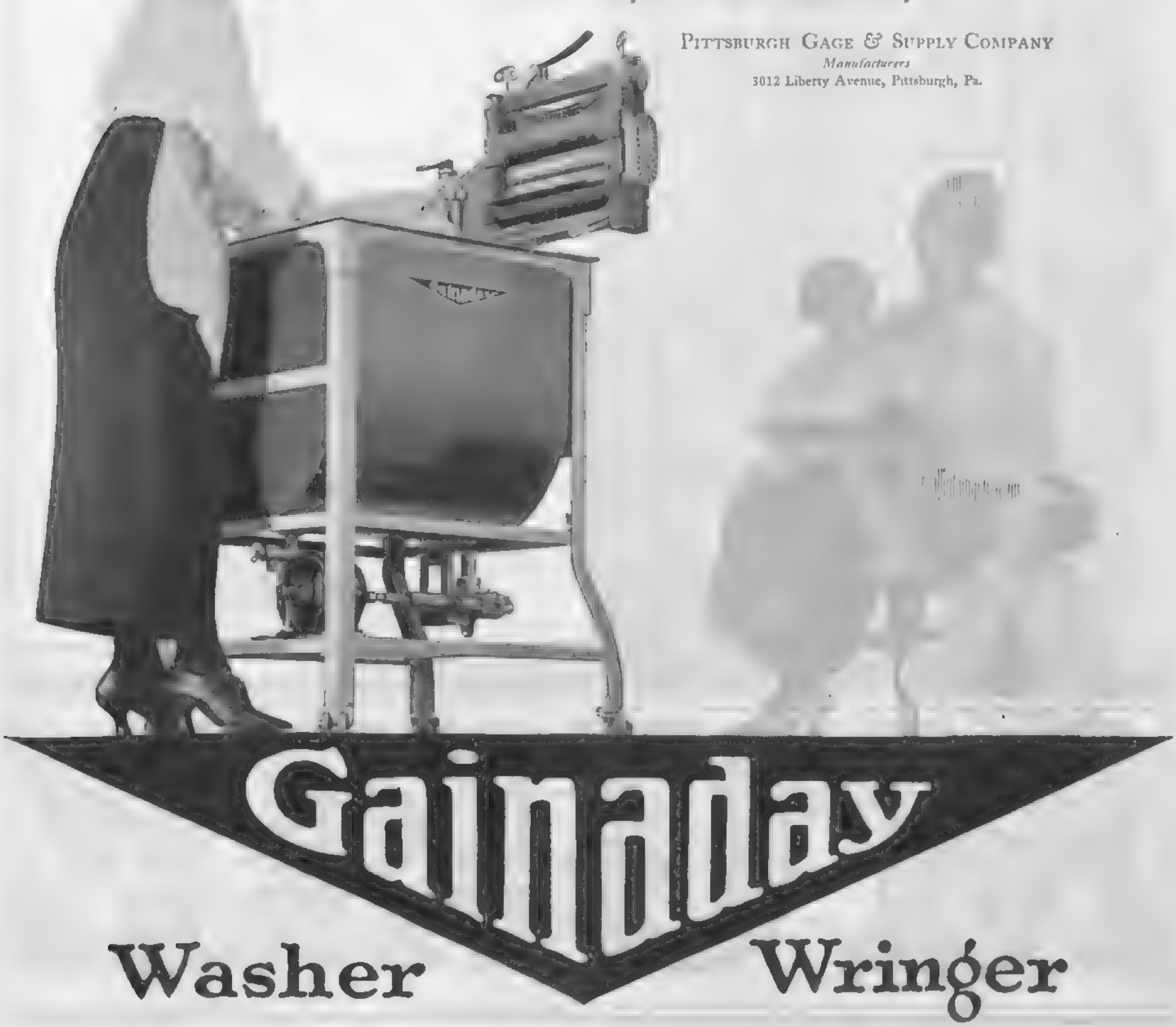

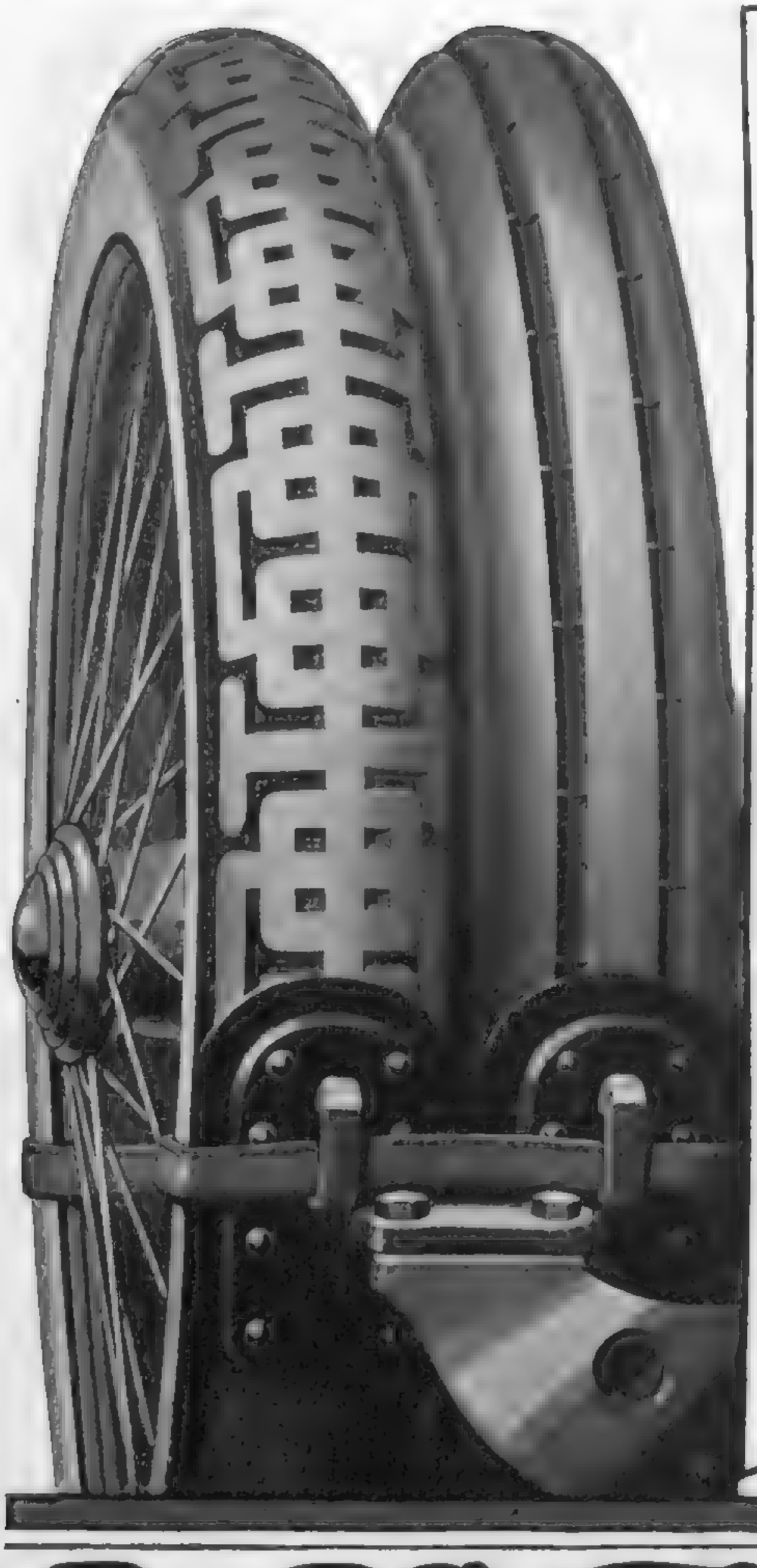

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McGraw TIRES

ZAMPY

(Continued from Page 20)

"Ol' Democrat! Ain't forgit yo' marster, has yo'? Mighty ol', but 'members yo' marster lack he nebber gone way a-tall!" Then presently, "Mammy?"

She straightened herself before the stone fireplace—the home hearth, hung with sooty bars and kettle chains, bedded with glowing ashes.

"Mammy, how yo' done meck out all dis while?"

"Me? De Lawd Gawd jes' teck kyah o' me tell yo' come back. De Lawd Gawd an Ol' Marster an' Ol' Missus. Mebbe Ol' Marster he send me li'l' shote. An' Ol' Missus she send me meal an' matches. An' ma co'n down in de bottom an' ma 'taters an' tomattuses fum de patch. But now, praise de Lamb, ma chile come home wif he fochune!"

And turning to the fireplace again, she began to sing a weird song of thanksgiving, a "spiritual" that seemed to throb with echoes from great drums smothered in a jungle:

De Lamb he liff me up, all shinin' lily white;
De Lamb he liff me up, wif lily in ma han'!
In ma han' . . .
In ma han' . . .
Lily-white lily in ma han' . . .
Yes, dass de way I gwine come intoe de Promise' Lan'!

The frying pan sputtered on the hearth. Zampy turned his face away. Old Democrat, with a sigh of contentment, crouched down between the split patent-leather shoes to mumble the raw chicken head. And the clock on the shelf beside the faded lithograph of Gen. Stonewall Jackson ticked off the period of grace before humiliation.

"Look hyah! Yo' ain't seen yo' deddy up No'th, has yo', son?"

"No'm, not es I know."

"Hi! Ef yo' had you'd knowed hit. Lack seein' yo' own self come a-walkin' down de road. Yassuh! Ain't nobuddy but me, I reckon, whar could tell 'em 'part toe-day!"

She uttered a vague clattering laugh at the thought of their mutual astonishment had father and son come face to face in the great world of adventure. For the partner of her brief honeymoon was still in her reveries strong, straight, clear of eye, as heroic and young as ever.

But presently she stopped crooning hymns to peer at her son in concern.

"What de matter? Why'n yo' laugh none, boy? Ain't yo' allus use ter laugh when yo' ol' mammy fryin' chicken in de pan? Pshaw! He done lib so strong up yander chicken ain't nuttin' toe him no mo'!"

The big prodigal protested timidly: "No, ma'am! I mighty glad toe git hit."

"Well, hyah 'tis! An' yo' shortenin' bread. An' yo' ham toreckly. Now den, lemme see ma li'l' chile eat."

His chair tipped forward, his feet wedged between the rungs, he plunged his hands into the smoking food. With his sound white teeth he pulled the chicken meat off the bones, forgetful of a year's practice with knife and fork. This crunching, smacking, sucking of gravy-laden fingers, gulping of half-chewed mouthfuls, was the eating process of the natural man who had gained his meat after protracted waits in ambush or long chases.

Zampy sat back replete. She brought him a gourdful of water and, while he drank, stood over him with beaming eyes.

"Yo' ol' mammy ain't forgit how toe fry yo' chicken?"

"No—ma'am!"

Her voice rang out exultantly, defiantly: "Better'n some traipsin' half-strainer gal whar lib up No'th?"

His face fell. In an attempt to change the subject: "How come yo' ain't eat none o' dis hyah chicken yo' own self, mammy?"

"Pshaw! I done had ma supper. I done et a gre't tremenjous pone." And out of joy in the deception that self-sacrifice calls forth she added the lie, "An' a mons'ous piece ob ham, an' tomattuses, an' buttermilk whar I fotch down fum de Big House."

She laid her hand on his shoulder half timidly; for she, like all her unadulterated kind—in fact like all natural creatures—had seldom caressed her offspring after he had fairly found his legs. Then the smoothness of the pearl-gray coat engrossed her. She thumbed the fabric with a look of pride.

"Dis hyah ain't no black folks' stuff! No, suh! Dis hyah stuff been manofactoried fo' quality! Cos' a heap o' money too—mebbe thuteen, sixteen dollars. Rich ez rich kin be, dis chile o' mine! Set still, son; don't fidgit so, else I gwine hit yo' a smack an' tyah yo' ear off! Come 'long now. Now de time fo' Zampy toe tell he mammy all 'bout hit."

She sat down beside him, ready for the splendid tale. But no words came.

"Zampy! What yo' cryin' 'bout?"

Flinging his head down upon the table between his clenched fists, he uttered in a muffled shout of grief: "I done fail, mammy! I done fail!"

A long silence; Zampy's deep sobs and the whining of the dog.

"Yo—done—fail?"

Her son fail? But as she watched the convulsions of his shoulders incredulity gave place to pity.

"Ne' min'! Ne' min', li'l' Zampy! Dass 'nough now. Hesh up! Don't cry no mo'! Dess tell mammy all 'bout hit."

And to her coaxing, Zampy, at first in exclamations strangled by his tears, responded with the truth.

It was a tale without beginning, without logical sequence; a jumble of unfamiliar names, scenes, conditions. To the old negress the North was a region of monstrosities—edifices like the Tower of Babel; Yankees who rolled in wealth of which they had plundered the South; black folk who rode on the front seats of trolley cars, entered the doors of public buildings first and looked white persons in the eye without touching their hats. A topsy-turvy land where anything might happen—except the failure of her son.

For he had gone North convinced that a world of such remarkable equality was bound to submit to him. And she had watched him go without a premonition that the experiences of others might be his. To the mother the well beloved always seems assured of a destiny apart.

The tale rambled on:

"An' I done try fo' git me a job standin' out front a 'pahtment house in long coat wif a gold collar; but dee say I too black an' ain't talk good 'nough. An' done try fo' waitin' on de table; but all de time I breakin' de dishes an' losin' mo' money dan what I meck. So I git me a job in de diggin's, whar wuck all de time an' nebber stop fo' no res' a-tall! Ain't no man, don't kyah who he is, kin wuck all de time an' no restin' a-tall! An' I set down fo' res' maself a spell an' de boss he say, 'What, ag'in?' An' he flah me des lack dat! An' so I git me a job totin' coal in a eengyne room. An' mighty hot wuck! An' mo' coal comin' in all de time lack hit nebber gwine git all bu'nt up, but des go on comin' an' comin' an' totin' an' totin' an' bu'nin' an' bu'nin' fo'ebber an' fo'ebber."

He shook his head mournfully as he recalled that marvel of never-ending work which an alien race had invented.

"An' a man he say toe me, 'No use talkin', dese hyah yaller niggers dee git all de sof' jobs whar is!' An' he sell me fo' five dollars a bottle whar he say tu'n black skin yaller an' if yo' buy five bottles she tu'n yo' white. An' de fus' bottle bu'n all de skin off ma face an' han's an' she come back blacker'n ebber. Den I racklact dat man whar sell um to me he ain't white he own self! So I don't feel lack buyin' me no mo'. An' nudder man he come sashayin' long wif mo' bottles an' he say, 'On'y ten dollars fo' teck de kink out yo' hair.' But I liff off he hat whar he wearin' pull way down on he haid an' look at he own hair—an' kinky lack wool! An' I des reach down easy lack an' wranch off a chair laig. Ef ebber yo' see a man meck tracks, dass de one!"

He smiled without bitterness, then grew solemn.

"An' I say toe maself, 'Ain't gwine stay all ma life in dis hyah eengyne room an' frizzle up ma brains!' So I git me a job unloadin' de boats on de levee whar de wind blow cold lack ice an' I freeze toe deaf all de winter. Den spring come 'long an' dee unload de new stuff fum down Souf an' I'm homesick some mo'."

He paused, remembering those first days of spring. The city's water front rose before his mind's eye, its shaggy wharves hemmed in by the great iron hulks, from the depths of which there floated out on the languid breeze odors of richer climes. But he had withstood those influences, clinging

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for still another season to the fragments of his hopes.

"An' so I git me a job draggin' in de boxes an' barr'ls fo' de storeroom in a hotel whar dee keep black servants—but ain't many lack dat up No'th.

"No, suh. De No'th ain't no better'n de Souf fo' we-all—an' hit sutny is worse yit. Lack a man I hern talkin' whar say hyah in de No'th dee sen' de black folks toe school an' readin' an' writin' an' teach 'em how de war done set 'em free an' put in dee haid dis an' dat an' tother, an' so hit goes. An' whaffo, dis hyah man ax me, whaffo all dem book larnin's an' goin's on? When dee done git hit in dee haids, what good hit gwine do 'em? Ain't no white folks ebber forgit we-all is black des de same."

Zampy's mind, exhausted by the marshaling of so much argument, grew blank—presently to be visited by random recollections. But one face hovered before him after the rest had faded.

"An' look at dat yaller gal whar wuck in de hotel kitchen. De mo' white blood dee got, de mo' lack de white folks dee is! Stiff an' haughty, dass de way! 'Yo' min' yo' business,' she say toe me. 'Pick out somebuddy yo' own color.' Den I hyah tell she gwine marry wif de yaller head cook in dat hotel. An' she complainted toe him whar I allus smilin' roun'. An' he come bussin' down de storeroom mighty mad an' say toe me, 'Yo low-down field nigger,' he say, 'I sholy gwine cyarve yo' heart out an' slap hit up 'gin de wall an' git yo' fiahed!' An' sho 'nuff dass what he do—he git me fiahed."

His face twitched and once more his eyes brimmed over as the pain of that jilting was added to his other wounds.

"An' one night I smell a mess ob okra cookin', an' somebuddy singin' 'Swing low, sweet chariot.' An' me standin' in de street an' hongry an' lonesome. An' so I des gib up an' teck a gold watch whar lyin' on de desk in de 'ployment agent an' sold hit fo' money an' come long home."

Presently, forgetting his excuses, perceiving maybe a little of his inefficiency, he stammered:

"Low-down field nigger! Dass what he call me—an' I reckon dass what I is. Fish on de lan', dass me! Dass all de good I been toe my ol' mammy. Not even piece stuff fo' meck her new dress. Not even paiah specktackles."

With lowered head, broad shoulders bowed, he awaited her denunciation. Sure enough her voice rang out shrill with anger. But the words were unexpected.

"Zampy, yo' quit yo' mopin', yo' hyah me? Don't lemme kotch yo' talkin' dat away no mo'! 'Fish on de lan',' he say. Huh! Reckon ma chile's good ez anybuddy whar draw he breff! An' I lacks toe know whaffo I wants yo' fotch me stuff fo' new dress an' specktackles nor nuffin else? Whaffo de Big House standin' up dyah, ef I kyarn ax fo' li'l' piece calicker? Yo' better watch out how yo' 'sults yo' ol' mammy, else she gwine git mad toreckly an' smack yo' flat."

At that familiar threat Zampy winced instinctively, then uttered a quivering sigh. In a voice that came strangely from so big a body: "But I done aim to fotch 'em fo' yo' ma own self."

Her face softened.

"I knows hit, son. So I says toe maself, settin' hyah alone. But ne' mind; 'tain't yo' fault."

Zampy ventured:

"But when I goin' up No'th yo' done tell me yo'self whar I sho' gwine teck de wull by de ho'ns."

"I knows hit, son; I knows hit. Ef anybuddy could, you's de one. But I ain't count on de wull not reckomnizin' whar yo' is different fum de res'—des becaze yo's black too."

She squeezed her eyelids together, then added softly: "Ain't no use mopin' 'bout dat nudder, li'l' Zampy. De white folks gwine be white, an' de black folks gwine be black—an' no two ways 'bout hit. An' no man whar ebber go roun' wif bottles toe rub on de brains ob white folks fo' wash out de rackomlactions whar black folks is black folks. All happen too long ago an' got in de blood an' no way ebber fo' toe git hit out ag'in."

She patted his knee and in the failing rays of the tallow dip her wrinkled face was transfigured by patience and a humble hope.

"Des gwine stay hyah wif he ol' mammy, now an' hencetofor'd. Des gwine stay wif de on'y one whar un'erstan' him an' 'preciate him."

The aged dog, with a contented wheeze, lay down, closed his gray-lidded eyes and snuggled his nose on Zampy's foot.

The room was dim: a faint light came from the expiring dip, a fainter glow from the ash bed on the hearth. Out of doors occasional night noises sounded—the far-off barking of a hound in the kennels of the Big House, the screeching of the little owls that haunted the tobacco pens. Then on the highway a passing negro sang beneath the stars in a bass voice singularly resonant and virile:

De co'n wabe high an' de cotton lack snow!
Fat ob de lan' . . .
Fat ob de lan' . . .
Dass whar yo' honey gwine fotch yo', sho'!

And answering, a coquettish scream of feminine laughter.

Mammy, with a crafty side glance at her son, remarked: "Yo' 'members Lucy? She doin' de washin' now'days up de Big House."

Zampy stirred, then subsided into his almost thoughtless dreaming.

"An' tother ebenin' I done see a gre't fat possum friskin' roun' in de big 'simmon tree, gay an' sassy lack he own de wull."

All the huntsman and primitive epicure in Zampy came to life.

"Whar dat? De big 'simmon tree? An' fat?"

"Fat ez butter, I'm sayin'. An' bold ez brass."

Zampy's glistening teeth showed forth and his full-throated outburst roused old Democrat.

"Hya! Hya! Hya! Fat an' bold! Dass de way I lacks yo', Mistah Possum! Meck yo' will an' kiss yo' chil'n good-by, 'caze I'm eatin' yo' now!"

"Dee ain't no possums up No'th, I reckon?"

"Possum up No'th! Dee ain't nuttin' up No'th!"

He rose, stretched his powerful muscles and knocked his fists against the rafters.

"I gwine look ef dat big 'simmon tree still standin' whar she use' ter stand."

He lounged out of doors. The little dog, who knew that October night air was not good for him and that it was high time to rest rheumatic joints, followed faithfully at Zampy's heels.

He strolled on toward the river bottom. Old Democrat still followed with jerky steps and lowered head. From time to time the little dog sneezed stoically or paused to sniff with suspicion at objects that he had smelled a thousand times—as if expecting that their odors had all at once perfidiously changed. His ears caught some footfall on the highway. He growled, looked up inquiringly at his master; then, seeing that indifference was the order of the night, he resumed his peaceful look.

On the edge of the knoll Zampy halted and gazed forth.

Starlight lay on the slender river. The pines raised their brushes against a purple sky gloriously bespangled. The chill air was sweet with Nature's untainted exhalations. Here surely peace had her residence and merciful forgetfulness her working place.

Zampy expanded his lungs, looked upward, chuckled softly. He felt the contentment and the ease that well-known influences induce. There came to him a sense of certainty, of self-confidence—a blissful cessation of that disquiet which is roused in timid hearts by the unfathomable possibilities of strange scenes. Here life appeared to him legible once more.

That night in his old bed he slipped into slumber with childish trustfulness. When his breathing announced that he was fast asleep mammy returned, shuffling cautiously in her list slippers, the candle flame shaded by her curving hand. She sat down near the foot of the bed, placed the light on the floor, folded her arms, began rocking backward and forward, peering and nodding.

He lay on his back, his chin upthrust, his thick neck exposed, one bare arm thrown wide with its Herculean muscles relaxed. His deep chest rose and fell beneath the quilt. From beside his knee old Democrat lifted a grizzled nose, subsided with a sniff and dozed again.

Rocking, feeding her eyes on Zampy, the mother whispered to herself: "Dass ma li'l' chile lyin' dyah in dat baid. Dass ma li'l' chile whar been so teentsy-teentsy. Done run home toe he ol' mammy! No mo' comin' in an' see de empty baid an' wonder whar he is toe-night. Des gwine stay right hyah, now an' fo'ebber, amen."

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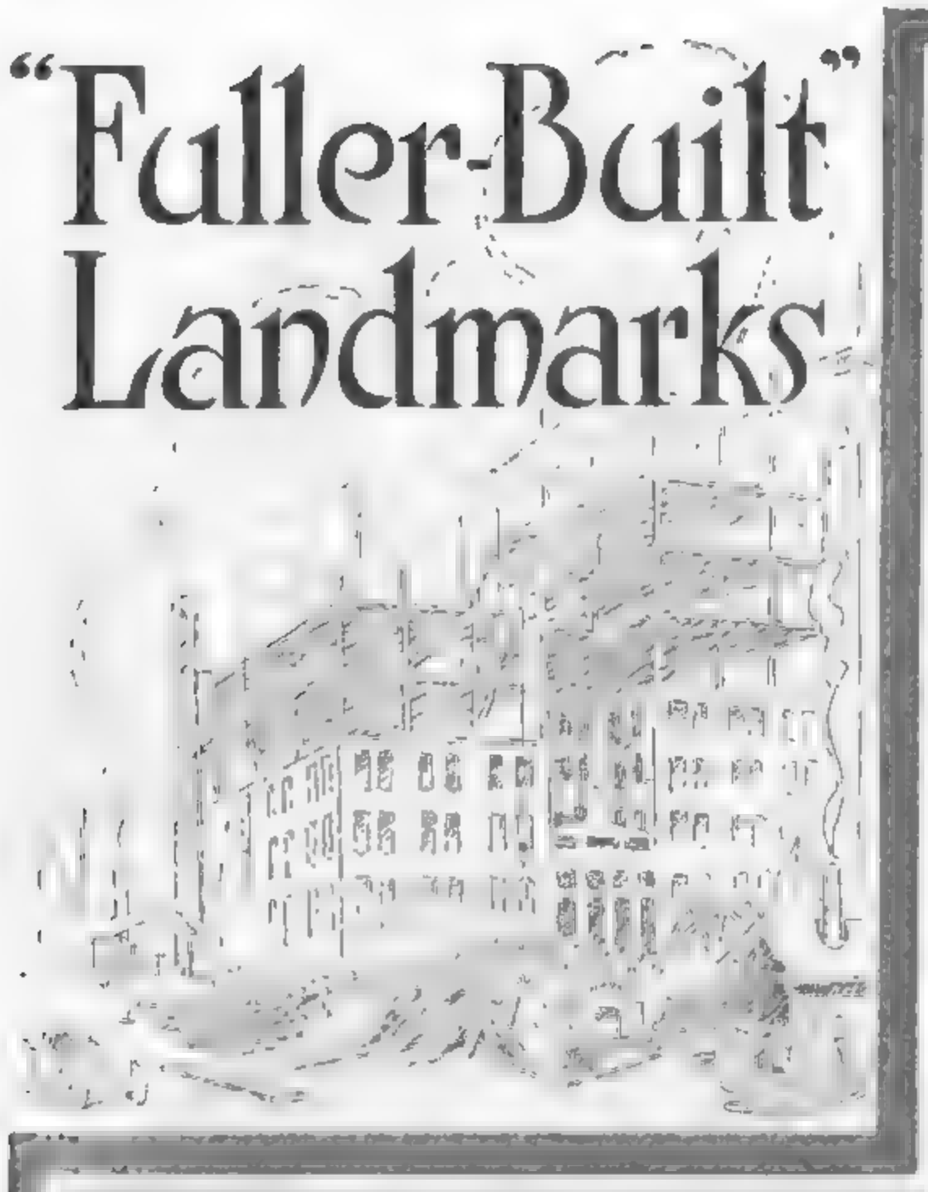

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Comment on the Week

An Unpopular Subject

SIX years ago this fall unemployment was a popular subject because some hundreds of thousands of men were idle. It was generally held that there was no real sense in such a situation and that means should be taken to prevent its recurrence; but before any means were taken industry revived and soon shortage of labor became the popular subject. Again, last winter many people believed that cessation of war demands on industry would cause much unemployment and the subject became popular for a moment. It is not popular now, for the trend is decidedly to labor shortage rather than unemployment.

There is a practical way of meliorating unemployment—that is, in prosperous years to lay aside or save up certain reserves of public work against the time when industry will slacken; then by carrying out the deferred public work the slack may be partly or wholly taken up.

It ought to be a settled policy in times like the present to lay aside or defer two or three or five per cent of public works—things that might be done now but that can be deferred with no particular harm or inconvenience. Every public contract ought to be considered with that in view; not simply striking it out of the plan altogether.

Who Can Beat It?

AN ABLE foreigner, who holds radical political and economic opinions, lately spent some time in the United States and on returning home gave a summary of his impressions. His principal impression was one of astonishment. Of course he knew about the United States, as many intelligent foreigners do. He had read about it and was acquainted with certain current statistics. But not until he came here and saw for himself did he actually realize this country's enormous advantages; its abundant wealth in the most important natural resources; its abundant wealth also in the skill and energy of its people. Contrasting what he saw with the situation at home he had some patriotic misgivings.

Mostly we are like that foreigner. We read that with one-fifteenth of the world's population we have about two-fifths of its iron and coal; more than half its copper, cotton, petroleum, and so on; a great surplus of foodstuffs; but we hardly realize it.

The potential wealth is here profusely. The skill and labor to transmute it into actual wealth are here abundantly. Apply the one to the other and the answer is plain. Stopping work or misdirecting work is the only thing that can beat us.

New Building

THE first half of the current year has seen the new building going forward advance steadily from 23 per cent of normal, in January, to nearly 76 per cent in June. Much of the significance of these figures is due to the fact that they are not based solely upon the amount of money expended, but take into account the annual two per cent increase of population and the seventy per cent increase of building costs that has taken place since 1913.

The actual figures for June amount to about $122,400,000, as against an estimated normal of $161,700,000.

The true measure of new building is not the amount of money spent but the cubic content inclosed.

From now on, up to cold weather, there will be a tendency toward normal; but the rising prices of lumber, metals and other building materials will be among the factors that will restrict building activity.

Honest architects all over the country are straining every nerve to neutralize high costs of labor and building material by introducing new efficiency methods into the building trades. Those who have gone deepest into the matter say that there is unsuspected room for improvement along these lines.

Builders learned an extraordinary lesson after the great fire in San Francisco. When the débris was cleared away there was such an imperative demand for labor in all the building trades that wages rose to a level that seemed almost prohibitive. Strange to say, when costs were finally computed it was found that in many instances buildings which had cost fifty cents a cubic foot to erect when wages were normal had been replaced after the fire at an expense of only forty cents a cubic foot.

Many old practices are going by the board in the effort to cut costs. Everyone has seen carpenters fitting doors and windows. Doors and sash frames usually come from the mill with half an inch of extra wood all round in order to permit careful fitting and to allow for inaccuracies of measurement. And so the carpenter measures and planes and tries and fits and consumes a great deal of time over a simple operation.

The newer practice insists on very accurate preliminary measurements and millwork cut precisely to the dimensions specified. This has proved entirely practicable and it reduces to the minimum the fitting and trying process.

This is only one of a score of simple ideas looking toward increased production in the building trades.

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Continued from Page 21)

spiritualism in case the conversation fell, as was likely, into the speculative. I forgot, or something hindered, and, sure enough, the question of second sight and mind reading came up, and I said to myself: "Lord, now we'll have it." But it was my kinsman, Stanley Matthews, who led off with a clairvoyant experience in his law practice. I began to be reassured. Mr. Carlisle followed with a most mathematical account of some hobgoblins he had encountered in his law practice. Finally the Chief Justice, Mr. Waite, related a series of incidents so fantastic and incredible, yet detailed with the precision and lucidity of a master of plain statement, as fairly to stagger the most believing ghost-seer. Then I said to myself again: "Let her go, Joe; no matter what you tell now you will fall below the standard set by these professional perfecters of pure reason, and are safe to do your best, or your worst." I think he held his own, however.

IV

JOSEPH JEFFERSON came to his artistic spurs slowly but surely, being nearly thirty years of age when he got his chance, and therefore wholly equal to it and prepared for it.

William E. Burton stood and had stood for twenty-five years the recognized, the reigning king of comedy in America. He was a master of his craft as well as a leader in society and letters. To look at him when he came upon the stage was to laugh; yet he commanded tears almost as readily as laughter. In New York City particularly he ruled the roost, and could and did do that which had cost another his place. He began to take too many liberties with the public favor and, truth to say, was beginning to be both coarse and careless. People were growing restive under ministrations which were at times little less than impositions upon their forbearance. They wanted something if possible as strong, but more refined, and in the person of the leading comedy man of Laura Keene's company, a young actor by the name of Jefferson, they got it.

Both Mr. Sothern and Mr. Jefferson have told the story of Tom Taylor's extravaganza, "Our American Cousin," in which the one as Dundreary, the other as Asa Trenchard, rose to almost instant popularity and fame. I shall not repeat it except to say that Jefferson's Asa Trenchard was unlike any other the English or American stage has known. He played the raw Yankee boy, not in low comedy at all, but made him innocent and ignorant as a well-born Green Mountain lad might be, never a bumpkin, and in the scene when Asa tells his sweetheart the bear story and whilst pretending to light his cigar burns the will he left not a dry eye in the house.

New York had never witnessed, never divined anything in pathos and humor so exquisite. Burton and his friends struggled for a season, but Jefferson completely knocked them out. Even had Burton

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lived and had there been no diverting war of sections to drown all else, Jefferson would have come to his growth and taken his place as the first serio-comic actor of his time.

Rip Van Winkle was an evolution. Jefferson's half-brother, Charles Burke, had put together a sketchy melodrama in two acts and had played in it, was playing in it when he died. After Asa Trenchard Jefferson turned himself loose in all sorts of parts, from Diggory to Mazeppa, a famous burlesque, which he did to a turn, imitating the mock heroics of the feminine horse marines, so popular in the equestrian drama of the period, Adah Isaacs Menken, the beautiful and ill-fated, at their head. Then he produced a version of Nicholas Nickleby, in which his Newman Noggs took a more ambitious flight. These, however, were but the avant-couriers of the immortal Rip.

Charles Burke's piece held close to the lines of Irving's story. When the vagabond returns from the mountains after the twenty years' sleep Gretchen is dead. The apex was reached when the old man, sitting dazed at a table in front of the tavern in the village of Falling Water, asks after Derrick Von Beekman and Nick Vedder and other of his cronies. At last, half twinkle of humor and half glimmer of dread, he gets himself to the point of asking after Dame Van Winkle, and is told that she has been dead these ten years. Then like a flash came that wonderful Jeffersonian change of facial expression, and as the white head drops upon the arms stretched before him on the table he says: "Well, she led me a hard life, a hard life, but she was the wife of my bosom, she was *meine frau!*"

I did not see the revised, or rather the newly created and written, Rip Van Winkle until Mr. Jefferson brought it to America and was playing it at Niblo's Garden in New York. Between himself and Dion Boucicault a drama carrying all the possibilities, all the lights and shadows of his genius had been constructed. In the first act he sang a drinking song to a wing accompaniment delightfully, adding much to the tone and color of the situation. The exact reversal of the Lear suggestion in the last act was an inspiration, his own and not Boucicault's. The weird scene in the mountains fell in admirably with a certain weird note in the Jeffersonian genius, and supplied the needed element of variety.

I always thought it a good acting play under any circumstances, but, in his hands, matchless. He thought himself that the piece, as a piece, and regardless of his own acting, deserved better of the critics than they were always willing to give it. Assuredly, no drama that ever was written, as he played it, took such a hold upon the public.

He rendered it to three generations, and to a rising, not a falling, popularity, drawing to the very last undiminished audiences.

Because of this extraordinary run he was sometimes described by unthinking people as a one-part actor. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He possessed uncommon versatility. That after twenty years of the new Rip Van Winkle, when he was past fifty years of age, he could come back to such parts as Caleb Plummer and Bob Acres is proof of this. He need not have done so at all. Carrying a pension roll of dependents aggregating fifteen to twenty thousand a year for more than a quarter of a century, Rip would still have sufficed his requirement. It was his love for his art that took him to The Cricket and The Rivals, and at no inconsiderable cost to himself.

I have heard ill-natured persons, some of them envious actors, say that he did nothing for the stage

He certainly did not make many contributions to its upholstery. He was in no position to emulate Sir Henry Irving in forcing and directing the public taste. But he did in America quite as much as Sir Charles Wyndham and Sir Henry Irving in England to elevate the personality, the social and intellectual standing of the actor and the stage, effecting in a lifetime a revolution in the attitude of the people and the clergy of both countries to the theater and all things in it. This were surely enough for one man in any craft or country.

He was always a good stage speaker. Late in life he began to speak elsewhere, and finally to lecture. His success pleased him immensely. The honorary degrees of Harvard and Yale, which had reached him both unexpectedly and unsolicited, gave him a pleasure quite apart from the vanity they might have gratified in another. He regarded them, and justly, as the recognition at once of his profession and his personal character.

I never knew a man whose moral sensibilities were more acute. He loved the respectable. He detested the unclean. He was just as attractive off the stage as upon it, because he was as unaffected and real in his personality as he was sincere and conscientious in his public representations, his lovely nature showing through his art in spite of him. His purpose was to fill the scene and forget himself.

THE English newspapers accompanied the tidings of Mr. Jefferson's death with rather sparing estimates of his eminence and his genius, though his success in London, where he was well known, had been unequivocal. Indeed, himself, alone with Edwin Booth and Mary Anderson, may be said to complete the list of those Americans who have attained any real recognition in the British metropolis. The Times spoke of him as "an able if not a great actor." If Joseph Jefferson was not a great actor I should like some competent person to tell me what actor of our time could be so described.

Two or three of the journals of Paris referred to him as "the American Coquelin." It had been apter to describe Coquelin as the French Jefferson. I never saw Frédéric Lemaître. But, him apart, I have seen all the eccentric comedians, the character actors of the last sixty years, and, in spell power, in precision and deftness of touch, in acute, penetrating, all-embracing and all-embodying intelligence and grasp, I should place Joseph Jefferson easily at their head.

Shakspere was his Bible. The stage had been his cradle. He continued all his days a student. In him met the meditative and the observing faculties. In his love of fishing, his love of painting, his love of music we see the brooding, contemplative spirit joined to the alert in mental force and foresight when he addressed himself to the activities and the objectives of the theater. He was a thorough stage manager, skillful, patient and upright.

His company was his family. He was not gentler with the children and grandchildren he ultimately drew about him than he had been with the young men and young women who had preceded them in his employment and instruction.

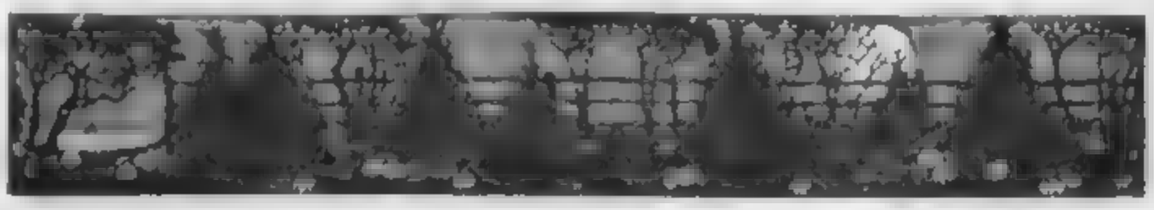
He was nowise ashamed of his calling. On the contrary, he was proud of it. His mother had lived and died an actress. He preferred that his progeny should follow in the footsteps of their forebears even as he had done. It is beside the purpose to inquire, as was often done, what might have happened had he undertaken the highest flights of tragedy; one might as well discuss the relation of a Dickens to a Shakspere. Sir Henry Irving and Sir Charles Wyndham in England, M. Coquelin in France, his contemporaries—each had his *métier*. They were perfect in their art and unalike in their art. No comparison between them can be justly drawn. I was witness to the rise of all three of them, and have followed them in their greatest parts throughout their most brilliant and eminent and successful careers and can say of each as of Mr. Jefferson:

More than King can no man be—
Whether he rule in Cyprus or in Dreams.

There shall be Kings of Thule after kings are gone.

The actor dies and leaves no copy; his deeds are writ in water; only his name survives upon tradition's tongue. And yet, from Betterton and Garrick to Irving, from Macklin and Quin to Wyndham and Jefferson, how few!

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue



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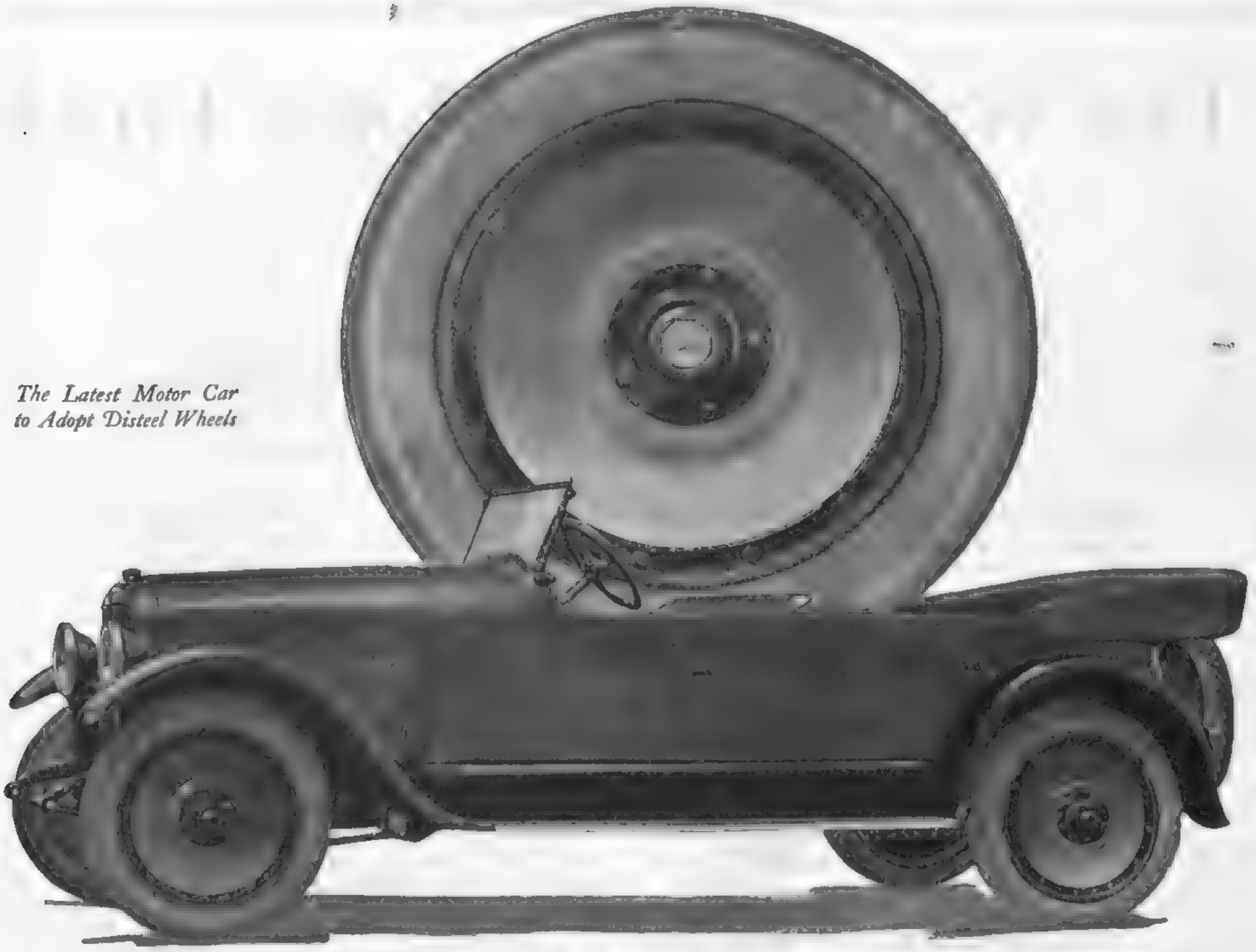

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THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

THE CARLETON BURGLARY

Continued from Page 23.

"Bet you haven't noticed the floor either," said Abner with the quietly confident air of a Sherlock Holmes lighting on a clew. "It's tracked!" It was—shapeless traces of mud, already half obliterated by the boots of the two men.

"Better look over those tracks outside. They're plainer," Abner went on. "Here, 'fore we go, I'll put this back."

He shoved the box into its recess beside the brick oven, set the bricks back into place, closed the oven door.

Cyrus was about to step through the open window; but Abner, with a policeman's reluctance to destroy evidence, stopped him, closed the window, led him round the house. As he walked, Abner meditated aloud.

"Movie show closed about eleven. It had stopped snowing then. Didn't start up again in the night, I guess. And it's been melting ever since. When," he asked suddenly, "did you last see those money and bonds in that box?"

"Last night."

"And when d'you miss 'em?"

"This morning right after I come in from feeding."

Absorbed though he was in his professional perplexities, Abner chuckled inwardly at the thought that Cyrus had the true miser's habit of gloating over his treasure night and morning. Now, however, they had come to the tracks—large, grotesque, shapeless. Abner bent over, inspected the nearest one and betrayed intense excitement by a whistle, which he checked before it went too far.

"'Pears to me like a professional job," he said. "Wrapped his feet in gunny sacks. Look!"

Cyrus bent stiffly and examined the track. Large, shapeless, it bore the imprint of woven hemp.

"It was that cursed tramp!" remarked Cyrus with certainty.

"Thawin' fast," said Abner, meditating aloud again. "Snow'll be mush and all marks lost in an hour. See here, Cyrus, we better follow up these tracks quick as we can!"

So they threaded their way to the pasture fence. Across the pasture itself, which rolled over a low hill, they could see the double line fading in the distance, losing itself across the summit. Coming and going, the criminal had followed almost the same course though the lines widened out here, crossed there.

"Watch every track to see if the sacking slipped and gave us a footprint," said Abner. So, crouching like Boy Scouts, they hurried on.

They had reached the crest when Cyrus straightened up.

"I'm goin' crazy with this," he exclaimed. "I forgot to lock the door!"

"Well, I put the box back in its place, didn't I?" said Abner. "And it ain't likely you'll be robbed twice. Come on now! If we don't get this evidence right away we won't get it at all!"

Over the crest the trail led to Beaver Brook, a tumbling little stream which bottomed the valley beyond. Abner found a series of stepping-stones, crossed, examined the farther bank and discovered exactly what he expected. The trail coming and going stopped with the brook.

"More and more like a professional job," he commented. "'Fraid we've lost him."

"You see what he's done," he went on in answer to Cyrus' glance of inquiry. "Regular yegg trick. When he got to the brook he just started to wade until he come to where it crossed some road or other. Then he shook the gunny sacks and walked away, calculatin' he couldn't be tracked any more. Likely he can't be either. Probably left the gunny sacks in the bottom of the brook."

Abner was again thinking out loud. "We can trace him as far as that anyhow, if we can find the sacks. And maybe he left a track or two on the bank before he hit the road. Let's see—which way did he probably turn? Upstream toward the county road, most likely. Here, Cyrus, you take this bank and I'll take that one. Watch everything now—watch for gunny sacks especially."

Abner hopped by the stepping-stones across the brook; crouching, their eyes on the water, both men traveled half a mile in a silence broken only by an occasional low exclamation as of pain from Cyrus, over whose face from the nether to the farther whisker rippled currents of unfamiliar expression.

They reached the approaches to the county road. At this point the low hills broke into a notch which gave view of the Dillingham farmhouse. Here Cyrus straightened up for a look at his rifled home and the little cry he gave straightened up Abner also.

"Look!" said Cyrus. "All them folks! I told you we should 'a' gone back to lock that door!" There by the Dillingham back door a score of figures, male and female, adult and juvenile, lounged against the picket fence or circulated in the yard.

"I knew blame well," said Abner, his detective instinct leading him immediately to the correct solution, "that once Mrs. Wales got a hint the hull town would know about it in half a hour."

Mrs. Wales indeed had not tarried. When her shrewd eyes perceived Cyrus Dillingham walking homeward in agitated haste accompanied by the chief of police, she shrank behind a gatepost and used her sharp ears. This she heard—this treasure of gossip:

"Broke into and robbed of nearly all I got in the world—ain't that enough?"

Mrs. Wales was at this moment on her way to the post office for the morning mail. She hastened her steps to this village forum; but long before she reached it she had buttonholed all the stragglers on Main Street and broken the astonishing news. Her hearers received it in various ways, according to their various characters.

Mr. Harmon, who dealt in eggs, butter and dairy produce, alleged that he was sorry, but after all it was no business of his. However, ten minutes later Mr. Harmon remembered that for some time he'd been intending to adjust that old egg account with Cyrus Dillingham and might as well do it now.

Mr. Webster, the butcher, made similar remarks, but showed better sincerity by sticking to his block for the morning.

Mr. Hart, who ran the ice-cream parlor, only said "Well, well!" But ten minutes later he asked his wife if she'd tend shop for a while; maybe they needed help over to the Dillingham place.

When Mrs. Wales, a little breathless, announced in the post office that Cyrus Dillingham had been robbed of ten thousand dollars or so, the consensus of opinion seemed to agree with the views of Mr. Hart. It was only decent and neighborly to go over and ask what they could do. Before Mr. Sipple had sorted the morning's mail and raised the wicket the advance guard of a volunteer posse had started afoot. On the way they picked up Mr. Harmon and Mr. Hart.

Perhaps a dozen persons entered the Dillingham place together. They saw no signs of life. Mr. Harmon knocked at the door of the lean-to; there was no response. So they stood, discussing the crime in hushed voices, public opinion crystallizing on the proposition that the selectmen ought to do something about these tramps.

Mr. Harmon had remarked that it didn't look as if much had happened anyway and he'd best be traipsing along, when over the pasture fence came Cyrus Dillingham himself, followed by Constable Abner Towle. When Cyrus, still nervous about his unlocked door, saw the crowd in his back yard, he had announced that—evidence or no evidence—he was going back to lock up. The baffled arm of the law, after a moment's hesitation, had decided that these stragglers might destroy some of the evidence and followed.

Cyrus faced his neighbors.

"Seems to me," he remarked impersonally, "that some folks might find somethin' better to do than pryin' into other folks' affairs."

For a moment his fellow townsmen stood awkwardly shifting their feet. Mr. Harmon first found his tongue.

"Needn't get excited, Cyrus," he said. "We just thought you might want help if you've been robbed, as they say you've been."

"Who said I been robbed?" exclaimed Cyrus Dillingham, sidling toward that unlocked door.

"That's all right, boys," put in Abner Towle, his mind on reëlection. "Everybody can help as soon as I get going on this affair. Haven't rightly made my start yet."

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He followed Cyrus through the door of the lean-to and stood again on the scene of the crime.

"Blame the curiosity cats!" interjected Cyrus.

"First thing to do now, Cyrus, with all these people round," said Abner, his mind still on the job, "is to make sure nobody's been at that box of yours again. If anybody has, we've certainly got a clew. Pull down all those curtains."

Cyrus lowered the curtains, seeming almost to snub off the nose of little Martin Jones, who was taking a peek through the nearest window. This done, Cyrus started for the fireplace, but Abner was ahead of him.

"Seein's I'm an officer of the law working on this robbery, I'd better have first look, in case anything further has happened," he said. He opened the oven door, drew out the loose bricks, extracted the strong box, set it on the table, lifted the lid.

"Why, this ain't right," Abner had started to say, when both hands of Cyrus darted past him and seized what lay on top—a long yellowed envelope, unsealed, and a buckskin bag. He drew from the envelope two folded green government certificates. His fingers shaking, he untied the string of the bag, turned its contents in a shower of gold, greenbacks and silver onto the table.

"Well!" said Abner, his habitual calmness of speech scarcely veiling the tremor in his voice. "Looks like somebody has entered this house again and put it back. Did you ——" Abner checked himself; for he had suddenly realized the futility in that train of thought. He himself, before they left the farmhouse, had replaced the box in its niche. Cyrus had left the house with him, since when they had not for a moment been separated. Against any theory of self-robbery, here was a perfect alibi.

Cyrus did not even hear that half-finished accusing sentence. He was busy counting money.

"Eight hundred and seventy-six dollars and thirty-five cents—that's right!" he announced. "And it's the same money, the very same! Never touched at all," he added. "Say, has somebody been putting up a game on me? One of them—one of them curiosity cats?" he exploded, shaking his fist at the door.

"Maybe," remarked Abner judicially. "All I can say, Cyrus, is—this is strange. Mighty strange." Following this, the strongest expression of his life, Abner meditated for a moment.

"Say, were these things clean before they were stolen?" he asked.

"Clean enough," replied Cyrus. "Why?"

"Because there's dirt now on the bottom of that bag and the edges of that envelope—fresh dirt—and it's wet."

"Does beat me!" said Cyrus.

"Shove all that stuff back in the oven. I want to git rid of the crowd before we go further." And Abner, when the treasure was again concealed, threw open the door.

The first comers of the volunteer posse had partly faded away; but the faithful Mrs. Wales still stayed by the game, and others had arrived. The adults stood in knots, holding discussion under their breath as at a funeral. Little Martin Jones was climbing a water pipe by the front door in an attempt to look through the second-story windows. His smaller sister, Molly, and Matie Post, finding the occasion a disappointment, were playing tag underfoot.

"It's all right, folks," said Abner, "you can go home. It's a false alarm. Nothing has happened. Cyrus thought something was stolen, but he's found he just made a mistake. Mislaid it—or something."

"Go home and mind your own business!" snapped the voice of Cyrus Dillingham from within.

But Abner Towle, in spite of this official dismissal, did not drop the case. In a manner of speaking, he is on it yet. First, he looked out of the window to where the great shapeless tracks were fading into nothingness under a melting sun. No new tracks broke the surface. The returning criminal had not entered by that route. As for tracks to the lean-to door—that was hopeless. The crowd had trampled the yard into oozy effacing mud. He followed the brook for one mile each way, in which course it crossed half a dozen roads and trails, but found no gunny sacks. He spent the rest of that morning giving the third degree to Cyrus Dillingham, who—now that he had his money back—showed a disposition to draw into his shell and had to be poked therefrom with threats and cajoleries. In the end Abner's instinct for life rather than his cool reason convinced him that Cyrus knew no more than he about this unique crime. And anyway, Cyrus could not have returned the money himself. His alibi was perfect. The only possibility in that direction was the existence of some confederate.

Next, Abner worked on the theory that someone in the crowd which had gathered in the back yard had during his absence returned the stolen property. One by one in the course of the next week he interviewed them all—even to Mrs. Wales. On the vital point they agreed. They had arrived, not by ones and twos but all together; and none had entered the house. Abner knew his fellow townspeople well enough to realize that a conspiracy to lie on this point was impossible.

From Abner's point of view, these investigations had one deplorable result. He found it impossible to pry as deeply as he wanted into a dozen diverse minds without revealing scraps of information, which—patched together by village gossip—brought out the truth. Within a week Carleton possessed the whole story. Someone had robbed Cyrus Dillingham and had as mysteriously put back the money. Willie Leonard, county correspondent for the Boston Bulletin, smelled news; and a day later the Dillingham affair appeared with a five-column head on the front page of Boston's loudest. Cyrus Dillingham, approached by Willie, in the beginning curtly refused to be interviewed. But by the time the special writers and Sunday supplements took it up, Cyrus—the ice of publicity having been broken—showed a sudden avidity for fame. He allowed himself to be photographed by flashlight, his finger pointing to Secret Hiding Place in the Old Dillingham Fireplace. He posed again beside Window Through Which Burglar Made His Entrance.

The Boston police had by now offered to Abner their friendly services, which were accepted. Sergeant O'Brien, Sherlock Holmes of the department, came down on the case. He went over the evidence step by step with Abner, whose intelligence he much commended.

In the end he virtually owned himself baffled.

"If the money had not been returned," he said, summing up, "you could put it down as a good, thorough piece of yegg work. But ——" He clung rather weakly to the theory that Cyrus might have done it all himself just to get importance. But how? Sergeant O'Brien had to admit the completeness of the alibi, so far as concerned the theory that Cyrus himself returned the money. Abner, going by his sense of life and his knowledge of his man, completely dismissed that theory. To this day, sitting by the fireside on quiet evenings, he falls into a deep-brown study. Then his wife says to him: "Abner Towle, if you don't stop thinking about that Dillingham case you'll just go crazy!"

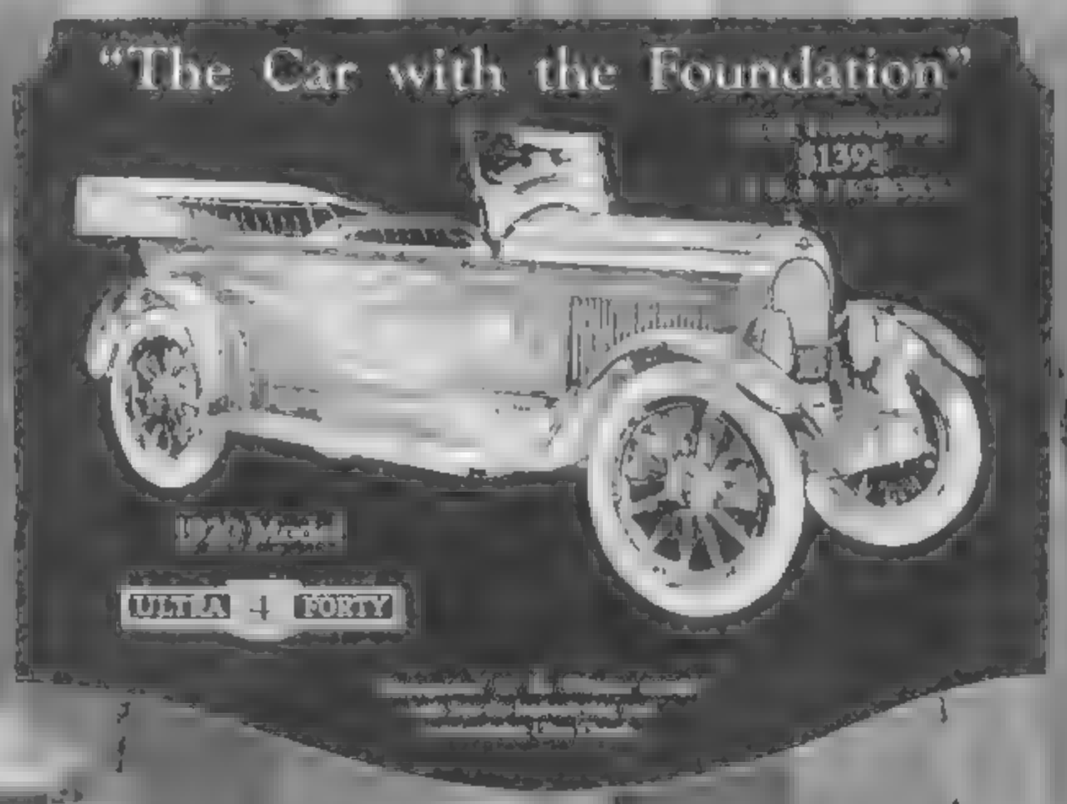
In the warm light of publicity Cyrus Dillingham mellowed and softened. That winter he went several times to the movies and in the spring he attended town meeting. He removed his treasure to a vault in the Holwell Bank. When three years later he died it was found that he had left his estate to be divided between the Congregational Church and the Carleton Library Fund. The holographic will conveying this bequest had been drawn up a month after the Great Carleton Burglary.

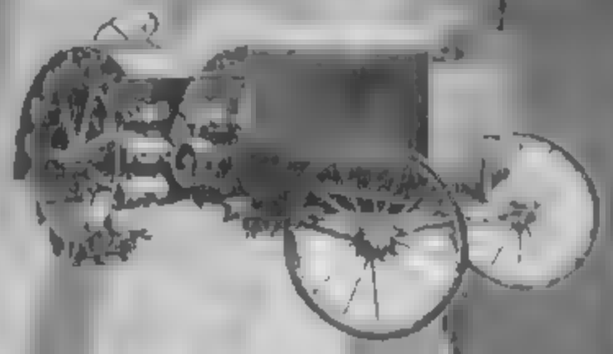
If this were a regular mystery story by a professional mystery author I should lead you on stage by stage through the investigations of some smarty-cat. I should turn your suspicions successively on every character previously introduced, including Cyrus, Mrs. Wales, Mr. Harmon, the tramp and even Abner Towle—until the last chapter, when I should show beyond doubt that the character you least suspected was the guilty party. As a matter of fact, the author of the crime has not yet been mentioned in these pages. To leave him out, as I have done, would be—in a professional mystery writer—highly unprofessional and a mean trick on the reader. However, having ignored the professional method in this plain veracious chronicle of Carleton-on-the-Cape, let me without more ado tell what really did happen.

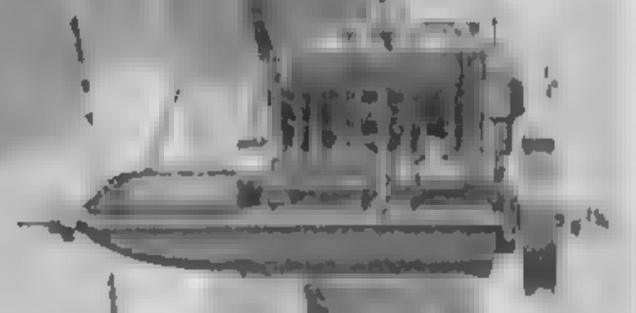
The Great Carleton Burglary, as a matter of fact, had been sprouting toward fruition

(Continued on Page 165

COMMONWEALTH







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(Continued from Page 162)

all that autumn. Indeed, its roots had grown underground for years; and the soil was the mind of Henry Gilbert, plain farm hand on the Emory place, three-quarters of a mile or so across the hills from the Dillingham farm.

This Henry Gilbert was a moderate-sized, moderate-mannered young man, of a medium blond complexion and medium abilities as a farm hand. Matt Emory had picked him up from an employment bureau at Boston in the beginning of the summer. From June to November he had assisted Matt in struggling with the stony soil of New England. So moderate and medium was Henry Gilbert in his appearance and all his ways that he attracted less attention during his stay at Carleton than one of the town dogs. Matt Emory and his wife knew him as "Henry." The village, when it gave him an entity at all, referred to him simply as "the Emory hand."

At first, whenever the fatigues of harvesting permitted, Henry used sometimes to stroll over to the village of evenings. There he went to the movies or picked up a game at the pool parlor with one of the village boys. By August he made this journey seldom; by September not at all. No one noticed his absence. No one knew that the German in Henry's ancestry had come to the fore; that he had begun to draw within himself and to brood. Sometimes, hoeing monotonously down the corn rows, he stopped, rested his hands on the end of his hoe and muttered aloud "'Tain't right!" Sometimes, as he sat milking, his fingers ceased their regular alternate squeeze, squeeze; his eyes gazing on the golden froth in the pail, he meditated until the impatient dancing of the cow recalled him to the world of actuality. At night after he had eaten supper in silence with Mr. and Mrs. Emory, after he had bedded the stock, he retired to his room over the barn. Sometimes he tried at first to read the dime novels of which successive farm hands at the Emory place had left a copious library; but usually he sat down at once on his iron bed, clasped his hands between his knees and gazed into the shadows until sheer physical weariness conquered brooding.

He was meditating upon the unjust past and the probably unjust future of Henry Gilbert. Step by step he was going over the days that had gone and finding them bitter in his mouth. Step by step he was letting his limited imagination play over the days that were to come and finding them desolate.

At the age of six Henry had been left an orphan and had passed over to the sole guardianship of his uncle, Ed Gilbert, who lived in Buffalo. Uncle Ed had become, through the German side of his family, sole owner of a delicatessen shop, which—as years and close figuring brought prosperity—he had begun to call a provision business. He was a hard man and close. Simultaneously he entered Henry in public school and put him to work. By the time the boy was eleven the schooling became irregular and the work regular.

Ed Gilbert found this ward of his useful in delivering orders, running errands, peeling potatoes for salad, doing odd jobs; he saved the hire of a regular employee. The fine wanderings of the boy spirit Ed repressed in Henry with a small rattan whip. Maida, Ed's crushed, broken, childless little German wife, used sometimes gently to intercede for him at that stage in his existence. She never persuaded Ed to spare the rod; but afterward she used with caresses and candy to console the victim of old-fashioned discipline. One Christmas, which followed an especially stormy season of whippings, she gave him a gold-plated watch that had come to her from her father.

Just before Henry turned fourteen his Aunt Maida folded her patient hands, died and was buried with decency and an eye to economy. Her place in the affections of Henry was imperfectly taken by one Johnny Coughlin, six months older than he, son of Mike Coughlin, wheat scooper, whose back yard adjoined that of the delicatessen store. Johnny was a gentleman of leisure, having nothing to do but attend school. In odd times, when Henry was supposed to be running errands, Johnny taught him the delights of craps—for pins, because Henry never had any pocket money—and of running away to watch league baseball games over the fence. It was Johnny, too, who sowed in Henry's mind discontent with his lot.

"If he don't pay you," said Johnny, "he ought to be sending you to school. Pa says he treats you worse'n a slave."

One night, when Henry was approaching sixteen, the climax arrived. Johnny had accumulated fifty cents, with which he treated himself and his chum to a seat at a Saturday afternoon double-header. Henry was supposed to be at work that afternoon; and when, after dining with the Coughlin family, he returned to the little apartment over the delicatessen shop, he met an explosion from his Uncle Ed.

"You're getting to be too big a boy to lick," said Uncle Ed, "but I've got a mind ——"

With the contagion of anger Henry also lost his temper.

"I'd like to see you try!" he cried. "Never send me to school, work me all the time and never pay me nothin'. I'd like to see you try!"

There he stood, a husky boy nearly sixteen and strong for his age, and there stood Uncle Ed—fat, gray, puffy, as greasy as his own pork sausages. But Ed Gilbert, to do him credit, was not without his courage. At this challenge he reached over the bookshelf for the whip, got it. Snapping it against his leg, he faced his nephew. The explosive German streak in Henry went off like a firecracker. Through the red haze between himself and his embodiment of social injustice he leaped, laid both hands on the whip, wrenched it away, tossed it through the open window. His right hand free, he gave his uncle a push rather than a punch. The old man went down flat; for a moment Henry at once feared and hoped that he was dead. Then Ed struggled up to a sitting position and regarded his nephew with a look of apoplectic, inarticulate anger mixed with surprise.

As a cap, when the fuse has reached it, goes off and explodes a charge of dynamite, so this first explosion in Henry set off another and greater one. For a moment he gazed; then without a word he turned, slammed the door behind him and walked out of the life of his Uncle Ed.

All that night he roamed the dark streets of Buffalo—seething, planning a great successful future at the end of which he should return and patronize Uncle Ed. At half past eight o'clock next morning he followed an immediate plan which he had thought out during the night. As soon as the pawnshops opened he chose one which—fortunately for him—asked no questions of its patrons, and sold his watch, the only property he owned, for twelve dollars. At ten o'clock Uncle Ed, now thoroughly alarmed and in his heart—had anyone known it—a bit repentant, notified the police. Half an hour before that Henry had taken a train for Rochester, a city which somehow had always appealed to his imagination. Just before the last of his twelve dollars was gone, he found work at fifty cents a day and board as water boy with a construction gang on the edge of town.

So, though he did not know it, Henry put his foot into a snare of life. From that time forth he was a floating laborer. When he ran away he was nearing sixteen and ripening toward the strength for a man's job. As he sat of nights on his iron bed at the Emory farm he was nearing twenty-two.

Why dwell on those six years? He had ranged from Chicago to the Atlantic Coast. He had worked as a harvest hand, a grader, a longshoreman. He had plowed, repaired roads, dug post holes, cut wood; he had scrubbed out saloons, hustled boxes, cleared land. The employment office was master of his destinies. Between the short spurts of work he always returned to that clearing house for uneducated men without trades, and loafed by its front door until the job appeared. Again and again he had been discharged after the first week. Summer, when out-of-doors work flourished, had been his period of flat prosperity. Winter was his lean season. Twice during the long jobless stretch from November to March he had been reduced to panhandling. Last winter he had made his first acquaintance with the inside of a jail—a month for vagrancy in Springfield, where the winter found him. He had begun that year on a grading job near Boston; when it played out—the employment office and Matt Emory. The end of November would see his discharge from the Emory farm. With less than a hundred dollars in pocket, he faced the prospect of another idle winter; broken now and then probably by an odd

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job; broken more delightfully by a jag on cheap whisky. For three years now he had known that artificial hope of the hopeless.

Though he had struggled weakly, he never managed to break his chains. No one seemed to want for anything but common labor a man who could just barely write, who couldn't spell, who could only cipher up to decimal fractions. He had found that out long ago.

So Henry brooded on the injustices of life and the social order; and his brooding took shape and embodied itself in the person of his Uncle Ed, that miser who had denied him education and opportunity. The world owed him a chance; shouldn't he seize that chance? Wasn't it right? Turning loose his romantic imagination, he pictured himself returning to Buffalo, sneaking some night into the flat over the delicatessen shop and blowing the safe. Uncle Ed, miser that he was, had a way of piling up the week's receipts. On a Friday night he would let himself in by the kitchen window over the lean-to—the only bright spots in his settled melancholy came when he planned this crime, which his brooding mind had twisted into an act of justice. Right or wrong? What was right and wrong in a world all wrong, where everyone got what he could?

Henry had meditated in this mood for many weeks before that floating, romantic imagination of an uneducated young man developed another complex. At the pool parlor, at the Emory house, he had heard Cyrus Dillingham referred to with more humor than animosity as the village miser. He watched Cyrus after that. Yes, he decided, he was the same breed of fish as his Uncle Ed. Though Ed was fat and even apoplectic while Cyrus was just a wisp, they had an expression in common—a tight drawing down of the corners of their mouths symbolizing their tight purse strings. Gradually his mental picture of Uncle Ed as the chief devil in a world against him became blurred; Cyrus Dillingham, near at hand, was edging Uncle Ed off the canvas of his mind. He did not, however, dream of action against this new aversion. His dream of action still centered round the flat over the delicatessen shop—until one day in early November.

Cyrus Dillingham and Matt Emory often traded implements back and forth. That morning as Matt and Henry started to work on a job of bridge building at the crack of a November day Matt remembered that he needed a log hook.

"Asked Cyrus to lend his to me yesterday," he said, "and like a fool, forgot it. Tin Lizzie's out of whack too. Here, Henry, you just leg it down and get that hook. 'F Cyrus ain't to home and you see it laying round anywhere take it just the same. He said I could have it."

Henry, as he slid over the pasture bars into the Dillingham yard, noticed the log hook standing just inside the open door of the carriage house. However, he had been told to ask. He was making down the side of the lean-to toward the door when he happened to glance through the window. That glance, for him, was an arrow of destiny. He stopped short, wondering what Cyrus might be doing.

The village miser appeared to be burrowing into a hole beside the fireplace. Henry watched, fascinated, while he pulled out a set of bricks, reached into some hidden recess through the hole, and produced a box which he laid carefully on the floor.

All this had happened before Henry, with a tingle which ran all over his nerves, realized what he was beholding. He had surprised the miser at his hoard. He had unlocked a secret which intrigued the curiosity of all Carleton—where Cyrus Dillingham kept his money.

Without once glancing round, Cyrus lifted the lid, which Henry—all his senses sharpened—noticed was unlocked. He drew out a buckskin bag, shook from it—gold and greenbacks.

Somehow the sight of the actual treasure recalled to Henry's mind his own position in this little affair. If Cyrus saw him there was no telling what might happen. With an unnecessarily canny step, seeing that Cyrus was deaf, he stole away. Passing the carriage house, he possessed himself of the log hook.

"He wasn't round," reported Henry briefly and untruthfully, "so I brought it anyhow."

"That's right," said Matt Emory. "Take it back to-morrow after chores, case I forget to tell ye."

When next day Henry returned the hook, Cyrus really was out. The absence of the hay wagon and the open stable door showed that he had gone for a load of straw. In the meantime Henry had brooded still further; the conclusions of his brooding showed in his action. He knocked loudly, first at the front door and then at the back, and got no answer. Then, after carefully surveying all the approaches, he tried unsuccessfully the windows of the addition. They were fastened, as he expected. But the window in the wall opposite the door shook loosely. He inspected the fastening. It was old, worn, held by a tiny shred of steel. The warped upper and lower sashes gaped apart far enough to admit a knife blade. That was easy—perfectly easy.

Carefully he inspected the interior, saw the iron lid of the brick oven. He remembered now that he had noticed it swing open when he surprised Cyrus. Also he had noticed a loose brick on the floor.

"Keeps it somewhere inside the wall of the oven," he meditated.

He turned away, plodded back to the Emory farm. All that day he spiked timbers, meditating not upon abstract injustice but upon plans of action.

By now Uncle Ed as the embodiment of an unfair world had completely faded out. All his hatred of things as they are, all his dream of getting his own back from the society that had crushed him, centered on Cyrus Dillingham.

That night Destiny gave him the final shove.

"Bridge looks like a fair job," said Matt Emory, breaking the funereal silence of supper, "and the old lady and I were thinkin' of takin' Tin Lizzie and runnin' over to Hemsted to see her folks. S'pose you could look after the place for four or five days?"

Henry, his eyes on his plate, his voice struggling with a quaver, managed to say that he thought he could.

"All right; be back Thursday night," said Matt. "Your month's up a week from Wednesday. I'll pay you off then and let you go. Do the chores and keep things shipshape. If you find time hangin' heavy on your hands you can dig some gravel up to the pit and spread it on that front drive. Looks kinder humpy, the way we been trompin' it."

Next morning the Emorys drove away and left the coast clear.

An experienced city detective told me once that a good, intelligent amateur job in crime is often more baffling, altogether more troublesome than the best professional job. The professional—he said—grows careless; he leaves clews. The frightened amateur, if he but keep his head, looks out for every detail. Professional crime, too, tends toward rubber-stamp uniformity; the amateur often originates. Yet in one sense Henry was no amateur. True, he had never stolen before—not even a plugged nickel. But in his wanderings of the past six years he had seen much and heard more of sneak thieves and yeggs. Their tricks and methods were part of his lore of the road. From this rough book of knowledge he patched together the details of his crime.

By now he had fairly hypnotized himself with much thinking. He could have cut off his right hand sooner than pull back. In trembling eagerness he worked all day between chores at the final preliminaries.

From the dump heap of the Emory place he extracted some sheets of old half-rotted gunny sacking and some odds and ends of cord, inspected them carefully to see that they bore no marks and hid them under his bed. Then he raked all that was combustible of the dump heap into a pile, soaked it with kerosene and burned it. In the afternoon he harnessed up, drove to the pit and dug a load of gravel. This he dumped beside the driveway and near the gatepost; but he did not spread it. He rummaged through the Emory kitchen until he found the electric torch. After testing it he put it with the pile of gunny sacks under his bed. Before chores that evening he got out the grindstone and ground the big thick blade of his pocket-knife to a paper thinness.

All was ready now. Chores done, he had but to wait. He knew it was movie night and the town would be up late. He sat on his bed and meditated, bright-eyed, until midnight. Then, with a long-drawn breath, he packed gunny sack, cord and torch under his coat, drew on a pair of work gloves and started. The Emory

(Continued on Page 169)

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This Lex-Sedan is decidedly an innovation—a "Rex" improvement in closed car design—conventional enough for perfect propriety, yet new and original to distinguish it from the prevalent closed car types. Five-passenger, with two auxiliary seats, $2085, f. o. b. factory.

Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX

Lexington Motor Company, Connersville, Ind., U. S. A.

The wide use of General Electric Motors—precision instruments themselves—has helped make "American standardization" an example of efficiency for the whole world.

This photograph made in the plant of Brown & Sharpe Manufacturing Company of Providence.

Brown & Sharpe started business over 30 years *before there was any electricity*. They commenced electrification 16 years ago.

Three years ago, electrification was completed—with 90% of all the power applied *through G-E motors*.

G E Motor Equipment is also standard on the machine tools Brown & Sharpe manufacture.

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ACCURACY finds its highest expression in what the world calls *American standardization*.

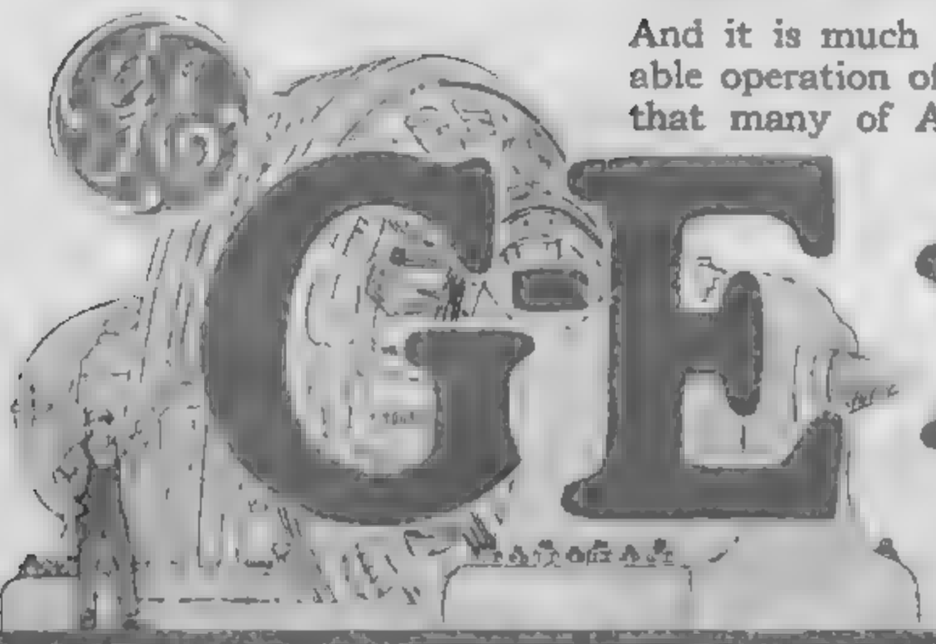
It is attained by the accuracy of the men and tools which produce it.

The highest accuracy in men and tools depends a good deal on the way power is applied *and controlled*.

And it is much because of the dependable operation of G-E motor equipment that many of America's industries are achieving fame for accuracy, efficiency and quality. Accuracy is the element that makes watches "keep time"; makes automobiles save "gas"; makes cooking a science. Accuracy determines efficiency. Accuracy, plus speed, does America's work in the eight-hour day.

To get accuracy and its by-products—dependability and efficiency—call in a G-E Power Specialist. General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.

Look for it—the mark of leadership in electrical development and manufacture



G-E motors

—from the Mightiest to the Tiniest

43-314

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 166)

farmhouse stood beside the county road. Obviously one going to the Dillingham place from the Emory farm should have turned southward toward that point three-quarters of a mile away, where a short branch road led to Cyrus' front door. But Henry turned northward. At the gate he stopped a moment and considered. It had stopped snowing. That was bad. He would leave tracks. Still the air was warm. By dawn the snow would be melting and the first milk wagons would churn the road into slush. He stood, caution warring with the hypnotic impulse which was driving him on.

"If I meet anybody I'll go back," he said to himself, compromising. He followed the road northward then under the cloud-veiled light of a gibbous moon. Setting his feet down carefully in the wheel tracks, not the crown of the road, he came after half a mile of plodding to the bridge that crossed the brook. There he left the road and proceeded by half a dozen steps down a little path to the brook itself. In this short but vital stage of his journey he blurred every footprint, first by kneading the mushy dirt across it, then by packing it over with snow. He dropped into the brook itself, crawled under the bridge, sat down on a rock by the water's edge, and fumbling in the obscure light, bound his feet with the gunny sacks.

Even yet he did not turn at first toward the Dillingham place. Instead he waded upstream in the other direction for a hundred yards. There the dim light revealed the ruins of an old culvert, relic of an abandoned road. Near the surface of the water, its end concealed by a tumbled rock, was a rusting, rotting nine-inch pipe. Henry located the pipe, rolled the rock away, dared—after a long look round—to flash his electric torch into the dirty black cylinder, nodded, turned back. So he waded to the edge of the Dillingham pasture, left the brook, crossed the fences, came into the yard of Cyrus, the miser.

When, in the supernal stillness of the night, Henry stood beside that defective window and took out his knife, he felt the first tremor of fear that had troubled him in all these complex operations. The very click of the knifeblade as he opened it sounded like the report of a gun. He inserted it into the crack between the sashes. The first scrape, as it encountered the latch, seemed fairly to reverberate. He paused for minutes, the blade against the latch, half expecting a shot out of the silence. There was no sound except the faint distant ripple of the brook. But the impulse, stronger than death, that he had lashed up in himself, drove him on. He pushed gently, felt the latch give, give until with a slight but terrible jar it cleared itself from the fastening. Cautiously he tried the lower sash. It went up easily and almost without noise. First roughly wiping his feet in order to leave on the floor within as few tracks as possible, he crossed his Rubicon—broke and entered.

The rest was easy. When in the cautious flashes of the electric torch he beheld the inside of the miser's treasure box, he felt a sense of exaltation—even of freedom—such as he had never known before in all his squeezed circumstance-bound life. With it came a strange coolness and deliberation. Taking the box into the dark recesses of the fireplace, he investigated every object it contained. The jewelry he rejected: that was too easily traced. Of the stocks, too, he felt the suspicion of ignorance. But government bonds—he had heard his uncle say they were as good any time as ready money. He even spelled out their denomination.

In the end he rejected everything but the bonds and the money bag. He replaced the box and the bricks, closed the oven door. As he dropped to the ground from the window he paused a moment. If he shut that window he stood one last chance of waking Cyrus. If he left it open the old man would learn as soon as he came out to get breakfast that something was wrong. In his mood of cool valor he took the bold course and gently closed it. Back he went then over the same trail, guided by his great shapeless tracks in the moonlight. As he plodded he had to restrain himself to keep from flinging out his arms and shouting aloud. He was revenged on the world—he had taken back what it owed him!

Arrived at the brook, he plunged in and waded upstream to the fallen culvert. A cautious flash of the electric torch revealed the muzzle of the pipe. First opening the buckskin bag and making a rough calculation—as far as the light permitted—of its contents, he thrust in money and bonds. Sitting on a rock which projected from the middle of the brook, he divested himself of the gunny sacks, which he wrung out, twisted into a tight cylinder and stuffed like wadding into the pipe. He rolled the capstone back into place and waded back in his naked shoes, confident that the roll of that rather rapid brook would by dawn efface all tracks in its bottom. Before he mounted to the path which led from the brook to the bridge he inspected the obliterated tracks he had left upon his first passage. With satisfaction he saw that the warm turn of the weather had already put melting afoot. The path was just one trail of slush. Nevertheless, as he mounted he reached down with his hands—still gloved to guard against finger prints—and smoothed over his oozy tracks.

The state of the county road gave him further satisfaction. Though no teams had passed, the wheel tracks of its carelessly kept surface ran brimful with a brownish and yellow mixture of snow and dirt. Setting his feet down carefully in the ruts, he proceeded to the Emory house and to his own room in the barn loft.

The rest of that night he spent carefully drying his shoes, stockings and overall-trousers before a kerosene stove which Matt Emory had granted him when the evenings began to grow cold. Between turning the garments he lay in bed so that none might know he had not slept out the night as usual. At first, watching his overalls steam and his shoes bake, he felt still the sense of exaltation, of freedom, of high, glorious excitement. He drew up plans for spending that money—so much for a good time in New York, so much to buy a business—just what business was still hazy in his mind.

He reviewed his immediate future as planned out long before. He intended to work out his time with Matt Emory. Paid off and discharged, he would leave by night, go to his hoard in the pipe under the culvert, walk two stations down the line—and so away. In the meantime, Abner Towle and probably some professional detectives would pry round, asking questions. Well, they'd get nothing out of him!

His exultant mood was failing fast now, what with the depression of early morning and with reaction. The thought of Abner Towle drew across his mind a black film of fear.

"Well," he muttered aloud, "I been in jail already." And again, "The pen ain't worse than what I've had all my life." He shook that off and fell into a sleepy numbness wherein nothing mattered, either glory of his victory over society or fear of consequences.

Yet he did not sleep. An hour before the usual time, his garments being now dry, he made himself coffee over the kitchen stove and ran hurriedly through milking, stable clearing and the other chores.

As soon as it was light he put himself to the last tasks of obliteration. He snapped his knife blade short off at the hilt, broke that thin sliver of steel on a rock into mere fragments and buried them in separate and scattered holes. Then he began spreading on the front walk his load of gravel, dug for that very purpose. As he spread, he carefully raked out the faint tracks he had left the night before. There went, he reflected, the last shred of positive evidence against him. No one could now prove that he had not slept peacefully in the loft as usual from nine o'clock last night until five o'clock this morning.

His patting and spreading brought him at last to the gate on whose post was set the rural free delivery box. His mind still set on maintaining the routine of the farm, Henry remembered that Matt Emory had told him to look out for mail and bring it into the house. Mechanically he opened the lid. Within lay the Weekly Bugle and a letter. Henry scarcely glanced at the mail as he returned mechanically to the house. Until recently he had kept up a casual correspondence with his old chum, Johnny Coughlin, of Buffalo, now himself a scooper. Johnny was pledged not to reveal his whereabouts. Henry had written to Johnny just after he arrived in Carleton and had received as yet no answer. He scarcely expected one; he was not in the habit of expecting letters. So it was not until he had started to put the mail into its place on the shelf under the kitchen lamp that Henry, glancing meditatingly

You're Half Shaved —The Barber Strops

A barber determined to give you the very best kind of shave stops, when you're half-shaved, to strop his razor. Barbers, without exception, use the GENCO type of razor, because they thoroughly understand one fact—to have a true shaving edge any blade must be stropped.

Anybody can strop a GENCO Razor

It's built to strop. The broad back, the concave surface, the slight bevel immediately behind the edge, compel a GENCO blade to meet the strop at the scientifically correct angle. (See diagram below.) A few easy strokes, and you have a true shaving edge again—again—again.

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Ask your dealer to show you our razors. If he hasn't them, we will supply you.

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Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of High-Grade Razors in the World

RAZOR —STROP

Have you ever stropped a blade scientifically designed to strop? A blade

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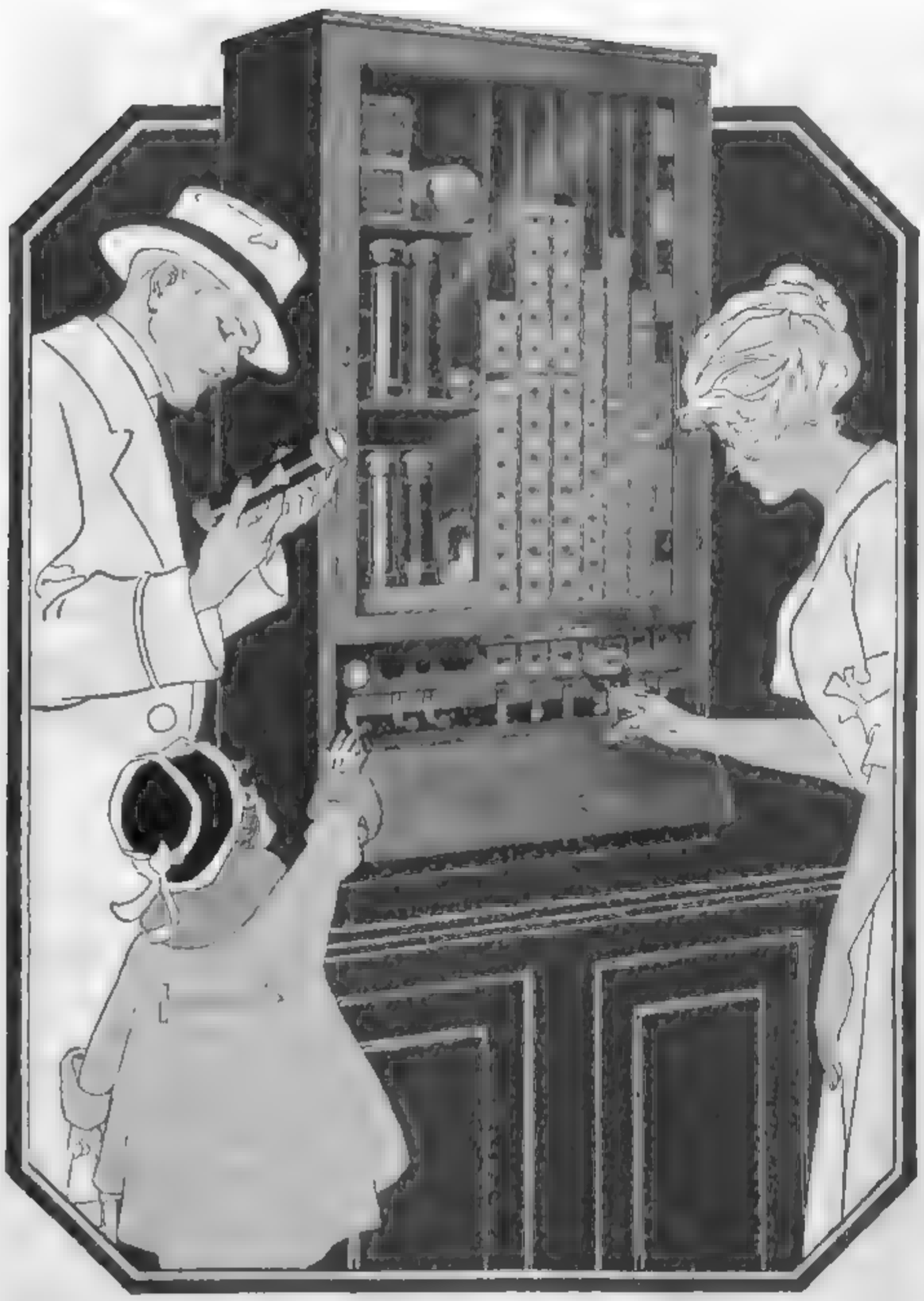

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Millions Now Look for This Cabinet

OLD stocks of "shelf-weakened" flashlight batteries have exacted a terrific toll from buyers and dealers each year! This condition had to be remedied to insure fresh, long-burning batteries for your flashlights. That's why we brought out this convenient Cabinet. It marks a new day in flashlight buying for you.

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Jobbers and Dealers *Write or wire us for full information on this great merchandising proposition today. Your territory may still be open.*

on what he held in his hand, saw his own name, "Henry Gilbert, Esq., Carleton, Mass."

He saw another thing; and this sent over him a tingling chill which seemed to burst from his temples and his toes. In the upper left-hand corner was this legend:

RETURN TO HAVENS & HARDWICK
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
1122 Falls Building
Buffalo, New York.

The law already! But a second thought told him that a letter from Buffalo could have nothing to do with a crime but five or six hours old. Trembling a little with reaction, he tore it open and spelled out this text:

"HENRY GILBERT, CARE EMORY,
"Carleton-on-the-Cape, Mass.

"*Dear Sir:* This is to inform you that by the will of your late uncle, Edward P. Gilbert, who died November tenth, you, after minor bequests amounting to $4200 have been deducted, are left sole heir. The estate includes the provision business of the deceased, with building lease and all fixtures, and in addition other real estate and securities not yet appraised but estimated by the deceased at about $31,000.

"We are uncertain as to your whereabouts, but Mr. John M. Coughlin informs us that he has been in correspondence with you since your disappearance from Buffalo six years ago and that the above was your address last June. Kindly communicate with us at once.

"Condoling with you for your loss but congratulating you upon your increase in property, we remain

"Yours very sincerely,
"HAVENS & HARDWICK,
"Per B. B. H."

For the second time since night last fell, Henry Gilbert experienced a supreme emotion. His legs fairly crumpled under him. He staggered to a chair and let joy play over his mind. The business—the whole business! And twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars! What good clothes, what automobiles, what dinners in regular swell cafés—and the importance of bossing clerks and bookkeepers! So his uncle was dead! The thought brought no special regret.

And yet as Henry looked over the past he softened toward Ed Gilbert. Perhaps that was why Uncle Ed had never paid him. Uncle Ed intended all the time to leave him the business. Well, he'd carry it on—right. Nobody was going to cheat him.

Suddenly Henry's eyes widened. As he looked out on vacancy his jaw dropped like that of the dead. Memory had rushed in—memory of last night.

And as Henry Gilbert sat with that letter in his hands he underwent an extraordinary change of mind. I do not pretend to explain it. I leave it to the psychologists. A few hours before, with no money or property, a rebel against society, Henry Gilbert absolutely justified himself to himself. The neatness with which he—an amateur—had executed a professional job had even made him feel a little heroic. Now, with thirty thousand dollars and a business to his credit, he saw himself in a different light. He was a criminal, a burglar, a yegg. Moreover, all the heroism vanished from his deed. He had not won his money in open competition or by fair fight.

He had sneaked and thieved. He was conscious of only one emotion—a great overwhelming, overmastering desire to restore his ill-gotten gains so that with a free conscience he might enjoy his well-gotten gains.

At this juncture—as often happens in periods of mental stress—while yet Henry's conscious mind remained quiescent, his subconscious mind took charge.

As drawn by a power superior to his will he rose and plodded along the county road on the backtrail of his crime. Two hundred yards before the road crossed the bridge he vaulted a fence and took a short cut—'cross lots—to the fallen culvert. The early milk and vegetable wagons had all passed. The farmers were at breakfast. Not for half an hour yet would they begin to harness up and start for town and market. He met no teams. Straight to the pipe went Henry. He dug out the sacks, possessed himself of the treasure, replaced the sacks, plugged the pipe mouth. Back to the road he plodded—'cross lots again and started at a brisk walk straight for Cyrus Dillingham's.

He had acted so far solely on the impulsion of that hidden mind that had taken charge. However, he had scarcely passed his own front door when thought, reason and caution reasserted themselves. What should he do? Confess and throw himself upon mercy? Mercy, his instinct told him, was not in Cyrus Dillingham. Better some fairy story. Patching together fragmentary memories of dime novels, he made up his tale, which he rehearsed as he walked. He had driven away a burglar from the Emory house. In the course of the struggle the burglar had dropped the envelope and the bag. All went well with the tale until Henry remembered that nothing about the stolen property identified it as Cyrus Dillingham's. At this knotty point he stopped stock-still and looked over the fields as though for an answer. It was then that he perceived on the brow of the Dillingham hill pasture two men. They were following up—he saw in a moment—his trail of the night before. One—there was no mistaking that bent wisp of a figure—was Cyrus himself. They disappeared over the hill.

Now or never! The problem had solved itself. Henry broke into a run. He reached the Dillingham gate, paused a moment to get his breath, walked casually to the kitchen door, knocked. No one answered. He tried the door. It opened. Straight to the secret hiding place he went, opened the oven door, pulled out bricks and box, laid in the envelope and the bag, replaced box and bricks, closed the oven and hurried away. No human being—as he assured himself by nervous glances to right and left—was in sight.

He had reached the top of a hill slope which would in a few steps more conceal him from view of the Dillingham house, when a perturbing thought struck him. Tracks, tracks, always tracks! He had forgotten that he must just have left a plain trail in and out between the road and the Dillingham back door. He stopped, looked back and immediately leaped behind a wayside elm tree. A crowd was coming down the county road from the village toward the Dillingham farmhouse. Was it a posse already on his trail? He dared a cautious look about the bole of the elm. No, they had turned into the Dillingham place. The last clew would in a moment be obliterated; their trampling feet would wipe out his trail.

He stood for a moment considering and then decided on the bolder course. He turned back toward the Dillingham place. At the foot of the private road he met two or three hurrying stragglers led by Jerry Davis.

"What's doing up at Dillingham's?" he asked. "I saw a lot of people go into his yard and I thought I'd come and see."

"Didn't you hear?" replied Jerry Davis. "He's been robbed!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Henry. "Goshamighty! Guess I'll go up and see if I can help."

Henry remained in the Dillingham yard, discussing the crime, until Cyrus and Abner returned, until Abner made his unexpected announcement from the doorway. Whereupon, remarking casually to Jerry Davis that he had work waiting for him, Henry returned to the Emory farm and resumed spreading gravel.

He did not make the final mistake of quitting at once. He continued in his routine of life until Matt Emory came back; until a week later he was paid off and discharged. With eighty-nine dollars—his summer's earnings—in his pistol pocket, he went on to Boston. There he bought a new outfit of store clothes. And so in a Pullman Palace Sleeper he returned to Buffalo, where there awaited him stable prosperity, matrimony, membership in the church, the lodge and the Republican Party and much neighborly esteem for honest thrift.

Fine as silk!

The velvety Williams' lather leaves your face feeling fine as silk.

It sends you down to an early breakfast with a merry smile and a sense of complete comfort that starts the day right.

You don't really need as thick a mass of lather as the Williams' stick will give you if you want it. But some morning, just for fun, take a little extra time for working up the lather, and a little additional water, and see how rich and generous the Williams' lather can be.

But *every* day you get the same quick and soothing results—a shave that leaves no hard feelings.

The patented holder-top stick is an added convenience that grows greater the longer you use it.

Stick

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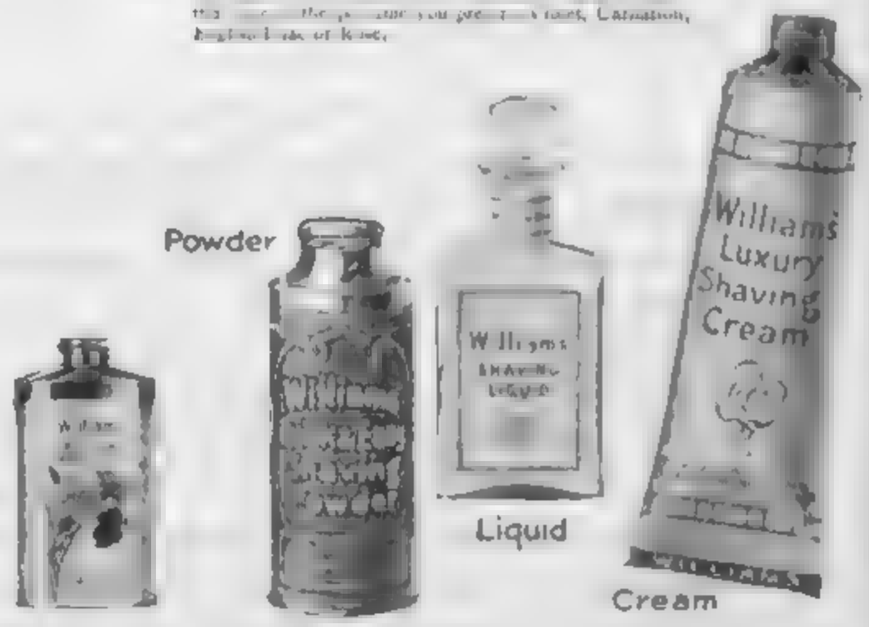

Williams' PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

THE J B WILLIAMS CO. GLASTONBURY, CONN.

On bended knees the black slaves served COFFEE

In this dazzling fashion, coffee was served in the court of Louis XIV:—

"In gorgeous costumes, on bended knees, black slaves presented coffee in tiny cups of egg-shell porcelain, with saucers of gold and silver and embroidered silk napkins, to the grand dames of the period".

Coffee is not now in any sense a luxury. It is the most democratic of drinks. It is found everywhere, enjoyed by everybody,—rich and poor. Coffee costs less than a penny a cup.

The *charm* of coffee,—who will deny its zest, its savor, its gusto? Coffee has subjugated nearly every nation,—edged its way around the habitable globe. Simply because it most fully *satisfies* the complex craving for food and drink.

In America, coffee as a beverage is safely and firmly established in public favor. It is now used more extensively here than in any country of the world. The annual consumption is more than one *billion* pounds! It is on the menu of the millions. Coffee is part of our national life—as staple as bread and butter—the "*Universal Beverage.*"

Coffee has earned this important place by the sheer might of merit,—by reason of an amazingly pleasing appeal to the taste,—by the force of its genuine wholesome goodness. It tastes good. It smells good. And by the verdict of the masses expressed in daily life—*it is good.*

Coffee is cheering, soothing, comforting, sustaining *and healthful.* Ask the soldier in the trench. Ask the sailor at sea. Ask the laborer in his cottage. Ask the millionaire in his mansion.

Coffee is "*man's drink.*" A sturdy, hearty, flavory, savory drink. A real chummy, clubby drink. It greets the busy man at breakfast. It meets him at the conference luncheon. It regales him at dinner. And again at his club banquet.

Where prohibition prevails,—coffee becomes even more *popular.* We see the revival of the good old-fashioned coffee house, where men may meet, and mingle in honest, manly, friendly spirit;—where they may toast each other in a "bumper" of their favorite brand of coffee.

Coffee—*the Universal drink*

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THE COURTSHIP OF T. DORGAN

(Continued from Page 9)

and I Al about the only thing I could do to help his case along would be to put myself out of the way and maybe in time she would forget me but I have got Florrie and the kiddies to think of and after all a man's family comes before your friends.

Well old pal I expect to pitch 1 of the games here and the N. Y. club is going like wild men wile we act like we was trying to see who could hit the highest foul but after the luck I had in Detroit I should ought to get some kind of luck here and all as I ask is a even break and I will make Pipp and some of the rest of them think they have got the pip eh Al? Your pal, JACK.

BOSTON, June 11.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal it looks like your old pal should ought to start a matrimony burro and charge a commission for fixing it up between couples that wants to get married though this time I guess the want to is all on 1 side and I am afraid my efforts is going to be waisted. I suppose you will wonder what am I talking about. Well I guess I told you about Josie Mulvihill that little queen out in Chi that Tom Dorgan went nuts over her well instead of them hitting it off why she kind of lost her noodle over me without me never looking X eyed at her and of course she is waisting her time over me as I have all ready got a wife and beleive me 1 of them is enough.

Well any way Dorgan can't think of nothing else only she and this A. M. up in the rm. he asked me did I think they was any chance for him in that direction and of course I couldn't come out and tell him what I realy thought so I said "Well you can't never tell till you try." So he says "Yes but I am a busher in the lady league and I don't know how to go about it and if I was to ask her and she node me I wouldn't never dast face 1 of them again." He said "How would it be if you was to just drop her a friendily letter and kind of mention my name in it and ask her what she thinks about me and kind of give me a boost and feel her out and if she answers you back why we can come pretty close to telling if I have got a chance or have not got a chance."

Well Al I couldn't do nothing only say O. K. so I have wrote her a letter giveing Tom a boost and I am going to mail it to her special and here is what it says in it.

Dear Miss Mulvihill: Well Miss Mulvihill I suppose you will be surprised recieveing a letter from 1 who you have hardily had time to get acquainted and a specially a married man but I am writeing this in behalf of a pal of mine who I won't half to tell you his name as you can guess who it is when I say that you have been out a couple times on partys with him which I was along at the same time with the wife and the Dumonts.

This man Miss Mulvihill has not yet win his spurrs in the big league yet and might do better if traded to another club as a young catcher breaking in has not got much of a chance on our club with a man like Ray Schalk a specially when you have got a couple of faults that a youngster has got to over come before they will make a big league catcher. I know you don't know a whole lot about baseball and if you seen this boy stand up there behind the plate and catch you might think he was O. K. and as good as anybody where a man that knew baseball could tell you what was the matter with him. 1 thing wile he has got a fair arm he has got to get in a certain position to peg and looses time before he can cut the ball loose and another thing he is what we call spike shy that is when a man is comeing in to the plate it seems like he has not got the nerve to block them off but trys to stand to 1 side and tag them as they are slideing past. But this boy may overcome these faults or he might make a grand catcher for some minor league club.

Well Miss Mulvihill I and this boy has been rooming together on the road ever since the season opened and wile he don't draw no star salery I wouldn't ask for a better roomy and when we have a little beer or something up in the rm. I am always glad to pay for it and I feel towards him like he was a young brother that hasn't got started yet in a money way you might say but if he keeps his eyes open and works hard he has got a chance to make good in the big league or at lease in Class A.

Now I don't want you to feel like as if I am butting in and trying to run your fairs but this boy asked me would I put in a word for him and try and find out how he stands with you and I can say to you Miss Mulvihill that you could do a whole lot worse then give this boy a chance and wile you may not like him just at the 1st he is 1 of these birds that the more you see of him he is just the same all the wile so if he gives you a ring on the phone when we get home why it won't hurt nothing if you make a date with him.

As for you and I personly girlie you know how matters stands with me and some times its to late to mend like in this case but a person can forget anybody if they try and we can be just good friends like I am with other girlies that is friends of my wife and all go out and have a good time together and no harm done. So if you will give this boy a chance and let by gones be by gones why it looks to me like it would be a good move both ways and remember that looks is not everything or money neither one.

With my personal regards and of course I don't half to tell you to not let this go no father and if you can't see your way clear why no harm done but I wished you would try and find time to write and tell me: how you feel in regards to this matter and beleive me your sinsere friend.

So that is what I wrote her Al and I signed my name and I feel like I had killed 2 birds with the same stone as she won't make no more fuss over me and she will either give this boy a chance when he gets home or else she will tell him right off in the real where to head in at and the sooner he gets the bad news he will get over it that much sooner.

Well I suppose you seen in the paper what I done to Babe Ruth yesterday and its no wonder they call him Babe Al as I had him swinging like a baby in a cradle and the only 2 times he even fouled the ball was when Liebold run back and catched the fly ball and another time when Gandil speered that line drive off in him but he would of struck out on that ball only it was a bran new ball and I tried to curve it and it didn't break like I intend it.

Well we leave here for Philly Friday night and after we get through with them we go to Washington and then Detroit for 1 game and then home. In the mean wile kindest regards to Bertha and don't take no bad money. Your pal, JACK.

DETROIT, June 22.

FRIEND AL: Well Al we leave in a couple hrs. for old Chi and play the Cleveland club there tomorrow and I thought I was going to work here today but I guess Gleason wanted to save me up for the Cleveland club. Well I will make them like it and maybe they won't feel so cocky after I get done with them.

Well Al it looks like I would soon be a Barney Oldfield or something. I guess I told you that they was a bird here in Detroit that wants to sell me a 1918 Blaine car for $1200.00 and all the boys that seen it said I was a sucker if I didn't grab it off. Well when we got here today the 1st bird I seen was the bird that owns this car and he wanted to know if I had made up my mind or not. So I told him no I had not and he would half to give me a little more time or else cut down on the price. So he said he couldn't do neither as he had a offer from a man here in Detroit to take it off in his hands at $1200.00 and the man wants it right away and will pay cash and the only reason why he hadn't sold it to him was on acct. of takeing a kind of a fancy to me and he would rather see me get it then anybody else as he felt like we was old friends on acct. of him seeing me on the ball field so often. So I said well I only had about $800.00 in the bank and I would half to talk it over with the wife 1st any way so finely he said that if I would give him a $100.00 for a option on it he would hold on to it for a wk. before he sold it to somebody else and then I could wire him if I want it or not and that will give me plenty of time to talk it over with Florrie.

Well Al it looks like such a bargain that I would be a fool to not take it and Florrie will feel the same way when I tell her about it and I have gave the bird my check for a $100.00 and if Florrie will go in with me 50 50 why I will wire the bird and tell him the deal is closed and then I will ask Gleason to leave me run over here from

Carey ROOFINGS

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IT SHOULD mean something to you that every firm whose trade-mark you see here has used Carey Roofing on some new or reroofed building in recent years.

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Building owners could well be guided in roof buying by the example of such eminently successful houses as these, even if Carey Roofings were a new product.

But Carey Roofings are *old* and *well tried* products that have been on the market 46 years. There is a Carey Roof for every type of building. These roofings have been used not only by leaders of industry, but on schools, churches, homes and farm buildings,—in all parts of America—and under all sorts of conditions.

Take no chances. Tell your architect and contractor you want CAREY Roofing.

Tell us the kind and size of building you have to roof and we will send you complete information about the type of roof which is best suited to your needs.

THE PHILIP CAREY COMPANY,
500–520 Wayne Avenue, Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio

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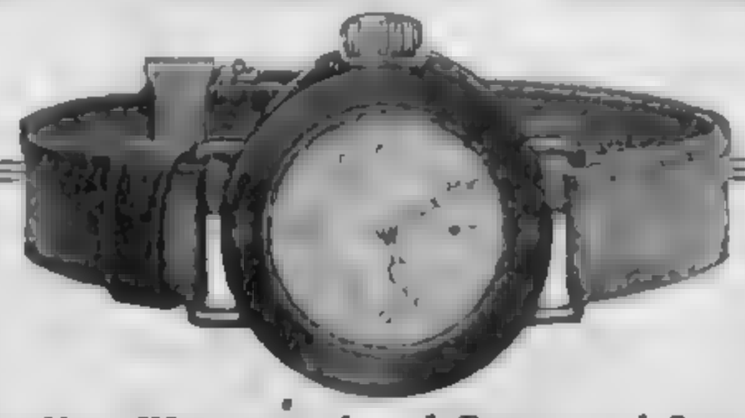

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FIELD AND MARINE
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The Depollier Waterproof Case now adopted by the Signal Corps of the United States Army for the saving of watch movements purchased during the war and for future use. Ordinary strap watches were not constructed to withstand the wear and tear of field duty.

A heat-insulated disk protects the delicate movement from the injurious body heat of the arm, which has a tendency to dry or gum up the watch oil

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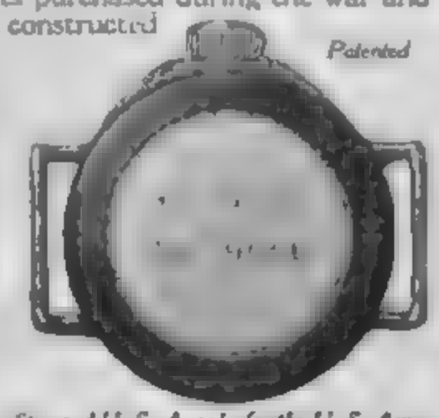

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Write for Booklet
JACQUES DEPOLLIER & SON
Manufacturers of High Class Specialties for Waltham Watches
15 Maiden Lane - New York, N. Y
Dubois Watch Case Company, Established 1877

Chi some night and drive it back the next day and that way I won't only loose 1 day all together and when I get that old car back in old Chi beleive me I will burn up old Michigan Ave. only they will be 1 understanding and that is that Florrie can't drive the car neither wile I am in Chi or out on the road as I don't trust no woman to drive a car and a specially 1 that is always looking all over the st. to see if they's some dame that has got sporter close then her.

The bird took me out to the ball pk. this P. M. in the machine and it run like a watch charm and he asked me if I didn't want to try and run it a wile to see how easy it run but I don't want to take no chance of running a machine that don't belong to me and besides it won't take me no time to learn how to run it by myself as they's nothing I ever tried yet that I couldn't pick it up like childs play.

Well its pretty near train time Al and besides they isn't much news to write. I guess I told you about me writeing to Josie Mulvihill in Chi that Tom Dorgan is nuts over her and I wrote to try and give him a boost and see how he stood with her. Well the last day we was in Washington I had a night letter from her and all as it said was "Tell Mr. Dorgan the same thing I told you once why don't he speak for himself." So I showed him the message and his face kind of fell and I couldn't help from feeling sorry for him as it looks like he is barking on the wrong tree but I guess he will get over it and I hope the poor little gal will have sence enough to get over something herself as she must know they can't be nothing only friendship between her and I and the sooner she forgets all about me so everybody will be better off.

Your pal, JACK.

CHI, June 24.

FRIEND AL: Well Al from all I ever seen of Bertha I wouldn't never accuse her from being a spend drift but beleive me she has not got nothing on Florrie. When I got back from Detroit yesterday A. M. and told her about this here car that I had took a option on it and could get it for $1200.00 and everybody said it was a bargain and I would be a sucker to not grab it off so she said well why don't you buy it. So I said that is all right to talk about buying it but I am about $600.00 shy and I figured that as long as I and you is both going to get the benefits out of the car you would go in with me 50 50 and pay for half of the car. So she said "All right I will pay for half of the car if you will agree that it belongs to the both of us and not just you and I can take it out and drive it when ever I feel like." So I said nothing doing as I wouldn't trust her to drive a lawn more let alone a car and a specially in a town like Chi where its a dull day when a 100 people don't get bumped off in a automobile wreck.

So she said all right then nothing doing and you can either pay for the car yourself or go without it so I thought if she was going to be stubborn why I would be stubborn to as 2 could play in that game so it looks like we wouldn't have no car as I am not going to buy no cheap 1 for no $600.00 after seen that Blaine that is worth $2000.00 or better and the bird trying to give it to me for $1200.00 you might say. So it looks like I would do my motoring in a 60 passenger 35th st. limousine eh Al?

Well Gleason started me vs. the Cleveland club yesterday and as usual the boys wasn't hitting behind me and it come up to the 7th inning with the score 3 and 2 against us and we had a couple men on and 2 out and Gleason takes me out and sends Jack Collins up to hit and Coumbe made a monkey out of him and that's the way it always goes and some day Gleason will get wise to himself and find out that I can hit as good as anybody on the club against left handers. Any way Danforth went in to finish and they got a couple more off in him and finely beat us 5 and 3.

But beleive me Al they come near being more excitement out there then just the baseball game. I was warming up before the game and Speaker come over towards our bench and I thought he was going in the club house or somewheres but he stopped along side of me and he said "Jack Graney said you wanted to see me." So I said I hadn't told Graney nothing of the kind so he said "Well what he said was that if I ever started anything with you Fohl would half to start scarring the bushs for a new center fielder." So I said "I never said nothing like that Spoke and if Graney told you that he was just kidding." So then Speaker hollered to Graney to come over and he come over and Speaker says "This big goof says he never said what you said." So Graney says "Well he did and if he says he didn't he is a liar." So I said "You better not call me a liar or I will liar you all over the ball pk." So Graney said it looked like I and him would half to settle it but Speaker said "No I will take it off in your hands."

Well Al it was all as I could do to keep from socking the both of them and I was just going to sock Speaker when I happened to think that it would probably mean I would get put off in the field and Gleason was depending on me to work the game so I pretended like I thought they was jokeing and I said "I don't want no trouble with neither of you 2 boys out here on the field but if you are looking for trouble I will come down to your hotel tonight and we can settle it there." So Spoke said all right and don't forget where we are stopping at and the clerk will give you the rm. No.

Well what they was trying to do Al was start a fight with me and get me put off the field and Gleason is up against it for pitchers and besides he didn't have nobody else warmed up but I was to smart for them and didn't fall for it. But beleive me if it hadn't of been for us being up in the race and every game counts I would of socked the both of them.

Well finely the game started and the 1st ball I throwed come pretty close to Graney's bean and he said I better not try none of that business or he would hit me with a bat so I just laughed at him and I tried to throw the next 1 at his head but the ball kind of slipped and went right in his groove and he happened to catch it just right and hit it to left field and made 2 bases. Well I got the next bird but Speaker come up and said to throw 1 at his head and see what would happen. Well I wasn't going to leave him bluff me so I tried to get 1 close enough to scare him but I wasn't warmed up good yet and kind of wild and I got the ball outside and he hit it down the left foul line for 2 bases and at that Jackson should ought to of held him to a single but any way Graney scored and then Liebold let a fly ball get away from him and Speaker scored and that is how they got 2 of their runs. Well Graney and Speaker tried to ride me all the P. M. but I give them back what they sent and what they was trying to do was start a scrap so as I would get suspend it but I was to foxy for them. Well Al I was going down to their hotel last night and call their bluff and knock the both of them for a gool but when I got home the baby was acting kind of croopy and I was afraid to leave the house.

Well we play Cleveland here once more tomorrow and then we go to St. Louis and I will work 1 of the games there and I will make a monkey out of them.

Tom Dorgan told me tonight that he had called up Josie Mulvihill and was going to take her out somewheres tonight to a picture or somewheres and dance and I suppose she made the date so as she could tell him once in for all that they wasn't no chance for him and I only hope she lets him down easy as he is 1 of these silent birds that takes it mighty hard when the gals treats you rough. Your pal,

JACK.

ST. LOUIS, June 28.

FRIEND AL: Well Al it looks like I am going to be a demon motorist after all Florrie or no Florrie. I just wired a telegram to the bird in Detroit saying I would buy the Blaine for $1200.00 if he would hold on to it for me till the 7 of July. We have got a off day in the schedule that day and I can easy get leaf from Gleason to run over to Detroit and get the old boat and drive her back to Chi and won't even loose a day.

Well I suppose you will wonder what has happened to change my mind and if somebody has gave me a birthday present of $600.00 or something. Well nothing like that old pal but still and all its going to be just the same like a birthday present and instead of the whole amt. comeing out of our family I am going to spend the $600.00 like I planned and 3 poor suckers is comeing through with the rest of it.

Well I suppose you will wonder have I went crazy or what am I talking about. Well Al I have went crazy like a fox and you will say so to when I tell you what I am going to pull off. Well they's a bird here in

(Concluded on Page 177)

Make Kitchen Hours More Pleasant

A GOOD sink makes a good kitchen. And what could be of greater importance? It's the place where food is prepared —where the family health is safeguarded.

No woman likes to work around an old out-of-date sink. It is not sanitary. It takes too much of her time to keep it clean, and at best it jars on her sense of refinement.

How much more pleasant and efficient could you make *your* kitchen with a "Standard" One-Piece White Enameled Sink?

Just make a mental picture of one of these sinks in your kitchen.

Think of the saving in work! Entire sink in one piece—adjusted to most suitable height—with noiseless non-splashing faucets, nickel plated sanitary trap—convenient drain-boards. Easy to keep clean—no joints to catch dirt or to become a breeding place for vermin.

You can have these sinks with combination faucet delivering the water hot, cold or mixed to right degree for safety to hands, cut glass or fine china. Water can be retained in sink by removing strainer (easily lifted out) and inserting an ordinary rubber bath tub stopper.

Ask your plumber to explain how easy it is to install a "Standard" Kitchen Sink in your home.

Write for booklet, "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home." Shows many designs of One-Piece Kitchen Sinks as well as "Standard" Fixtures for Bath and Laundry.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Standard"
Kitchen Sinks

In addition to the displays of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures shown by wholesale dealers and contracting plumbers in all parts of the country, there are permanent "Standard" exhibits in the following cities:

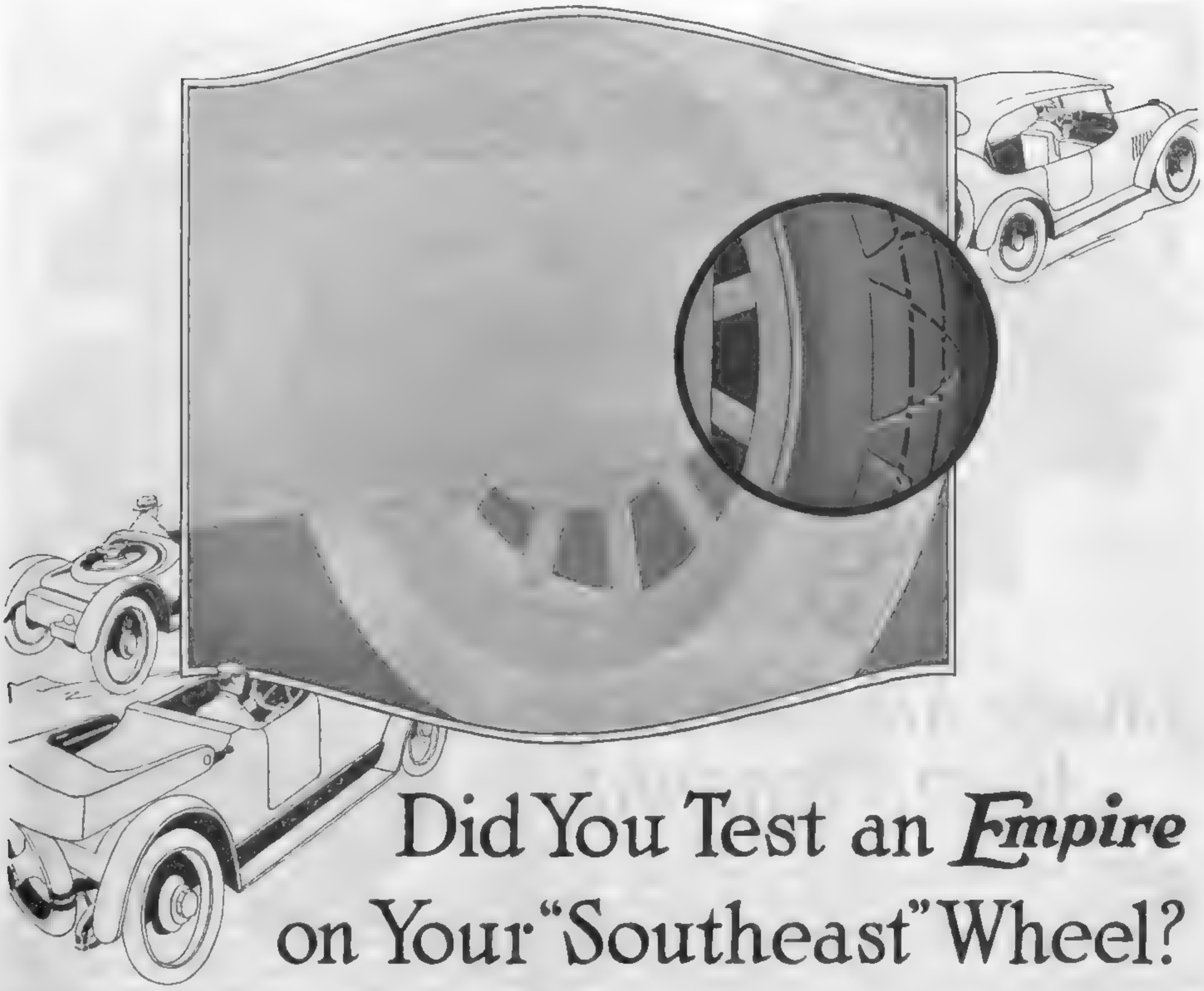
NEW YORK	35 W 31ST	*ERIE	138 W TWELFTH
NEW YORK (EXPORT DEPT.)	50 BROAD	*ALTOONA	916 11TH
BOSTON	186 DEVONSHIRE	MILWAUKEE	426 BROADWAY
PHILADELPHIA	1215 WALNUT	*MILWAUKEE	311-313 FIFTH ST
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG	*LOUISVILLE	334-336 W MAIN
*PITTSBURGH	439-449 WATER	*NASHVILLE	310 TENTH AVE S
PITTSBURGH	106 SIXTH	*NEW ORLEANS	946 BARONNE
*PITTSBURGH, E E	6313 PENN AVE	*HOUSTON	COR PRESTON & SMITH
*CHICAGO	14 N PEORIA	*DALLAS	1200-1208 JACKSON
*ST LOUIS	810 N BEAUMONT	*SAN ANTONIO	212 NOGOYA
*EAST ST LOUIS	15 N COLLINSVILLE	*FORT WORTH	808-810 MONROE
*CLEVELAND	4600 EUCLID	KANSAS CITY	201 RIDGE ARCADE
CINCINNATI	633 WALNUT	SAN FRANCISCO	1170-76 BUSH ST
*TOLEDO	311-313 ERIE	*LOS ANGELES	216-224 S CENTRAL
*COLUMBUS	241-243 S THIRD	DETROIT OFFICE	414 HAMMOND BLDG
*CANTON	1136 2ND ST N E	CHICAGO OFFICE	1016 KARPEN BLDG
*YOUNGSTOWN	458 W FEDERAL	*TORONTO CAN	59 E RICHMOND
*WHEELING	1129-39 JACOB	*HAMILTON CAN	30 W JACKSON
	*HUNTINGTON 2ND AVE & 10TH ST.		

Service at "Standard" Branches

In the cities marked (*) are carried complete Lighting and Water Supply Systems, Tools and Supplies for Mills, Mines and Factories; also for the Water, Gas, Steam and Oil industries. Write or call on nearest branch.

"Standard" Fixtures for Factories

Factory efficiency is no less a necessity now that we have turned to the industries of peace. Sanitary plumbing conditions increase the efficiency of every man and woman thus employed. Our booklet on this subject—"Factory Sanitation"—will be sent to manufacturers on request.



Did You Test an *Empire* on Your "Southeast" Wheel?

Tire wear shows up first on the *outer edge* of the *tread*, on the *right rear* or "southeast" wheel.

There are several reasons for this. When the car starts that wheel takes hold first and bears the brunt of the traction.

While the left wheel rests in the smooth center of the road, the right wheel gets the sharp edges of the asphalt and rough going, and crowds against the curb in stopping.

By the same token, the outer edge has to take more punishment than the inner. It goes "against the road."

Therefore, to give a tire the hardest test possible in normal service, put it on the right rear wheel and watch the outer edge of the tread.

(Extracts from an Empire page in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, March 9, 1918)

It is now a little over a year since we first suggested that anybody who wanted to make a real test on an Empire or any other tire would best put it on the "southeast wheel", and let it stay there. Since then the "southeast wheel" test has become quite popular.

When we made that suggestion we were perfectly sincere.

When you want to gauge the power of a car you send it over the steepest hill in town.

When you want to see how much wear a tire has in it, put it where it will get the most punishment. That place is the "southeast wheel".

Many thousands of tires have been subjected to this "southeast wheel" test during the past year, and the reports which have reached us from the car owners who made this test are extremely gratifying.

If you are one of those who made this test, the Empire factory at Trenton would like to hear the result of your experience.

If you are one of those who did not make the test, start such a test now. Stop at an Empire dealer's today and let him put an Empire on your "southeast wheel".

The Empire Tire Dealer

Empire Red Tubes Last as Long as the Average Car Itself

(Concluded from Page 174)

St. Louis name Jack Casey that I have ran around with him ever since I been comeing here and maybe you have heard of him but any way he has got a stable of fighters and he has put on some bouts himself here in St. Louis and he knows the game from A to Z. Well he has gave me a steer on a whole lot of fights how to bet on them and I never loose a nickle yet on his dope. Well I was out with him last night and we was all over St. Louis lapping them up and we run in to a bunch of boxers and boys that is interested in the fight game and as soon is they heard who I was they popped their eyes out and said they had been a admirer of mine for a long wile and always wanted to meet me and if Jimmy Burke had a few pitchers like myself maybe the St. Louis club could get somewheres.

Well finely the talk got around to the Willard Dempsey fight in Toledo the 4 of July and I asked some of the boys how they thought it was comeing out and they all kind of stalled and said it looked pretty even and it looked like a even money bet and etc. but I could see they was stalling and finely Casey come out with it. Well Al these birds is all in a position to know and they couldn't have nothing only the right dope and here is what they give me.

It seems like Tex Ricketts that is running the fight has spent a whole lot of jack building the arena in Toledo and he can't expect to break better than even on the 1 fight and if Dempsey was to win why they wouldn't be nobody left for him to fight so they are going to leave the arena up and Willard is going to get the decision in this fight and then they are going to match them up again for Labor Day and get the crowd back there a 2d time and clean up a bunch of jack and the 2d time they fight it will be on the level but this time the cards is all stacked for the big fellow to win and any way he is to big for this other guy to reach him. So Casey said if he was I and wanted to clean up a peace of jack why to go ahead and bet my head off on the big fellow to win this bout and they wasn't no way I could loose unless Willard drops dead from cramps or something when they get in the ring.

Well I said I would think it over and 1 of the boys said I better not think to long as it might be to late as it is only 5 more days now before the fight and he said if I wanted to put up my jack he knew a friend of his that wasn't on the inside and he couldn't see nothing only Dempsey and this friend would take any bet I would make and this bird said he would see that I got the jack when I win. Well I said I didn't want to rob no friend of his and besides I didn't have the jack along with me to put it up and he said he would take me check but I said I would rather wait till I get to Cleveland and maybe the odds would be different and I could get some odds on the big fellow instead of even money.

Well that's the dope Al and these birds know what they are talking about and if I was you and had a few dollars to bet why I would put it up on big Jess and not say nothing about what I have told you as the more people that knows about it why it will effect the betting.

Personly when I was through with Casey and his friends I come back to the hotel and some of the boys was still setting around the lobby in the hotel and I set down with them and told them what I had found out and Buck Weaver is 1 of these smart Alex that always knows more then anybody else so he says "Well I will tell you what I think of your dope I will take all the jack you want to bet on the big fellow." So 1 word lead to another and I said I didn't want to rob no pals that was on the same club with me but they kept acting smarty and finely I kind of loose my temper and I said I would bet $600.00 even money if I didn't half to put it up and Weaver said he would take $200.00 of it and a couple more of the boys took $200.00 a peace and they covered the whole $600.00 and God help them but it will learn them not to be so smarty in the future.

So you see Al that I am going to have the big car after all and I am glad I can get it without Florrie putting in her jack as now I will own the car all myself and she won't half nothing to say only ask me to take her rideing and when I am out on the road with the club I will have the old buggy locked up in some garage where she can't get a hold of it and try to clime trees.

Well I made a monkey out of this club today and won't half to work no more till we get to Cleveland where I can get another whack at Speaker and Graney and if they try any more of their smart business on me I will give them the Jess Willard only they won't want to come back for no 2d dose on Labor Day or no other day and speaking about Cleveland reminds me that they are going to make us go there Sunday night and play a postpone game Monday and I can't see no sence to it only that is the last day before the country goes dry and I suppose they want us to spend it in a dry town for the fear we might enjoy ourself.

That is 1 place where poor Tom Dorgan has got it on us as Gleason has left him home this trip and he will be in old Chi the night of the 30 of June where he can get all as he wants to drink so he isn't so unlucky after all even if the ladys don't go nuts over him.

Well Al its time to go to bed and don't forget what I said about betting your jack on the big fellow if you have got any to spare and in the mean wile come on you big Jessica. Your pal, JACK.

CHI, July 5.

FRIEND AL: Well Al its good night car and good night everything else and the way I feel I don't care if school keeps or not. I am glad I didn't advise you to bet no dough on the big fellow and if you bet some on your own hook why all as I have got to say is that I am sorry and it wasn't my fault or them boys down to St. Louis neither one as I have knew Casey several yrs. and I know he wouldn't give me no bad steer and the way it looks like to me is that Dempsey double crossed the big fellow and everybody else and of course only for what they told me down there I would of bet my jack on Dempsey instead of on the other fellow as in the 1st place Jess wasn't in no shape to fight and besides when a bird 24 yrs. old fights a man pretty near 40 why its 10 to 1 he will knock him for a gool.

Well Al your old pal will do his rideing around on st. cars this summer at lease unless we win the world serious and then of course I will have enough jack to buy the finest car made and not no broke down 2d hand Blaine and they say it costs a million dollars to run a Blaine any way as they are he—ll on tires and the cylinders keeps getting gumed up. Well they's 1 good thing and that is that Florrie don't know nothing about it and if she did why I wouldn't never hear the last of it but I am not the kind to cry over sour milk and whatever is comeing to me why I take it with a smile and go on my way. I suppose that bird in Detroit will try and hold on to the $100.00 I give him for a option but he won't never get away with that Al and I have all ready wired him a telegram to send it back to me at once and if he don't why the next time we hit Detroit I will knock him for a gool.

Speaking about Detroit I suppose you seen what happened in the game yesterday P. M. and when a busher like Flagstead can get to me for 3 hits why you know I am not myself.

Well Al I am to sick in tired of everything to write you much of a letter and besides they's nothing to write about you might say only except 1 thing and that is that Tom Dorgan called me to 1 side in the club house after the game this P. M. and said to not leave till he was ready to go with me so we come down under the stand together and there was this Mulvihill dame waiting for him and grinning like a monkey and Tom couldn't hardily talk he was so fussed up but finely it come out that they are engaged to be married and they wanted to thank me for kind of helping them fix it up and she is wearing a big diamond solitary stone that he just bought for her this A. M. and he told me on the quite that he bought it with some of the jack he win on the fight down to Toledo.

Well good luck to them Al and they can have each other as far is I am concerned and I am glad she is off in my hands as she was getting to be a kind of a pest writeing me letters and night telegrams and 1 thing another and she might of knew that a married man don't want nothing to do with even a young gal let alone 1 that's way up in the paints. So I say good luck to them both Al and God help them.

Well the boys on the club has began calling me Jess and I guess they think its a joke or something but 1 of these days when I ain't feeling my best they won't think its such a joke when they pull some of their funny stuff on me and I Jess them in the jaw. Your pal, JACK.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RACE HORSE

(Continued from Page 7)

and dishonest. There never was a greater mistake.

Now I don't mean to say that in years gone by, and even yet, you will not find people who resort to questionable practices in the racing of horses. But I always contend that from its very nature it is conducted in a general way as honestly as any other branch of sport which depends on the public for its existence.

In the first place, you must consider the personnel of the men who dominate the activities of the best tracks. They are invariably men of unquestioned reputation and probity. Racing receives many of its black eyes from the fact that during certain periods some of the tracks were operated by professional gamblers.

When I say this I do not mean to say that a professional gambler is incapable of racing on the square, because I have met many such men in my travels who had as much sentiment about their horses and as much solicitude for the welfare of the turf as any man, living or dead. On the turf they raced like gentlemen.

It is also safe to assert that ninety-nine per cent of the jockeys ride to win. It is ridiculous and criminal for unthinking persons to brand these game little fellows, in a general way, as dishonest. Many of them are either striving for a reputation or are endeavoring to sustain one. Big rewards and rich emoluments are always waiting for the successful rider. Only a few weeks ago the estate of a successful jockey was appraised by the surrogate's court as being worth half a million dollars.

It is natural that these boys should make mistakes; but usually they are those of the head and muscles rather than of the heart. And if you ever rode a race yourself you would know how easy it is to lose a race by having your horse swerve a couple of inches to the right or to the left, as the case may be, or the hundred and one other things that can happen to a horse and his rider during the running.

Some of our riders, of course, have arrived at the years of discretion, but a great many of them are little boys in their early teens. They often go out to ride with their heads full of instructions about what positions they are to maintain at various stages of the race. Very frequently the actual conditions of the running prevent them from carrying out their instructions. It is so easy for a trainer to alibi on the boy.

I don't mean to say that all trainers do this, but often, when a man is handling the horses of some rich owner who bets extensively, he is very apt to pass his lack of knowledge of the horse or his mistakes in judgment on to his rider; and some rich owners are very bad losers. I have found that the man of moderate means—who really knows horses, and who, because of a limited pocketbook, races a small stable—is by far the best man to uphold the honor and traditions of the turf.

When I say this I do not refer to wealthy owners who have owned and raced for many years, and whose fathers and grandfathers perhaps raced before them. I speak of a certain class of people who made their money overnight, purchased a stable haphazard, and—because they didn't win every race in which their horses were entered—left the turf as suddenly as they came on, hurling maledictions at everyone connected with it.

The nubbin of the whole thing is that in order to write about or judge the activities of the turf intelligently one must have some intimate knowledge of horses, their riders and trainers. It is best to eliminate the personal equation and judge them from the same standpoint and with the same reservations and allowances you would accord to anything else in the ordinary trend of affairs. Above all, one must not allow his opinion to be swayed or his natural perception blinded by the fact that he has bet on a loser.

I don't want anyone to understand that I hold any brief for the evil practices on the turf now or at any other time, because so long as men race horses or court women or exchange merchandise for money there will always be a certain percentage of those who do not want to play the game according to the rules. You can meet these individuals inside a church just as readily as you can meet them on the quarter stretch of the race track. Old human nature has never changed in its integral parts as it has rattled down through the ages.

Civilization polishes, but never yet has it seeped in so deep that it penetrated the true inwardness of any man or woman. You can apply the same rule to animals. If a race horse is born a weak-hearted coward that will curl up and quit whenever called upon for a supreme effort, no amount of training will educate that out of him, and he will always fail you at the critical moment.

There is an average of eight horses in every race. And, whether the dash be long or short, so many things can happen in the course of the running that haphazard criticism is not only unfair but also an absolute manifestation of ignorance.

A horse is not a machine. In temperament he is a good deal like the average human being. He may feel at his very best to-day and win a race in impressive fashion, and to-morrow, when contesting with much cheaper company, he may be beaten soundly, simply because he has trained off or feels a little out of sorts; or, again, the race may not have been run to suit him.

By the latter term I mean that some horses run better when rated along in front and when allowed to make their own pace. Others are slow beginners and do most of their running in the home stretch. They race better in the bunch and come from behind. Other horses are what we should call, in human beings, temperamental. If jostled or bumped in the early stages they absolutely refuse to extend themselves. But if given clear sailing they will run a great race. Some horses run to form all the time; but they are exceptions.

The term "in and outer" is often applied to horses that really do not deserve it. By that I mean racers that win to-day and lose to-morrow when pitted against the same class of horses. Critics should always take into consideration the circumstances surrounding the various contests—the weights, distance, ability of the rider and, above all, the various happenings during the race itself, because so many things can and do happen. They must really know the horses' dispositions and all the attendant incidents surrounding the race before they are in a position to criticize harshly.

I think that perhaps a good deal of the trouble in early days was due as much to incompetence of officials and irresponsible and ignorant critics as it was to actual happenings.

I have seen a board of high and mighty ones bullyragging a poor little boy who was little more than an infant in years, examining and cross-examining him until he couldn't tell the truth if he tried. And if they had had an ounce of sense, and if there had been anything culpable, they could have walked into the betting ring and put their hands on the man really responsible.

Half the trouble arose from the fact that they rarely got the right one. Sometimes it looked as if they didn't want to get him; because, even in the early days, most of the tracks had in their employ representatives of a very efficient detective service. I do not think there is any question but that they could have been supplied with all the information they wanted regarding the innermost workings of any stable had they so desired.

Of course I speak of isolated cases. As I have said before, I believe that ninety-nine per cent of the races are run absolutely on the level and that ninety-nine per cent of the officials want to do the right thing; because, if you come to figure it out, and unless one horse so far outclasses the others as to make a contest ridiculous, there is nothing sure about the outcome of a race, even if two or three owners of the supposedly best horses get together and agree to do a little dishonest work.

In the first place, when a horse goes to the post he is entirely in the hands of his jockey. You have to take a chance that the boy is going to "ride to orders." He may not want to do this; but, even if he does, he may not be able to do so. He may be told to wait behind another horse and so lose a race; but it may turn out that the horse "framed to win" may happen to have

(Continued on Page 181)

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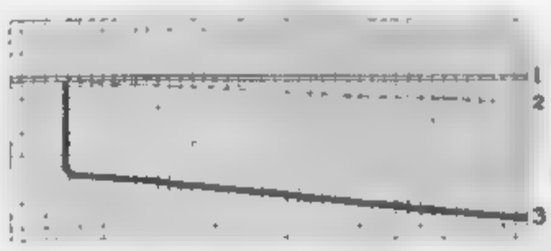

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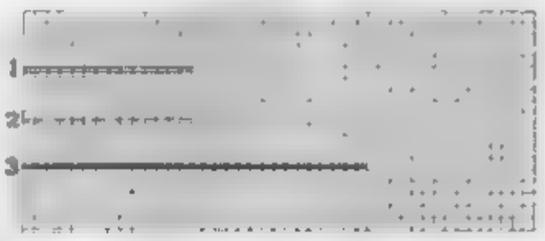

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THE "YELLOW CHASSIS" TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 178)

a bad day or something happens to his rider or he gets pocketed or cut off or left at the post. Then the best horse is absolutely forced to go on and win in spite of himself; and even then some outsider is liable to drop from the clouds and beat them both.

The inside history of the turf as regards its darkest phases would be—if written—a succession of anecdotes about good things that have gone wrong. It is an old saying that the cheaters live on snowballs in the wintertime. And I think this is absolutely true. Very few men who ever indulged in questionable practices on the turf ever left enough to settle with the undertaker when they died.

So, if you want to have an object lesson that honesty is the best policy, just get some old-timer to tell you the story of the number of men who thought they were really smart—I mean in the way of stealing something—on the turf and ever got away with a nickel. When I said "smart" I should have used the term "cunning." A smart man is too wise to cheat.

If there is an investigation by the powers I think it is a mistake to clothe it with the mystery of a star-chamber proceeding. If any man is accused of wrongdoing or of comporting himself in any manner detrimental to the best interests of the turf, he should be acquainted with the substance of those charges and given a chance to defend himself.

The public support racing. The people have a right to know; and, likewise, if any man makes open accusations touching the methods or character of those connected with racing in any capacity, he should be called upon to substantiate those charges. It has often been urged that publication of certain matters regarding discipline is detrimental to the sport. I never thought so; open covenants openly arrived at would engender confidence in the public mind.

The press has done more for the turf than it ever got credit for, and the members of that profession should be made fully cognizant of the deliberations of the governing bodies. The idea of assuming an air of patronage toward them is ridiculous. Whenever you haven't got the newspapers with you—well, it's taps for the race track. It is a tribute to writers on turf topics as a class to state that their criticism or comment is almost invariably written in a spirit of fairness and good sportsmanship.

You must excuse my telling you about the turf, and perhaps it was very tiresome; but I guess I felt that I had to put the turf and its surroundings in its true light, or at least as I have seen it, before the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I think I have done so. I hope I have. It was never misnamed the sport of kings. It is the healthiest recreation I know of and the best medicine to wear the ragged edges off one's nerves. If more of our rich men could only realize what a tonic it is there would be more race-horse owners.

I say this in all seriousness. Half the ills of the world could be traced back to the fact that men and women are so self-contained, self-centered and completely eaten up by their own ego they wear themselves out before the appointed time. But if they were to purchase a few race horses, fuss with them occasionally, and go out to the track on sunny afternoons, get right down to Mother Earth and yell their heads off, they would again become the human beings God made them; they would acquire a new lease of life—a more healthy slant on their fellow mortals and a keener appreciation of what a good old world it really is.

My master has always told me the feeling when we see our own racing colors come home in front is such that all the money in the world could not purchase it. Many of our greatest statemen and prominent citizens in this country have been keen supporters of the race horse, and it is needless to say that the greatest minds in England and her colonial possessions have always maintained racing stables. This has been going on for hundreds of years and you will have to give them credit for knowing how to get the most out of life.

In His infinite wisdom the Lord created man, and He created also the racing horse. Can anyone say that He was dissatisfied with His handiwork?

But to get back to my story: We were taken out to the fairground and put away in box stalls. We were well bedded down, and the doors were kept shut all day, so we could have a good rest after our travels. Then, next morning, the saddles were put on Grasshopper and the mare, while I was turned out in a little paddock beside the race track. This was fine, because I could see everything that was going on. Of course I played round a while and got what you might call the kinks out of my legs. Then I began to take note of my surroundings.

The track itself was a little half-mile affair such as nearly every town boasted of at that time. It appeared to be crowded with tents and people. Of course nowadays I should think it was a very small affair; but at that time I saw as children do—and everything looked very big.

My master rode the gray horse and Barney was mounted on the mare. They trotted round the track a couple of times and then pulled up and walked a little way. After that they commenced to canter, and when they arrived at the quarter pole, which was on the opposite side of the track, they broke away.

My, how those horses did run! I used to think that back on the farm we could race when we were hurrying to supper, but I had no idea there was so much speed in the world as the gray horse and chestnut mare showed that morning.

My little paddock was about halfway down the home stretch and they rushed past me just like an express train. They were running head and head, and when they got round the turn below the grand stand they pulled up. Then they walked quietly back to the barn, where they were rubbed down and walked round with light coolers on them until they were thoroughly blown out. After that they were given a more thorough dressing with rubbers and sponges and soft brushes until their coats shone like satin.

I had no idea that it took such a tremendous lot of work to complete a race horse's toilet. Why, even their feet were picked out very carefully and then washed! I noticed they were handled very gently; and they appeared to enjoy the process thoroughly.

When I was taken into my stall at luncheon time the gray horse told me he was going to race that afternoon. Then I heard my master and Barney talking; so, putting two and two together, I gathered that the race, or match, was to be for quite a large sum. I think the stakes were two thousand dollars, and there were a great many outside bets.

Of course I was very much excited. I kept asking the gray horse all kinds of questions. And the wonder of it all was that he appeared to be the least interested of anyone round there. All he would say was: "It's my job."

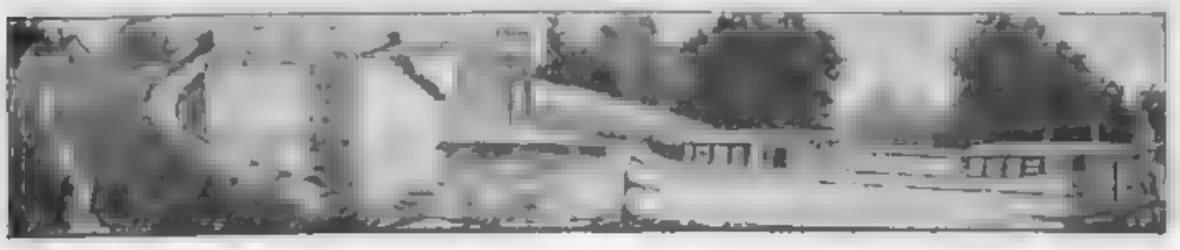
Grassy was quite a philosopher in his way. His idea of life was that everyone had some gift which enabled him to do some particular thing better than the general run of people.

And he took it as a matter of course that his mission in life was to run races and win them if he could.

His argument was that no one should be stuck up because he did some particular thing well. He always maintained that somebody else could do something else better than you could. So, after all, Providence equalized everything. Funny old horse, wasn't he?

A tremendous crowd gathered at the track that afternoon. I suppose really there were not more than two thousand people, all told; but to an unsophisticated race-horse person, such as I was, they looked like countless millions.

A big red-faced man with a foghorn voice was selling pools on the race. My, what a voice he had! I can hear him yet. But he talked so fast that it was hard to follow him. It was just like drumsticks



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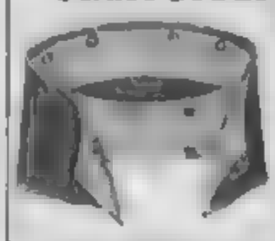

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rolling on snare drums. The pools were snapped up almost as fast as he opened his mouth.

Grasshopper was the favorite. He sold for a hundred dollars and the horse running against him brought ninety. I learned afterward that the latter was nicknamed the Missouri Ghost. His real name was Jim Fiske. He had won ever so many matches. He was backed entirely by the local crowd. My master bought nearly all the pools that were sold on Grasshopper.

Barney had four or five hundred dollars of his own, which he had won in gambling the night before. It is needless to say he bet that. I can never understand how he kept it long enough to do so, because he must have had it eight or ten hours before the race. I think he broke a record.

After everyone had their bets arranged and the donkey-voiced man had sold the last pool he could the horses were called to the post. That was the first time I had ever seen a racing jacket, because my master usually had a long overcoat on; and when he took it off and put on his racing cap he appeared in the conventional jockey costume. My, but he looked good to me, arrayed as he was in the finest livery in the world!

Barney was very busy about this time. He led Grasshopper down from the stable; and he had the smallest saddle on him I ever saw. One of the men leaning against the fence said it looked like a postage stamp. But it really weighed, fully rigged, two and a half pounds.

Grassy winked to me as he was passing by. Gosh, that horse had nerve! I was so excited that I felt like jumping over the fence and starting a race on my own account; but he walked along just as if Barney was leading him to water.

Then the Missouri Ghost made his appearance. He was a big bay horse, with tremendous length and rather short legs. I never saw a race horse with such quarters and forelegs. They stood out from the rest of his body like the muscles of a heavyweight wrestler. He was ridden by a little Indian half-breed who did not appear to weigh more than eighty pounds. Instead of a saddle, he had a surcingle strapped round his body, with the stirrups attached to it.

Even then the Missourians were canny people! And as the match was made for catchweights, which means that the owners could put as light a weight as they wished on their horses, they played the game with all the advantages. If you think they have forgotten this ancient and honorable art down in that country just make a little pilgrimage and find out for yourself.

The distance for the race was a quarter of a mile. That was the favorite distance for a match race in those days. Quarter horses—or "short horses," as they were called in the vernacular—were hardly ever thoroughbreds. They were usually half or three-quarter breeds, but mostly they were of unknown breed. They could run only a short distance.

I have seen horses that could not carry their speed for more than two hundred yards, after which they would fade away to nothing. While they did run, however, they could cover the ground faster than anything that wore iron.

The start was made from the quarter pole at the other side of the track. They started in old-fashioned style and by mutual consent. It was called "Ask and Answer," because one rider asked the other if he was ready and tried to coax him away over a line drawn across the track. Whenever both horses crossed the line together it was a go.

Not much time was wasted in preliminaries. After two or three breaks they raced away together. Grasshopper seemed to have the best of the start by half a length; but before they got to the first turn the Missouri Ghost caught him and they raced head and head right down the home stretch to where I was standing.

Both riders were urging their horses to the utmost, but as they passed me Grassy half stumbled to his knees. He made a heroic effort to recover himself and partially did so; but it was too late, and the Missouri horse beat him by the shortest of heads at the judge's stand.

Calamity certainly camped with us that night. It was really an exemplification of the old adage about the glorious uncertainties of the turf. I could almost have shed tears when Barney led Grasshopper past the paddock and back to his stable. I could scarcely believe my ears, because that scamp Barney was whistling! The loss of money never meant anything to him. When he wasn't whistling he was telling Grasshopper that it was "damn tough luck!" He said: "If you hadn't twisted your shoe in the stretch you'd have beat him by forty miles! But we'll get him again before the snow flies."

There were no yesterdays in Barney's calendar; they were all to-morrows.

That night I heard my master and Barney talking outside my stall. Barney was as optimistic as ever; but from their conversation I learned that every cent they had in the world had been lost on the race. They talked away into the night, sitting on a bale of hay and planning some way out of their dilemma.

There is no conversation in the world like that of two boys mortgaging the future. It is surcharged with hope and trust and confidence—a brand of faith that is always associated with youth, before the paint and tinsel of life get rubbed off and the grand belief in everything starts drifting downstream.

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"—Make it a Stone & Webster Station"

NEW BEDFORD GAS AND EDISON LIGHT COMPANY

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., is a large producer of fine cotton goods, and its mills are taking more and more power from the New Bedford Gas and Edison Light Co. The modern power station of 52,000 Kw. capacity, which we illustrate, was designed and built by our organization to meet this demand. Owing to a variety of special features in the design, the station is convenient to operate and shows exceptional economy in labor and fuel.

We have recently been authorized to make our second extension of the station, and the client writes:

"The work (original construction) was done remarkably well on schedule time and your estimates were very close. Please install the additional capacity and make it a Stone & Webster station from start to finish."

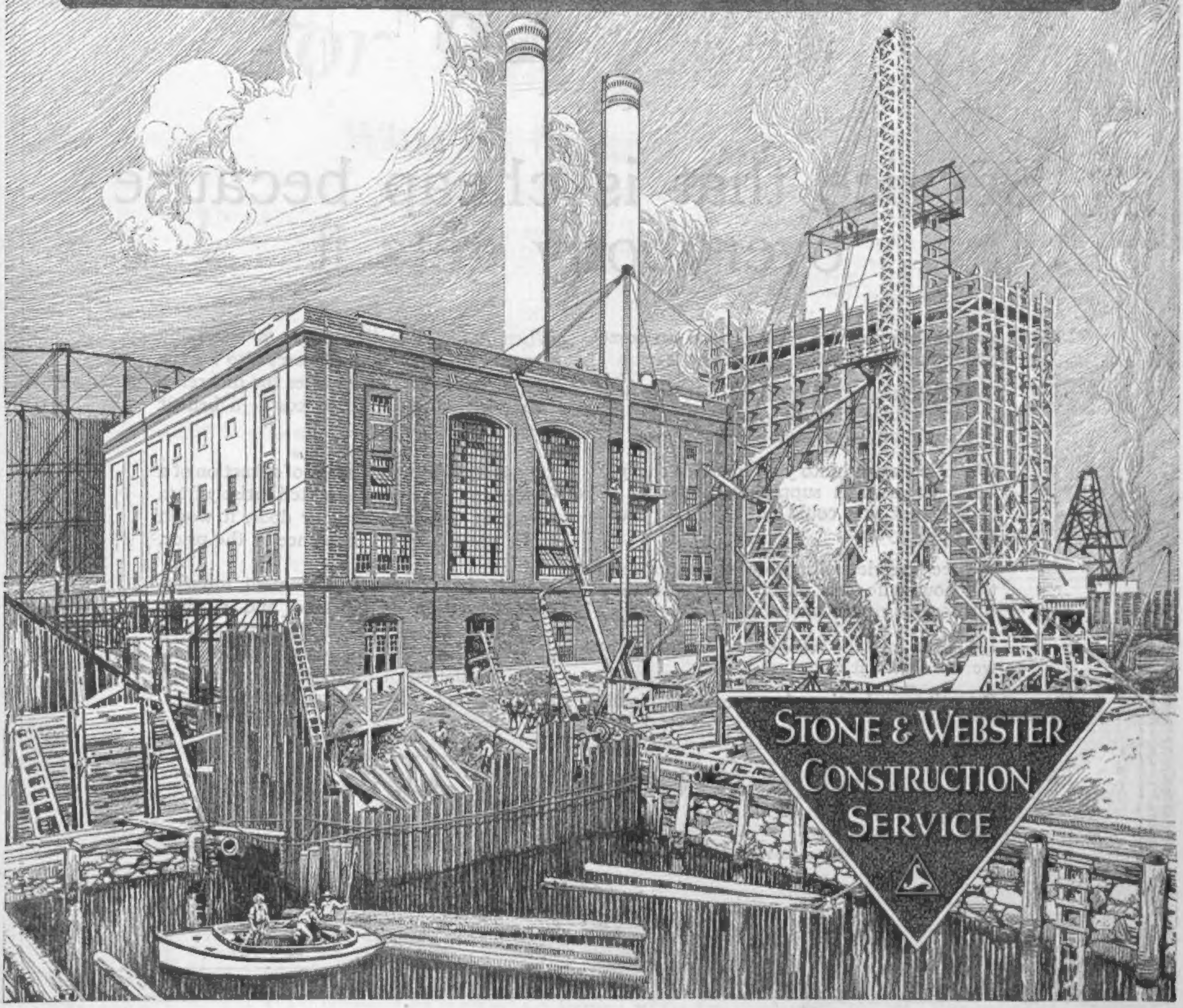
This shows that satisfaction is best assured if we work *with you* rather than *for you*, and if we begin when your plans for a new plant or equipment are first taking shape.

STONE & WEBSTER

Industrial Plants and Buildings — Industrial Housing — Warehouses
Power Stations — Water Power Developments — Transmission Systems
Office and Monumental Buildings — Chemical Works — Gas Plants

BOSTON . . . Stone & Webster Bldg.
CHICAGO . First National Bank Bldg.
YOUNGSTOWN 516 Stambaugh Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO 301 Holbrook Bldg.

NEW YORK . . . . . 120 Broadway
SEATTLE . . . . . 868 Stuart Bldg.
PITTSBURGH . . . 954 Union Arcade
PARIS . . . . . 4 Rue Aubert



Service that is cheap because everybody gets it

At nearly every turn we depend on some one to furnish us with a necessity.

Take electricity for instance: It is a low priced service because many homes co-operate in buying from a big plant.

Water is pumped into your house so cheaply by a waterworks supplying thousands of people that you could not afford to build your own system.

We see bakeries selling bread cheaper than the housewife can make it because they turn out so many loaves.

Ice is put into the refrigerator cheaper than we can freeze it ourselves.

Quantity production always costs the least.

When a big firm like Swift & Company supplies you with meat it cares also for the by-products and thus reduces the difference between live and dressed costs—a benefit to all concerned.

If Swift & Company's profit of a fraction of a cent per pound were eliminated entirely from the meat delivered at your door, it would make practically no difference in the price.

Do you believe that government interference with the complicated and efficient machinery of the packing industry can be of any benefit? Experience with government regulation of railroads and telephone and telegraph might suggest an answer.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 30,000 shareholders

For Work or Play

What 118 Doctors Said
About Children's Diet

IN questioning 118 doctors, just as you would question them about your children's food, we got the following results:

91 out of the 118, or 77 per cent, mentioned oranges as one of the best fruits for children from 3 to 15 years of age. 50 of these 91 mentioned no other fruit but oranges.

107, or 90 per cent, mentioned oranges as one of the best fruits for children under 3 years old. 93 of these 107 physicians mentioned no other kind of fruit.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the famous child specialist, has written, "Some fruit should be given to most healthy children every day . . . Oranges, baked apples and stewed prunes are most to be depended upon . . . The best fruit juice is that of the orange, which should be fresh and sweet."

"I don't think anything I have ever said in praise of a fruit diet is too strong to say about oranges," says Dr. Harvey W. Wiley. Scores of other doctors and dietitians have said similar things, pointing to oranges as essential.

If you had no family physician think what it would mean to you to have these opinions on a subject so important.

Note those overwhelming percentages. Can there be any question as to the real need of oranges when so many expert men agree?

Oranges are good food for work or play.

See that your children have at least an orange a day. You won't need to coax them to eat "Sunkist."

It's the best health insurance you can buy.

200 Recipes by Alice Bradley

Miss Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, has prepared 200 recipes and suggestions for the use of oranges and lemons. You can get them all in the Sunkist Recipe Book, which we will send free on request. Send a post card for a copy.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,000 Growers
Dept. 11, Los Angeles, Calif.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

Juicy, tender, sweet, practically seedless. Picked ripe and shipped fresh from California every day the year 'round to first-class dealers everywhere. Get a dozen from your store today.

COLGATE'S

How many do you know?

THERE'S truth in all and wit in some of these "improved proverbs." Although the wording is changed, each one has a helpful message for every man, woman and child.

How many can you put back into their original wording? You can spend a pleasant half-hour around the living-room table recalling the old familiar sayings.

Here is a suggested game: Give to each, pencil and paper. Let them write these Colgate "Improved Proverbs" (leaving space between). In these spaces, each one will restore the proverb to its original wording. Exchange copies and see who has the greatest number of proverbs rewritten correctly.

Every child should know not only the original but the "improved" version—and every child with a good memory will be benefited by these simple health rules for years to come.

- ☐ Colgate's is the best policy.
- ☐ An inch twice a day keeps the teeth from decay.
- ☐ Spare the tube and spoil the child.
- ☐ Ungainly looks the tooth that wears a crown.
- ☐ The early brush catches the germ.
- ☐ A fool and his teeth are soon parted.
- ☐ He that fights his teeth's decay will live to bite another day.
- ☐ A man is known by the teeth he keeps.
- ☐ Brush before you sleep.
- ☐ Colgate's in time saved mine.

Send in the coupon with your list of proverbs and we will send you a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—the safe, sane dentifrice with the delicious flavor.

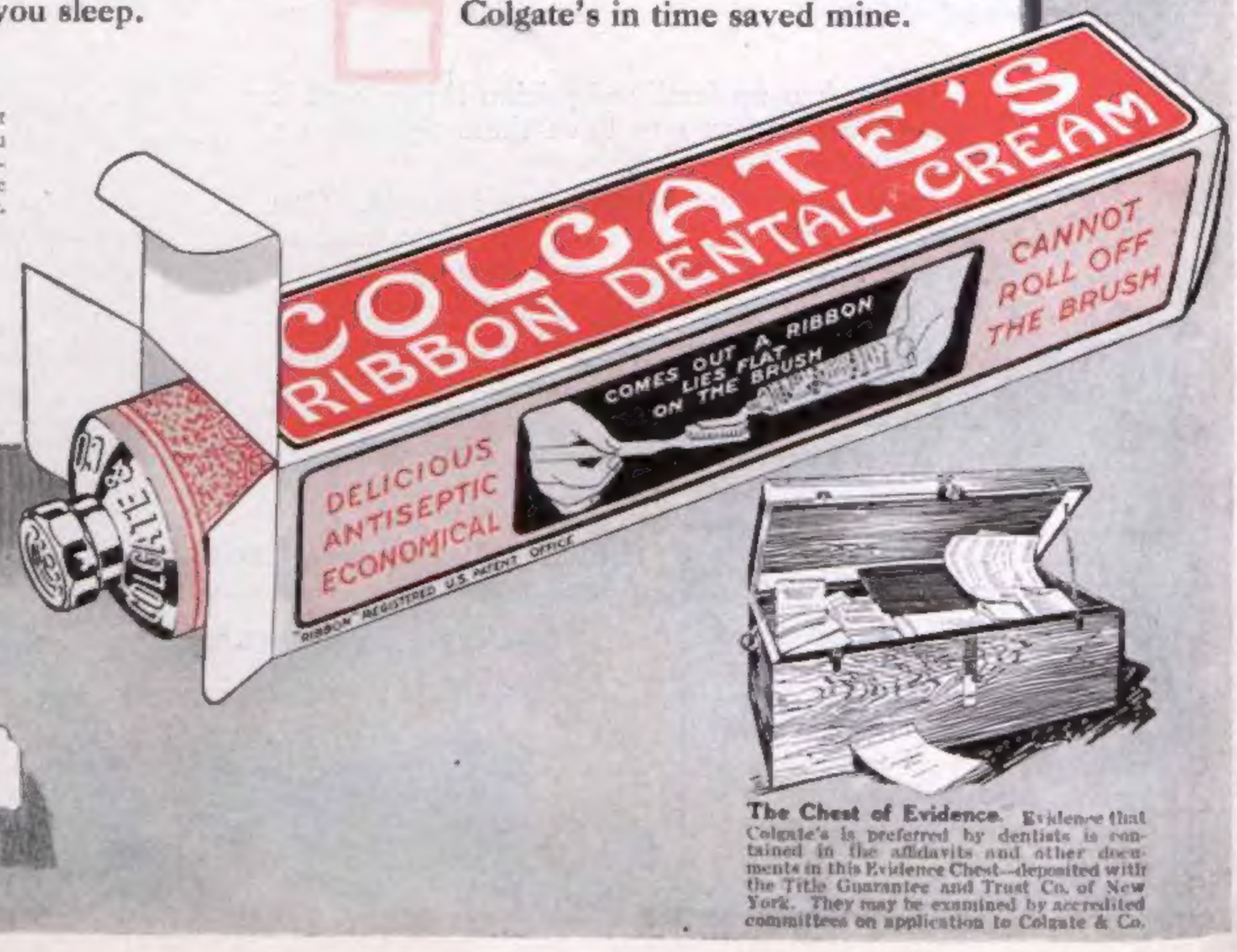
COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806.
New York

Special Saturday Evening Post Coupon

Please send me a generous trial tube of the safe and delicious Ribbon Dental Cream.
I enclose a list of your "improved" proverbs rewritten by me in their original wording.

Name_____

Address_____



The Chest of Evidence. Evidence that Colgate's is preferred by dentists is contained in the affidavits and other documents in this Evidence Chest—deposited with the Title Guarantee and Trust Co. of New York. They may be examined by accredited committees on application to Colgate & Co.